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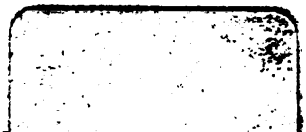
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WITH

EXPLANATORY OBSERVATIONS, NOTES, ETC.:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED A

VOCABULARY OF DIFFICULT WORDS, AND BIOGRAPHICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL INDEXES.

BY JOHN J. ANDERSON, A.M.,

Author of a "Grammar School History of the United States," a "Pictorial School History of the United States," a "Manual of General History," a "History of England," etc., etc.

NEW YORK:

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PREFACE.

Most teachers of history have found it a very difficult task to awaken in the minds of their pupils a genuine and abiding interest in this branch of knowledge, from the fact, doubtless, that text-books proper to be used as class-manuals are necessarily brief, and therefore too barren of details to impress the imagination and make the narrative picturesque and entertaining. It is, certainly, of indispensable importance that the pupils should have permanently fixed in their minds a general outline of the subject, and this is all that, in an ordinary school course, they can be expected to accomplish; but it is of equal importance that, in doing this, they should imbibe a taste for historical reading, and that in the instruction which they receive, some direction should be given as to the authors by the perusal of whose writings this taste may be gratified.

The work here submitted to the public is designed to aid in effecting these objects. As its name indicates, it is intended to be used, not as a book of lessons to be committed to memory and recited, but as a *Reading Book* to be used independently, or to accompany any of the ordinary school-manuals of history, and to be read in connection with the study of them.

The selections which have been made for this work are such as seemed best adapted to excite the imagination of the young student, while imparting useful information in reference to noted events and personages in the history of various countries, at different periods; and such, also, as appeared appropriate for the purpose of training pupils in reading and elocution. Many different kinds of composition, both in prose and poetry, are therefore represented, with the greatest possible variety of style; so that, simply as a *reading-book*, the author thinks that this work will be found to possess very great advantages over those generally used in the higher classes of schools. One very great advantage it certainly has; namely, that, instead of fragmentary and unconnected pieces of various kinds of composition, the selections which form its contents are, to a very considerable extent, coherent and continuous; and that their relation to each other and to the general subject are briefly but clearly explained.

In performing this twofold office of a companion-history and an entertaining and instructive reading-book, it cannot but be the means of saving much valuable time both of the pupil and teacher. The accompanying Vocabulary and Geographical Index will, it is believed, prove very useful auxiliaries, while the Biographical Index of Authors will, in connection with the statements and references in the text, have the effect to make the student acquainted with most of the great names in historical literature, as well as prove a guide in selecting the best works for careful perusal or study.

That every important period or topic in the world's history

should be represented in a volume of this size is of course quite impracticable; but it will be observed that the selections have been arranged in chronological order, except that, as the history of the United States is generally first studied in most schools, the pieces relating to that division of the subject have been placed first.

The *Model of Analysis* given in connection with the first selection will serve as a guide to teachers in constructing exercises of this character, which are useful, not only for the purpose of testing the accuracy and fullness of the pupil's acquisitions, but in showing him how to arrange the various topics clearly and logically in his mind.

With this brief explanation the author submits this work to his fellow-laborers in the cause of education, as an experiment which he hopes may prove successful in accomplishing the important objects which he has carefully kept in view in its compilation.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1871.

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THE HISTORICAL READER.

PART I.

AMERICAN HISTORY.

Discovery of America by Columbus.

[***Introductory Remarks.***—Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America, was born in the city of Genoa (*jen'o-ah*), about the year 1435. At a very early age he showed a remarkable fondness for the sea, and made several voyages in the Mediterranean. He afterward settled in Lisbon, having married the daughter of an Italian navigator who had distinguished himself in the Portuguese service. From him Columbus obtained many valuable charts and journals of voyages, by the perusal of which his passion for maritime adventure and enterprise was greatly stimulated. Some time after this, he conceived the idea that, as the earth is round, a shorter passage to the Indies could be found by sailing westward than by the then usual route by way of Egypt and the Red Sea; and, in order to carry this idea into effect, he applied for aid, in the first place, to Genoa, his native city, but it was refused. He then laid his scheme before John II., King of Portugal, a country which at that time took the lead in maritime discoveries; and that monarch referred it to a committee of learned men, by whom it was pronounced visionary and absurd. Columbus next repaired to Spain, and solicited aid from Ferdinand and Isabella, by the latter of whom, after a tedious and vexatious delay of nearly eight years, he was supplied with three small vessels, with which he sailed on his great and perilous voyage.]

I. COLUMBUS AND HIS MISSION.—*Edward Everett.*

[From a lecture delivered by the illustrious American scholar and orator, Edward Everett, on the 1st of June, 1858.

☞ *The pronunciation and definitions of the words marked with* (v) *are given in the Vocabulary at the end of the volume.*]

1. IN the last quarter of the fifteenth century, an Italian mariner, a citizen of the little republic of Genoa, who had hitherto gained his livelihood as a pilot in the commercial marine of different countries, made his appearance successively at various courts in the south and west of Europe, soliciting patronage and aid for a bold and novel project in navigation.

The state of the times was in some degree favorable to the adventure.

2. The Portuguese had for half a century been pushing their discoveries southward upon the coast of Africa, and had ventured into the Atlantic as far as the Az'ores. Several conspiring causes, and especially the invention of the art of printing, had produced a general revival of intelligence. Still, however, the state of things in this respect was, at that time, very different from what we witness in the middle of the nineteenth century. On the part of the great mass of mankind, there was but little improvement over the darkness of the middle ages. The new culture centred in the convent, the court, and the university, places essentially distrustful of bold novelties.

3. The idea of reaching the East by a voyage around the African continent had begun to assume consistency; but the vastly more significant idea, that the earth is a globe and capable of being circumnavigated[v], had by no means become incorporated[v] into the general intelligence of the age. The Portuguese navigators felt themselves safe as they crept along the African coast, venturing each voyage a few leagues further, doubling a new headland, ascending some before unexplored river, and holding a palaver[v] with some new tribe of the native races.

4. But to turn the prows of their vessels boldly to the west, to embark upon an ocean not believed, in the popular geography of the day, to have an outer shore, to pass that bourne[v] from which no traveller had ever returned, and from which experience had not taught that any traveller could return, and thus to reach the East by sailing in a western direction,—this was a conception[v] which no human being is known to have formed before Columbus, and which he proposed to the governments of Italy, of Spain, and of Portugal, and for a long time without success. The state of science was not such as to enable men to discriminate[v] between the improbable and untried on the one hand, and the impossible and absurd on the other.

5. But the illustrious adventurer persevered. Sorrow and disappointment clouded his spirits, but did not shake his faith

nor subdue his will. His well-instructed imagination had taken firm hold of the idea that the earth is a sphere. What seemed to the multitude, even of the educated of that day, a doubtful and somewhat mystical[v] theory[v]; what appeared to the uninformed mass a monstrous paradox[v], contradicted by every step we take upon the broad, flat earth which we daily tread beneath our feet;—that great and fruitful truth revealed itself to the serene intelligence of Columbus as a practical fact, on which he was willing to stake all he had,—character and life.

6. And it deserves ever to be borne in mind, as the most illustrious example of the connection of scientific theory with great practical results, that the discovery of America, with all its momentous consequences to mankind, is owing to the distinct conception, in the mind of Columbus, of this single scientific proposition,—the terraqueous[v] earth is a sphere. After years of fruitless and heart-sick solicitation, after offering in effect to this monarch and to that monarch the gift of a hemisphere[v], the great discoverer touches upon a partial success.

7. He succeeds, not in enlisting the sympathy of his countrymen at Genoa and Venice for a brave brother sailor; not in giving a new direction to the spirit of maritime[v] adventure which had so long prevailed in Portugal; not in stimulating the commercial thrift of Henry the Seventh, or the pious ambition of the Catholic king.* His sorrowful perseverance touched the heart of a noble princess, worthy the throne which she adorned. The new world, which was just escaping the subtle kingcraft of Ferdinand, was saved to Spain by the womanly compassion of Isabella.

8. It is truly melancholy, however, to contemplate the wretched equipment[v], for which the most powerful princess in Christendom was ready to pledge her jewels. Floating castles will soon be fitted out to convey the miserable natives of Africa to the golden shores of America, and towering galleons[v] will be dispatched to bring home the guilty treasures to Spain; but three small vessels, two of which were without a

* Ferdinand of Spain, styled by some "Ferdinand the Catholic."

deck, and neither of them probably exceeding the capacity of a pilot-boat, and even these impressed into the public service, compose the expedition, fitted out under royal patronage, to realize that magnificent conception in which the creative mind of Columbus had planted the germs of a new world.

MODEL OF ANALYSIS.

1. First appearance of Columbus—The state of the times. **2.** Discoveries of the Portuguese—Other conspiring causes of a general revival of intelligence—Condition of the people,—how different from that witnessed in the nineteenth century. **3.** Ideas of the age—Portuguese navigators. **4.** Peculiar views of Columbus—State of science. **5.** Difference between Columbus and his contemporaries. **6.** Illustration of the connection of scientific theory with practical results. **7.** Efforts of Columbus—His final success—What saved the new world to Spain. **8.** The equipment with which Columbus was supplied.

The previous history of Columbus. From what is this piece extracted? Who was Edward Everett? Give an account of him. (*See Biographical Index.*) Where is Genoa? (*See Geographical Index.*)

II. First Voyage of Columbus.—*Robertson.*

[From the "History of the Discovery and Conquest of America," by William Robertson, D.D.]

1. After all the efforts of Isabella and Columbus, the armament was not suitable, either to the dignity of the nation by which it was equipped, or to the importance of the service for which it was destined. It consisted of three vessels. The largest, a ship of no considerable burden, was commanded by Columbus, as admiral[y], who gave it the name of *Santa Maria* (*mah-re'ah*), out of respect to the blessed Virgin, whom he honored with singular devotion. Of the second, called the *Pinta* (*peen'tah*), Martin Pinzon was captain, and his brother Francis pilot. The third, named *Niña* (*neen'yah*), was under the command of Vincent Yanez Pinzon. These two were light vessels, hardly superior in burden or force to large boats.

2. This squadron[y], if it merits that name, was victualled for twelve months, and had on board ninety men, mostly sailors, together with a few adventurers, who followed the fortune of Columbus, and some gentlemen of Isabella's court, whom she appointed to accompany him. Though the expense of the undertaking was one of the circumstances which chiefly alarmed

the court of Spain, the sum employed in fitting out this squadron did not exceed £4000.

3. Columbus pushed forward the preparations with such ardor, and was seconded so effectually by the persons to whom Isabella committed the superintendence of this business, that everything was soon in readiness for the voyage. But, as he was deeply impressed with sentiments of religion, he would not set out upon an expedition so arduous, and of which one great object was to extend the knowledge of the Christian faith, without imploring publicly the guidance and protection of heaven. With this view, he, together with all the persons under his command, marched in solemn procession to the monastery[y] of Rabida (*rah-be'dah*). After confessing their sins and obtaining absolution[y], they received the holy sacrament from the hands of the guardian, who joined his prayers to theirs for the success of an enterprise which he had so zealously patronized.

4. Next morning, being Friday, the 3d day of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and even in this short run, the ships were found to be so crazy and ill-appointed as to be very improper for a navigation which was expected to be both long and dangerous. Columbus refitted them, however, to the best of his power; and having supplied himself with fresh provisions, he took his departure from Gomera (*go-ma'rah*), one of the most westerly of the Canaries, on the 6th day of September.

5. Here the voyage of discovery may properly be said to begin; for Columbus, holding his course due west, left immediately the usual track of navigation, and stretched into unfrequented and unknown seas. The first day, as it was very calm, he made but little way; but on the second, he lost sight of the Canaries; and many of the sailors, dejected already and dismayed, when they contemplated the boldness of the undertaking, began to beat their breasts, and to shed tears, as if they were never more to behold land. Columbus comforted them

with assurances of success, and the prospect of vast wealth in those opulent regions whither he was conducting them.

6. To unskillful Spanish sailors, accustomed only to coasting voyages in the Mediterranean, the maritime science of Columbus, the fruit of thirty years' experience, improved by an acquaintance with all the inventions of the Portuguese, appeared immense. As soon as they put to sea, he regulated everything by his sole authority; he superintended the execution of every order; and allowing himself only a few hours for sleep, he was at all other times upon deck. As his course lay through seas which had not been formerly visited, the sounding-line, or instruments of observation, were continually in his hands.

7. After the example of the Portuguese discoverers, he attended to the motion of tides and currents, watched the flight of birds, the appearance of fishes, of sea-weeds, and of everything that floated on the waves, and entered every occurrence, with a minute exactness, in the journal which he kept. As the length of the voyage could not fail of alarming sailors habituated only to short excursions, Columbus endeavored to conceal from them the real progress which they made. With this view, though they ran eighteen leagues on the second day after they left Gomera, he gave out that they had advanced only fifteen, and he uniformly employed the same artifice of reckoning short during the whole voyage.

8. By the 14th of September, the fleet was above two hundred leagues to the west of the Canary Isles, at a greater distance from land than any Spaniard had been before that time. There they were struck with an appearance no less astonishing than new. They observed that the magnetic needle, in their compasses, did not point exactly to the polar star, but varied to the west, and as they proceeded this variation increased. This appearance filled the companions of Columbus with terror. They were now in a boundless and unknown ocean, and the only guide which they had seemed about to fail them. Columbus, with no less quickness than ingenuity, invented a reason for this appearance, which, though it did not satisfy himself,

seemed so plausible to them, that it dispelled their fears, or silenced their murmurs.*

9. He still continued to steer due west, nearly in the same latitude with the Canary Islands. In this course he came within the sphere of the trade-wind, which blows invariably from east to west between the tropics and a few degrees beyond them. He advanced before this steady gale with such uniform rapidity, that it was seldom necessary to shift a sail. When about four hundred leagues to the west of the Canaries, he found the sea so covered with weeds, that it resembled a meadow of vast extent, and in some places they were so thick as to retard the motion of the vessels.

10. This strange appearance occasioned new alarm and disquiet. The sailors imagined that they were now arrived at the utmost boundary of the navigable ocean; that these floating weeds would obstruct their further progress, and [that they] concealed dangerous rocks, or some large tract of land, which had sunk, they knew not how, in that place. Columbus endeavored to persuade them that what had alarmed, ought rather to have encouraged them, and was to be considered as a sign of approaching land.† At the same time, a brisk gale arose and carried them forward. Several birds were seen hovering about the ship, and directed their flight toward the west. The desponding crew resumed some degree of spirit, and began to entertain fresh hopes.

11. Upon the 1st of October, they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries; but lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues;

* He told them that the direction of the needle was not to the polar star, but to some fixed and invisible point; the variation, therefore, was not caused by any fallacy in the compass, but by the movement of the north star itself, which, like the other heavenly bodies, had its revolutions, and every day described a circle round the pole.

† This vast accumulation of floating weeds is formed by the Gulf Stream, as, after crossing the Atlantic Ocean in a northeasterly direction, it is partly turned toward the south, and rejoins the great equatorial current, moving westwardly from the shores of Africa. Thus is formed a vast basin in the ocean, surrounded by the moving waters, into which are drawn sea-weed and other matter, producing the phenomenon which so alarmed the timid and inexperienced Spaniards. This part of the Atlantic is now called the "Sagasso Sea."

and fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot, nor those of the other ships, had skill sufficient to correct this error and discover the deceit. They had now been above three weeks at sea; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible; all their prognostics[v] of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearances of land, with which their own credulity[v] or the artifice of their commander had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive[v], and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever.

12. These reflections occurred often to men who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression, at first, upon the ignorant and timid, and extending, by degrees, to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship. From secret whisperings or murmurings, they proceeded to open cabals[v] and public complaints. They contended that it was necessary to think of returning to Spain, while their crazy vessels were still in a condition to keep the sea, but expressed their fear that the attempt would prove vain, as the wind, which had hitherto been so favorable to their course, must render it impossible to sail in the opposite direction. All agreed that Columbus should be compelled by force to adopt a measure on which their common safety depended.

13. Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavored to work upon their ambition or avarice, by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions, he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign if, by their dastardly behavior, they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God, and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even with seditious[v] sailors, the words of a man whom they

had been accustomed to reverence, were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

14. As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making toward the southwest. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west toward that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days, but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided[v] faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance.

15. All sense of subordination[v] was lost; the officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated[v] with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect. He therefore promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his command for three days longer; and if, during that time, land was not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course toward Spain.

16. Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again toward their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable.* Nor did Columbus hazard

* The statement that Columbus thus capitulated with his mutinous companions, rests upon the authority of a single Spanish writer, but is positively contradicted by others, who affirm that he, from first to last, expressed an unalterable determination to persevere, in defiance of every danger and

much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages[v] of discovering land were now so numerous and promising, that he deemed them infallible[v]. For some days the sounding-line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore.

17. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Nigna* took up the branch of a tree with red berries, perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm; and, during night, the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms[v], Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the 11th of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night.

18. A little after midnight* the joyful sound of *land! land!* was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But having been so often deceived by fallacious[v] appearances, every man was now slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country.

19. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*[v], as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation min-

difficulty. It is reasonable to believe, however, that he bade them wait two or three days before compelling him to return, feeling the assurance that land would be discovered within the time.

* Columbus himself, at ten o'clock in the evening, had seen a light gleaming at a great distance, and called the attention of some of his officers to it; but no public announcement of land was made.

gied with reverence. And passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conceptions of all former ages.

III. The Mutiny, Sight of Land, etc.—*Rogers.*

[From the "Voyage of Columbus," a poem by Samuel Rogers.]

All melt in tears! but what can tears avail?
These climb the mast, and shift the swelling sail.
These snatch the helm; and round me now I hear
Smiting of hands, outcries of grief and fear,
(That in the aisles at midnight haunt me still,
Turning my lonely thoughts from good to ill.)
"Were there no graves—none in our land," they cry,
"That thou hast brought us on the deep to die?"
Silent with sorrow, long within his cloak
His face he muffled—then the Hero spoke:
"Generous and brave! when God himself is here,
Why shake at shadows in your mad career?
He can suspend the laws himself design'd,
He walks the waters, and the winged wind;
Himself your guide! and yours the high behest,
To lift your voice, and bid a world be blest!
And can you shrink?—to you, to you consign'd
The glorious privilege to serve mankind!
Oh had I perish'd, when my failing frame
Clung to the shatter'd oar 'mid wrecks of flame!
—Was it for this I linger'd life away,
The scorn of Folly, and of Fraud the prey;
Bow'd down my mind, the gift His bounty gave,
At courts a suitor, and to slaves a slave?
—Yet in His name whom only we should fear,
('Tis all, all I shall ask, or you shall hear,)
Grant but three days."—He spoke not uninspired;
And each in silence to his watch retired.
Although among us came an unknown Voice!
"Go, if ye will; and, if ye can, rejoice:
Go, with unbidden guests the banquet share;
In his own shape shall Death receive you there."

Twice in the zenith blazed the orb of light;
No shade, all sun, insufferably bright!
Then the long line found rest—in coral groves,
Silent and dark, where the sea-lion roves:—
And all on deck, kindling to life again,
Sent forth their anxious spirits o'er the main.

"Oh whence, as wafted from Elysium, whence
These perfumes, strangers to the raptured sense?
These boughs of gold, and fruits of heavenly hue,
Tingeing with vermeil light the billows blue?
And (thrice, thrice blessèd is the eye that spied,
The hand that snatch'd it sparkling in the tide)
Whose cunning carved this vegetable bowl,
Symbol of social rites, and intercourse of soul?"
Such to their grateful ear the gush of springs,
Who course the ostrich, as away she wings;
Sons of the desert! who delight to dwell
'Mid kneeling camels round the sacred well;
Who, ere the terrors of his pomp be past,
Fall to the demon in the redd'ning blast.

The sails were furl'd: with many a melting close,
Solemn and slow the evening anthem rose,—
Rose to the Virgin. 'Twas the hour of day,
When setting suns o'er summer seas display
A path of glory, opening in the west
To golden climes, and islands of the blest;
And human voices, on the silent air,
Went o'er the waves in songs of gladness there!

Chosen of men! 'twas thine, at noon of night,
First from the prow to hail the glimmering light;
(Emblem of Truth divine, whose secret ray
Enters the soul, and makes the darkness day!)
"Pedro! Rodrigo! there, methought, it shone!
There—in the west! and now, alas! 'tis gone!—
'Twas all a dream! we gaze and gaze in vain!
—But mark, and speak not, there it comes again!
It moves!—what form unseen, what being there
With torch-like lustre fires the murky air?
His instincts, passions, say how like our own!
Oh! when will day reveal a world unknown?"

Long on the wave the morning mists reposed,
Then broke—and, melting into light, disclosed

Half-circling hills, whose everlasting woods
Sweep with their sable skirts the shadowy floods;
And, say, when all, to holy transport given,
Embraced and wept, as at the gates of Heaven,
When one and all of us, repentant, ran,
And, on our faces, bless'd the wondrous man;
Say, was I then deceived, or from the skies
Burst on my ear seraphic harmonies?
"Glory to God!" unnumber'd voices sung,
"Glory to God!" the vales and mountains rung,
Voices that hail'd creation's primal morn,
And to the Shepherds sung a Saviour born.

IV. First Landing of Columbus.—*Irving.*

[From the "Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus," by Washington Irving.]

1. It was on Friday morning, the 12th of October, 1492, that Columbus first beheld the New World. As the day dawned he saw before him a level island, several leagues in extent, and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though apparently uncultivated, it was populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing from all parts of the woods and running to the shore. They were perfectly naked, and, as they stood gazing at the ships, appeared by their attitudes and gestures to be lost in astonishment.

2. Columbus made signals for the ships to cast anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat, richly attired in scarlet, and holding the royal standard; whilst Martin Alonzo Pinzon and Vincent Yañez his brother, put off in company in their boats, each with a banner of the enterprise emblazoned[v] with a green cross, having on either side the letters[s] F. and Y., the initials of the Castilian monarchs Fernando and Ysabel, surmounted by crowns.

3. As he approached the shore, Columbus, who was disposed for all kinds of agreeable impressions, was delighted with the purity and suavity[v] of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the sea, and the extraordinary beauty of the vegetation. He beheld, also, fruits of an unknown kind upon the trees which overhung the shores. On landing, he threw himself on his

nees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears f joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts ndeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude.

4. Columbus then rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and assembling round him the two captains, with Rodrigo de Escobedo (*es-co-bā'do*), notary of the armament, Rodrigo Sanchez, and the rest who had landed, he took solemn possession in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador. Having complied with the requisite forms and ceremonies, he called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him, as admiral and viceroy, representing the persons of the sovereigns.

5. The feelings of the crew now burst forth in the most extravagant transports. They had recently considered themselves devoted men, hurrying forward to destruction; they now looked upon themselves as favorites of fortune, and gave themselves up to the most unbounded joy. They thronged around the admiral with overflowing zeal, some embracing him, others kissing his hands. Those who had been most mutinous and turbulent during the voyage, were now most devoted and enthusiastic. Some begged favors of him, as if he had already wealth and honors in his gift. Many abject spirits, who had outraged him by their insolence, now crouched at his feet, begging pardon for all the trouble they had caused him, and promising the blindest obedience for the future.

6. The natives of the island, when, at the dawn of day, they had beheld the ships hovering on their coast, had supposed them monsters which had issued from the deep during the night. They had crowded to the beach, and watched their movements with awful anxiety. Their veering about, apparently without effort, and the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld their boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colors, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to the woods.

7. Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue nor molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror,

and approached the Spaniards with great awe, frequently prostrating themselves on the earth, and making signs of adoration. During the ceremonies of taking possession, they remained gazing in timid admiration at the complexion, the beards, the shining armor, and splendid dress of the Spaniards. The admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his dress of scarlet, and the deference which was paid him by his companions; all which pointed him out to be the commander.

8. When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness. Columbus was pleased with their gentleness and confiding simplicity, and suffered their scrutiny with perfect acquiescence, winning them by his benignity[y]. They now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament which bounded their horizon[y], or had descended from above on their ample wings, and that these marvellous beings were inhabitants of the skies.

9. The natives of the island were no less objects of curiosity to the Spaniards, differing, as they did, from any race of men they had ever seen. Their appearance gave no promise of either wealth or civilization, for they were entirely naked, and painted with a variety of colors. With some it was confined merely to a part of the face, the nose or around the eyes; with others it extended to the whole body, and gave them a wild and fantastic[y] appearance.

10. Their complexion was of a tawny or copper hue, and they were entirely destitute of beards. Their hair was not crisped, like the recently-discovered tribes of the African coast, under the same latitude, but straight and coarse, partly cut short above the ears, but some locks were left long behind and falling upon their shoulders. Their features, though obscured and discolored by paint, were agreeable; they had lofty foreheads, and remarkably fine eyes. They were of moderate stature and well shaped; most of them appeared to be under thirty years of age; there was but one female with them,

quite young, naked like her companions, and beautifully formed.

11. As Columbus supposed himself to have landed on an island at the extremity of India, he called the natives by the general appellation of Indians, which was universally adopted before the true nature of his discovery was known, and has since been extended to all the aboriginals[v] of the New World. The islanders were friendly and gentle. Their only arms were lances, hardened at the end by fire, or pointed with a flint, or the teeth or bone of a fish. There was no iron to be seen, nor did they appear acquainted with its properties; for, when a drawn sword was presented to them, they unguardedly took it by the edge.

12. Columbus distributed among them colored caps, glass beads, hawks' bells, and other trifles, such as the Portuguese were accustomed to trade with among the nations of the gold coast of Africa. They received them eagerly, hung the beads round their necks, and were wonderfully pleased with their finery, and with the sound of the bells. The Spaniards remained all day on shore, refreshing themselves after their anxious voyage amidst the beautiful groves of the island, and returned on board late in the evening, delighted with all they had seen.

13. On the following morning, at break of day, the shore was thronged with the natives; some swam off to the ships, others came in light barks, which they called canoes, formed of a single tree hollowed, and capable of holding from one man to the number of forty or fifty. These they managed dexterously with paddles, and, if overturned, swam about in the water with perfect unconcern, as if in their natural element, righting their canoes with great facility, and baling them with calabashes[v].

14. They were eager to procure more toys and trinkets, not, apparently, from any idea of their intrinsic value, but because everything from the hands of the strangers possessed a supernatural[v] virtue in their eyes, as having been brought from heaven; they even picked up fragments of glass and earthen-

ware as valuable prizes. They had but few objects to offer in return, except parrots, of which great numbers were domesticated[v] among them, and cotton yarn, of which they had abundance, and would exchange large balls of five and twenty pounds' weight for the merest trifle.

15. They brought also cakes of a kind of bread called cassava[v], which constituted a principal part of their food, and was afterward an important article of provisions with the Spaniards. It was formed from a great root called yuca, which they cultivated in fields. This they cut into small morsels, which they grated or scraped, and strained in a press, making a broad, thin cake, which was afterward dried hard, and would keep for a long time, being steeped in water when eaten. It was insipid, but nourishing, though the water strained from it in the preparation was a deadly poison. There was another kind of yuca destitute of this poisonous quality, which was eaten in the root, either boiled or roasted.

16. The avarice of the discoverers was quickly excited by the sight of small ornaments of gold, worn by some of the natives in their noses. These the latter gladly exchanged for glass beads and hawks' bells; and both parties exulted in the bargain, no doubt admiring each other's simplicity. As gold, however, was an object of royal monopoly in all enterprises of discovery, Columbus forbade any traffic in it without his express sanction; and he put the same prohibition on the traffic for cotton, reserving to the crown all trade for it, wherever it should be found in any quantity.

17. He inquired of the natives where this gold was procured. They answered him by signs, pointing to the south, where, he understood them, dwelt a king of such wealth that he was served in vessels of wrought gold. He understood, also, that there was land to the south, the southwest, and the northwest; and that the people from the last-mentioned quarter frequently proceeded to the southwest in quest of gold and precious stones, making in their way descents upon the islands, and carrying off the inhabitants. Several of the natives showed him scars of wounds received in battles with these invaders. It is evident

that a great part of this fancied intelligence was self-delusion on the part of Columbus; for he was under a spell of the imagination, which gave its own shapes and colors to every object.

18. He was persuaded that he had arrived among the islands described by Marco Polo, as lying opposite Cathay, in the Chinese Sea, and he construed everything to accord with the account given of those opulent regions. Thus the enemies which the natives spoke of as coming from the northwest, he concluded to be the people of the mainland of Asia, the subjects of the great Khan of Tartary, who were represented by the Venetian traveller as accustomed to make war upon the islands, and to enslave the inhabitants. The country to the south, abounding in gold, could be no other than the famous island of Cipango; and the king, who was served out of vessels of gold, must be the monarch whose magnificent city and gorgeous palace, covered with plates of gold, had been extolled in such splendid terms by Marco Polo.

19. The island where Columbus had thus, for the first time, set his foot upon the New World, was called, by the natives, Guanahane (*gwah-nah-hah'ne*). It still retains the name of San Salvador', which he gave to it, though called by the English, Cat Island. The light which he had seen the evening previous to his making land, may have been on Watling's Island, which lies a few leagues to the east. San Salvador is one of the great cluster of the Lucayos (*loo-ki'oce*), or Baha'ma Islands, which stretch southeast and northwest from the coast of Florida to Hispanio'la, covering the northern coast of Cuba.

[Columbus made three other voyages to the New World, in the second of which he discovered the mainland, at the mouth of the Orino'co River. In his last voyage he explored the coast of Da'rien. He, however, still believed that the lands which he had discovered were a portion of Eastern Asia; and in this conviction he died, thus being entirely unconscious of the real grandeur of his discovery.]

The Death of Montezuma.—*Robertson.*

[***Introductory Remarks.***—In 1517, Cor'dova, a Spanish navigator, sailed from Cuba and discovered the northern coast of Yucatan. Upon his return, he gave such a favorable account of the civilization and riches of the people whom he had seen, as to awaken a keen desire among the Spaniards to undertake their conquest. The governor

of Cuba, accordingly, sent out an expedition under Grijalva (*gre-hahl'vah*), who, after exploring the coast of Mexico, returned with a large amount of treasure. The conquest of this rich country was then resolved on; and an expedition was sent out, consisting of eleven vessels and more than six hundred armed men, under the command of Fernando Cortez (1519). This officer was brave and energetic, but treacherous and cruel. Upon landing near Vera Cruz, he was met by deputations from Montezu'ma, the Mexican emperor, who greeted him in a friendly manner, but endeavored to dissuade him from proceeding to the capital. This, however, Cortez finally reached, and boldly seized the emperor, whom he kept for some time a prisoner. At last the Mexicans turned on their invaders; and Cortez induced Montezuma to dissuade his subjects from hostilities. But they, indignant at his conduct, assaulted him with stones and arrows, so that he soon afterward died of his wounds and of chagrin at his degradation. Finally, with the aid of Indian tribes opposed to the Mexican rule, Cortez completed the conquest of Mexico, which thus became (1521) a Spanish province.—The following account of this event is taken from Robertson's "History of the Discovery and Conquest of America."]

1. THE Mexicans [now discovering Cortez's bloody intentions] resumed their arms with the additional fury which this discovery inspired, attacked a considerable body of Spaniards who were marching toward the great square in which the public market was held, and compelled them to retire with some loss. Emboldened by this success, and delighted to find that their oppressors were not invincible, they advanced next day with extraordinary martial pomp to assault the Spaniards in their own quarters. Their number was formidable, and their undaunted courage still more so.

2. Though the artillery, pointed against their numerous battalions[v], crowded together in narrow streets, swept off multitudes at every discharge; though every blow of the Spanish weapons fell with mortal effect upon their naked bodies, the impetuosity[v] of the assault did not abate. Fresh men rushed forward to occupy the places of the slain, and, meeting with the same fate, were succeeded by others no less intrepid and eager for vengeance. The utmost efforts of Cortez's abilities and experience, seconded by the disciplined valor of his troops, were hardly sufficient to defend the fortifications that surrounded the post where the Spaniards were stationed, into which the enemy were more than once on the point of forcing their way.

3. Cortez beheld with wonder the implacable[v] ferocity of a people who seemed at first to submit tamely to the yoke, and had continued so long passive under it. As soon as the ap-

proach of evening induced the Mexicans to retire, in compliance with their national custom of ceasing from hostilities with the setting sun, he began to prepare for a sally, next day, with such considerable force as might either drive the enemy out of the city, or compel them to listen to terms of accommodation.

4. Cortez conducted, in person, the troops destined for this important service. Every invention known in the European art of war, as well as every precaution suggested by his long acquaintance with the Indian mode of fighting, were employed to insure success. But he found an enemy prepared and determined to oppose him. The force of the Mexicans was greatly augmented by fresh troops, which poured in continually from the country, and their animosity was in no degree abated. They were led by their nobles, inflamed by the exhortations of their priests, and fought in defence of their temples and families, under the eye of their gods, and in presence of their wives and children.

5. After a day of incessant exertion, though vast numbers of the Mexicans fell, and part of the city was burnt, the Spaniards, weary with the slaughter and harassed by multitudes which successively relieved each other, were obliged at length to retire with the mortification of having accomplished nothing so decisive as to compensate the usual calamity of having twelve soldiers killed and above sixty wounded. Another sally, made with greater force, was not more effectual, and in it the general himself was wounded in the hand.

6. Cortez now perceived, too late, the fatal error into which he had been betrayed by his own contempt of the Mexicans, and was satisfied that he could neither maintain his present station in the centre of a hostile city, nor retire from it without the most imminent danger. One resource still remained, to try what effect the interposition of Montezuma might have to soothe or overawe his subjects. When the Mexicans approached next morning to renew the assault, that unfortunate prince, at the mercy of the Spaniards, and reduced to the sad necessity of becoming the instrument of his own disgrace and of the

slavery of his people, advanced to the battlements in his royal robes, and with all the pomp in which he used to appear on solemn occasions.

7. At sight of their sovereign, whom they had long been accustomed to honor and almost to revere as a god, the weapons dropped from their hands, every tongue was silent, all bowed their heads, and many prostrated themselves on the ground. Montezuma addressed them with every argument that could mitigate their rage or persuade them to cease from hostilities. When he ended his discourse, a sullen murmur of disapprobation ran through the ranks; to this succeeded reproaches and threats; and the fury of the multitude rising in a moment above every restraint of decency or respect, flights of arrows and volleys of stones poured in so violently upon the ramparts, that before the Spanish soldiers appointed to cover Montezuma with their bucklers had time to lift them in his defence, two arrows wounded the unhappy monarch, and the blow of a stone on his temple struck him to the ground.

8. On seeing him fall, the Mexicans were so much astonished, that, with a transition not uncommon in popular tumults, they passed in a moment from one extreme to the other; remorse succeeded to insult, and they fled with horror, as if the vengeance of heaven were pursuing the crime which they had committed. The Spaniards without molestation carried Montezuma to his apartments, and Cortez hastened thither to console him under his misfortune.

9. But the unhappy monarch now perceived how low he was sunk; and the haughty spirit, which seemed to have been so long extinct, returning, he scorned to survive this last humiliation. In a transport of rage, he tore the bandages from his wounds, and refused, with such obstinacy, to take any nourishment, that he soon ended his wretched days, rejecting with disdain all the solicitations of the Spaniards to embrace the Christian faith. Upon the death of Montezuma, Cortez, having lost all hope of bringing the Mexicans to accommodation, saw no prospect of safety but in retreat (1520).

The Discovery of Peru.—*Prescott.*

[From Prescott's "Conquest of Peru."]

1. WHILE the whole eastern coast of the American continent had been explored, and the central portion of it colonized,—even after the brilliant achievement of the Mexican conquest,—the veil was not yet raised that hung over the golden shores of the Pacific. Floating rumors had reached the Spaniards, from time to time, of countries in the far West, teeming with the metal they so much coveted; but the first distinct notice of Peru was about the year 1511, when Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, the discoverer of the Southern Sea, was weighing some gold which he had collected from the natives.

2. A young barbarian chieftain, who was present, struck the scales with his fist, and, scattering the glittering metal around the apartment, exclaimed,—"If this is what you prize so much that you are willing to leave your distant homes, and risk even life itself for it, I can tell you of a land where they eat and drink out of golden vessels, and gold is as cheap as iron is with you." It was not long after this startling intelligence that Balboa achieved the formidable adventure of scaling the mountain rampart of the isthmus which divides the two mighty oceans from each other; when, armed with sword and buckler, he rushed into the waters of the Pacific, and cried out, in the true chivalrous vein, that "he claimed this unknown sea, with all that it contained, for the King of Castile, and that he would make good the claim against all, Christian or infidel, who dared to gainsay it." All the broad continent and sunny isles washed by the waters of the Southern Ocean! Little did the bold cavalier comprehend the full import of his magnificent vaunt.

3. On this spot he received more explicit tidings of the Peruvian empire, heard proofs recounted of its civilization, and was shown drawings of the llama, which, to the European eye, seemed a species of the Arabian camel. But, although he steered his caravel for these golden realms, and even pushed his discoveries some twenty leagues south of the Gulf of St.

Michael, the adventure was not reserved for him. The illustrious discoverer was doomed to fall a victim to that miserable jealousy with which a little spirit regards the achievements of a great one.

4. The Spanish colonial domain was broken up into a number of petty governments, which were dispensed sometimes to court favorites; though, as the duties of the post, at this early period, were of an arduous nature, they were more frequently reserved for men of some practical talent and enterprise. Columbus, by virtue of his original contract with the Crown, had jurisdiction over the territories discovered by himself, embracing some of the principal islands, and a few places on the continent.

5. These colonial governments were multiplied with the increase of empire, and by the year 1524 were scattered over the islands, along the Isthmus of Darien, the broad tract of Terra Firma, and the recent conquests of Mexico. Some of these governments were of no great extent. Others, like that of Mexico, were of the dimensions of a kingdom; and most had an indefinite range for discovery assigned to them in their immediate neighborhood, by which each of the petty potentates might enlarge his territorial sway, and enrich his followers and himself.

6. Floating rumors of the wealth and civilization of a mighty nation at the South were continually reaching the ears and kindling the dreamy imaginations of the colonists; and it may seem astonishing that an expedition in that direction should have been so long deferred. But the exact position and distance of this fairy realm were matter of conjecture. The long tract of intervening country was occupied by rude and warlike races; and the little experience which the Spanish navigators had already had of the neighboring coast and its inhabitants, and still more, the tempestuous character of the seas—for their expeditions had taken place at the most unpropitious seasons of the year,—enhanced the apparent difficulties of the undertaking, and made even their stout hearts shrink from it.

7. Such was the state of feeling in the little community of

Panama* for several years after its foundation. Meanwhile, the dazzling conquest of Mexico gave a new impulse to the ardor of discovery, and, in 1524, three men were found in the colony in whom the spirit of adventure triumphed over every consideration of difficulty and danger that obstructed the prosecution of the enterprise. One among them was selected as fitted by his character to conduct it to a successful issue. That man was Francisco Pizarro (*pe-zah'ro*).

[Pizarro was born at Truxillo, in Spain, about the year 1471. He was of very humble origin, was never taught to read or write, and his early occupation was that of a swineherd. On the discovery of America his bold and enthusiastic nature was aroused, and he soon joined the adventurers who embarked for the Western World. He is first mentioned in connection with the expedition of Alonzo de Ojeda (*o-ha'dah*) (1510), after which he accompanied Balboa in his march across the mountains to the Pacific, and subsequently took part in the settlement of Panama. His companions in the expedition to Peru were Diego de Almagro (*de-a'go de al-mah'gro*), a soldier of fortune, like himself, but somewhat older, and Hernando de Luque (*look*), a Spanish ecclesiastic, of singular prudence and knowledge of the world. In a small vessel, with about one hundred followers, men of desperate character, Pizarro sailed on his first expedition in November, 1524, leaving Almagro to fit out a second vessel and follow as soon as possible. After incredible hardships, both by sea and land, Pizarro persisting in the enterprise in spite of the opposition and rebellion of his followers and conflicts with the natives, at length reached the great Peruvian empire. The narrative of his discovery is thus continued by the historian Prescott.]

8. At length the adventurous vessel rounded the point of St. Helena, and glided smoothly into the waters of the beautiful gulf of Guayaquil (*gwi-ah-keel'*). The country was here studded along the shore with towns and villages, though the mighty chain of the Cordil'leras [the Andes], sweeping up abruptly from the coast, left but a narrow strip of emerald verdure, through which numerous rivulets, spreading fertility around them, wound their way into the sea. The voyagers were now abreast of some of the most stupendous heights of this magnificent range—Chimbora'zo, with its broad round summit towering like the dome of the Andes, and Cotopax'i, with its dazzling cone of silvery white, that knows no change except from the action of its own volcanic fires,—for this mountain is the most terrible of the American volcanoes, and was in for-

* *Panama* was founded by the Spaniards in 1519, who thus transferred the capital of their South American colony from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, with the view to prosecute their explorations and conquests southward along the newly-discovered South Sea.

midable activity at no great distance from the period of our narrative.

9. Well pleased with the signs of civilization that opened on them at every league of their progress, the Spaniards at length (1526) came to anchor off the island of Santa Clara, lying at the entrance of the bay of Tumbez (*toom'bez*). The place was uninhabited, but was recognized by the Indians on board as occasionally resorted to by the warlike people of the neighboring isle of Puna (*poo'nah*), for purposes of sacrifice and worship. The Spaniards found on the spot a few bits of gold rudely wrought into various shapes, and probably designed as offerings to the Indian deity. Their hearts were cheered, as the natives assured them they would see abundance of the same precious metal in their own city of Tumbez.

10. The following morning they stood across the bay for this place. As they drew near, they beheld a town of considerable size, with many of the buildings apparently of stone and plaster, situated in the bosom of a fruitful meadow, which seemed to have been redeemed from the sterility of the surrounding country by careful and minute irrigation. When at some distance from shore, Pizarro saw standing toward him several large balsas[v], which were found to be filled with warriors going on an expedition against the island of Puna.

11. Running alongside of the Indian flotilla[v], he invited some of the chiefs to come on board the vessel. The Peruvians gazed with wonder on every object which met their eyes, and especially on their own countrymen, whom they had little expected to meet there. The latter informed them in what manner they had fallen into the hands of the strangers, whom they described as a wonderful race of beings that had come thither for no harm, but solely to be made acquainted with the country and its inhabitants.

12. This account was confirmed by the Spanish commander, who persuaded the Indians to return in their balsas and report what they had learned to their townsmen, requesting them at the same time to provide his vessel with refreshments, as it was his desire to enter into friendly intercourse with the

natives. The people of Tumbez were gathered along the shore, and were gazing with unutterable amazement on the floating castle, which, now having dropped anchor, rode lazily at its moorings in their bay. They eagerly listened to the accounts of their countrymen, and instantly reported the affair to the *ouraca* (*kōo-rah'cah*), or ruler of the district, who, conceiving that the strangers must be beings of a superior order, prepared at once to comply with their request.

13. It was not long before several balsas were seen steering for the vessel laden with bananas, plantans, yuca, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, pineapples, cocoa-nuts, and other rich products of the beautiful vale of Tumbez. Game and fish, also, were added, with a number of llamas, of which Pizarro had seen the rude drawings belonging to Balboa, but of which, till now, he had met with no living specimen. He examined this curious animal, the Peruvian sheep,—or, as the Spaniards called it, the "little camel" of the Indians,—with much interest, greatly admiring the mixture of wool and hair which supplied the natives with the materials for their fabrics.

14. At that time there happened to be at Tumbez an Inca noble, or *orejon*,*—for so men of his rank were called by the Spaniards, from the large ornaments of gold attached to their ears. He expressed great curiosity to see the wonderful strangers, and had, accordingly, come out with the balsas for the purpose. It was easy to perceive from the superior quality of his dress, as well as from the deference paid to him by the others, that he was a person of consideration, and Pizarro received him with marked distinction.

15. He showed him the different parts of the ship, explaining to him the uses of whatever engaged his attention, and answering his numerous queries, as well as he could, by means of the Indian interpreters. The Peruvian chief was especially desirous of knowing whence and why Pizarro and his followers had come to these shores. The Spanish captain replied that he was the vassal of a great prince, the greatest and most power-

* *Orejon*, in Spanish, means *ear*.

ful in the world, and that he had come to this country to assert his master's lawful supremacy over it.

16. He had further come to rescue the inhabitants from the darkness of unbelief in which they were now wandering. They worshipped an evil spirit, who would sink their souls into everlasting perdition; and he would give them the knowledge of the true and only God, Jesus Christ, since to believe on him was eternal salvation. The Indian prince listened with deep attention and apparent wonder; but answered nothing. It may be that neither he nor his interpreters had any very distinct ideas of the doctrines thus abruptly revealed to them.

17. It may be that he did not believe there was any other potentate[y] on earth greater than the Inca; none, at least, who had a better right to rule over his dominions. And it was very possible he was not disposed to admit that the great luminary whom he worshipped was inferior to the God of the Spaniards. But whatever may have passed in the untutored mind of the barbarian, he did not give vent to it, but maintained a discreet silence, without any attempt to controvert or to convince his Christian antagonist[y].

18. He remained on board the vessel till the hour of dinner, of which he partook with the Spaniards, expressing his satisfaction at the strange dishes, and especially pleased with the wine, which he pronounced far superior to the fermented liquors of his own country. On taking leave, he courteously pressed the Spaniards to visit Tumbez, and Pizarro dismissed him with a present, among other things, of an iron hatchet, which had greatly excited his admiration; for the use of iron was as little known to the Peruvians as to the Mexicans.

19. On the day following, the Spanish captain sent one of his own men, named Alonzo de Molina (*mo-le'nah*), on shore, accompanied by a negro who had come in the vessel from Panama, together with a present for the curaca, of some swine and poultry, neither of which were indigenous[y] to the New World. Toward evening his emissary returned with a fresh supply of fruits and vegetables, that the friendly people sent to the vessel. Molina had a wondrous tale to tell.

20. On landing he was surrounded by the natives, who expressed the greatest astonishment at his dress, his fair complexion, and his long beard. The women, especially, manifested great curiosity in respect to him, and Molina seemed to be entirely won by their charms and captivating manners. He probably intimated his satisfaction by his demeanor, since they urged him to stay among them, promising in that case to provide him with a beautiful wife. The surprise was equally great at the complexion of his sable companion. They could not believe it was natural, and tried to rub off the imaginary dye with their hands.

21. As the African bore all this with characteristic good-humor, displaying at the same time his rows of ivory teeth, they were prodigiously delighted. The animals were no less above their comprehension; and, when the cock crew, the simple people clapped their hands, and inquired what he was saying. Their intellects were so bewildered by sights so novel, that they seemed incapable of distinguishing between man and brute.

22. Molina was then escorted to the residence of the curaca, whom he found living in much state, with porters stationed at his doors, and with a quantity of gold and silver vessels, from which he was served. He was then taken to different parts of the Indian city, saw a fortress built of rough stone, and, though low, spreading over a large extent of ground. Near this was a temple; and the Spaniard's description of its decorations, blazing with gold and silver, seemed so extravagant, that Pizarro, distrusting his whole account, resolved to send a more discreet and trustworthy emissary on the following day.

23. The person selected was Pedro de Candia, a Greek cavalier who had joined the expedition. He was sent on shore, dressed in complete mail, as became a good knight, with his sword by his side, and his arquebuse on his shoulder. The Indians were even more dazzled by his appearance than by Molina's, as the sun fell brightly on his polished armor, and glanced from his military weapons. They had heard much of the formidable arquebuse from their townsmen who had come

in the vessel, and they besought Candia "to let it speak to them."

24. He accordingly set up a wooden board as a target, and, taking deliberate aim, fired off the musket. The flash of the powder, and the startling report of the piece, as the board, struck by the ball, was shivered into splinters, filled the natives with dismay. Some fell on the ground, covering their faces with their hands, and others approached the cavalier with feelings of awe, which were gradually dispelled by the assurance they received from the smiling expression of his countenance.

25. They then showed him the same hospitable attentions which they had paid to Molina; and his description of the marvels of the place, on his return, fell nothing short of his predecessor's[v]. The fortress, which was surrounded by a triple row of wall, was strongly garrisoned[v]. The temple he described as literally tapestried[v] with plates of gold and silver. Adjoining this structure was a sort of convent appropriated to the Inca's destined brides, who manifested great curiosity to see him. Whether this was gratified is not clear; but Candia described the gardens of the convent, which he entered, as glowing with imitations of fruits and vegetables, all in pure gold and silver! He had seen a number of artisans at work, whose sole business seemed to be to furnish these gorgeous decorations for the religious houses.

26. Tumbez was a favorite city of the Peruvian princes. It was the most important place on the northern borders of the empire, contiguous[v] to the recent acquisition of Quito. A strong fortress was established there. The temple and the house occupied by the Virgins of the Sun, had been erected by Huayna Capac (*hwi'nah cah'pac*), and were liberally endowed by that Inca, after the sumptuous fashion of the religious establishments of Peru. The town was well supplied with water by numerous aqueducts, and the fruitful valley in which it was embosomed, and the ocean which bathed its shores, supplied ample means of subsistence to a considerable population.

27. But the cupidity[v] of the Spaniards, after the conquest, was not slow in despoiling the place of its glories; and the site of its proud towers and temples, in less than half a century after that fatal period, was to be traced only by the huge mass of ruins that encumbered the ground. The Spaniards were nearly mad with joy, says an old writer, at receiving these brilliant tidings of the Peruvian city. All their fond dreams were now to be realized, and they had at length reached the realm which had so long flitted in visionary splendor before them. Pizarro expressed his gratitude to heaven for having crowned his labors with so glorious a result.

[After leaving Tumbez, Pizarro sailed along the coast toward the south, reaching the ninth parallel of south latitude; but finding himself unable to prosecute the conquest of the country, he returned to Panama to obtain re-enforcements. These not being granted to him by the governor, he returned to Spain; and having announced to the emperor (Charles V.) his great discovery, received from him aid and the appointment of Captain-general of the new province. In 1531 he sailed on his second expedition, during which, by means of the basest treachery and the most revolting cruelties, he succeeded in effecting the conquest of the country (1533). He was subsequently assassinated. In imitation of Cortez, Pizarro seized the Peruvian emperor, Atahuallpa (*at-ah-hwahl'pah*), and kept him prisoner for some time, in order to secure an influence over his subjects; but at last caused him to be cruelly put to death. Some remarkable incidents connected with the captivity are thus related by Prescott.]

The Captivity of Atahuallpa.—*Prescott.*

[From the "Conquest of Peru."]

1. It was not long before Atahuallpa discovered, amidst all the show of religious zeal in his conquerors, a lurking appetite more potent in most of their bosoms than either religion or ambition. This was the love of gold. He determined to avail himself of it to procure his freedom. In the hope, therefore, to effect his purpose, he one day told Pizarro that, if he would set him free, he would engage to cover the floor of the apartment on which they stood with gold. Those present listened with an incredulous smile; and, as the Inca received no answer, he said with some emphasis, that "he would not merely cover the floor, but would fill the room with gold as high as he could reach;" and, standing on tiptoe, he stretched out his hand against the wall.

2. All stared with amazement; while they regarded it as the

insane boast of a man too eager to procure his liberty to weigh the meaning of his words. Yet Pizarro was sorely perplexed. As he had advanced into the country, much that he had seen, and all that he had heard, had confirmed the dazzling reports first received of the riches of Peru. Atahuallpa himself had given him the most glowing picture of the wealth of the capital, where the roofs of the temples were plated with gold, while the walls were hung with tapestry, and the floors inlaid with tiles of the same precious metal.

3. There must be some foundation for all this. At all events, it was safe to accede to the Inca's proposition; since, by so doing, he could collect, at once, all the gold at his disposal, and thus prevent its being purloined or secreted by the natives. He therefore acquiesced in Atahuallpa's offer, and, drawing a red line along the wall at the height which the Inca had indicated, he caused the terms of the proposal to be duly recorded by the notary.

4. The apartment was about seventeen feet broad, by twenty-two feet long, and the line round the walls was nine feet from the floor. This space was to be filled with gold; but it was understood that the gold was not to be melted down into ingots, but to retain the original form of the articles into which it was manufactured, that the Inca might have the benefit of the space which they occupied. He further agreed to fill an adjoining room of smaller dimensions twice full with silver, in like manner; and he demanded two months to accomplish this.

5. No sooner was this arrangement made, than the Inca dispatched couriers[v] to Cuzco and the other principal places in the kingdom, with orders that the gold ornaments and utensils[v] should be removed from the royal palaces, and from the temples and other public buildings, and transported, without loss of time, to Caxamalca. Meanwhile, he continued to live in the Spanish quarters, treated with the respect due to his rank, and enjoying all the freedom that was compatible[v] with the security of his person.

6. Though not permitted to go abroad, his limbs were unshackled, and he had the range of his own apartments, under

the jealous surveillance[v] of a guard, who knew too well the value of the royal captive to be remiss. He was allowed the society of his favorite wives, and Pizarro took care that his domestic privacy should not be violated. His subjects had free access to their sovereign, and every day he received visits from the Indian nobles, who came to bring presents, and offer condolence to their unfortunate master.

7. On such occasions, the most potent of these great vassals never ventured into his presence without first stripping off their sandals, and bearing a load on their backs in token of reverence. The Spaniards gazed with curious eyes on these acts of homage, or rather of slavish submission, on the one side, and on the air of perfect indifference with which they were received, as a matter of course, on the other; and they conceived high ideas of the character of a prince who, even in his present helpless condition, could inspire such feelings of awe in his subjects. The royal levee was so well attended, and such devotion was shown by his vassals to the captive monarch, as did not fail, in the end, to excite some feelings of distrust in his keepers.

8. Pizarro did not neglect the opportunity afforded him of communicating the truths of revelation to his prisoner, and both he and his chaplain, Father Valverde (*vahl-vär'da*), labored in the same good work. Atahuallpa listened with composure and apparent attention. But nothing seemed to move him so much as the argument with which the military polemic[v] closed his discourse,—that it could not be the true God whom Atahuallpa worshipped, since he had suffered him to fall into the hands of his enemies. The unhappy monarch assented to the force of this, acknowledging that his Deity had indeed deserted him in his utmost need.

[In a short time vast treasures of gold and silver were accumulated to satisfy the greedy rapacity of the Spaniards, who, becoming impatient, determined on a division of the spoil before the stipulated limit was fully reached. The narrative is thus continued by Prescott.]

9. To wait longer would only be to invite the assault of their enemies, allured by a bait so attractive. While the treasure

remained uncounted, no man knew its value, nor what was to be his own portion. It was better to distribute it at once, and let every one possess and defend his own. Several, moreover, were now disposed to return home, and take their share of the gold with them, where they could place it in safety. But these were few, while much the larger part were only anxious to leave their present quarters, and march at once to Cuzco.

10. More gold, they thought, awaited them in that capital, than they could get here by prolonging their stay; while every hour was precious, to prevent the inhabitants from secreting their treasures, of which design they had already given indication. Pizarro was especially moved by the last consideration; and he felt that, without the capital, he could not hope to become master of the empire. Without further delay the division of the treasure was agreed upon.

11. Yet, before making this, it was necessary to reduce the whole to ingots of a uniform standard, for the spoil was composed of an infinite variety of articles, in which the gold was of very different degrees of purity. These articles consisted of goblets, ewers, salvers, vases of every shape and size, ornaments and utensils for the temples and the royal palaces, tiles and plates for the decoration of the public edifices, curious imitations of different plants and animals.

12. Among the plants, the most beautiful was the Indian corn, in which the golden ear was sheathed in its broad leaves of silver, from which hung a rich tassel of threads of the same precious metal. A fountain was also much admired, which sent up a sparkling jet of gold, while birds and animals of the same material played in the waters of its base. The delicacy of the workmanship of some of these, and the beauty and ingenuity of the design, attracted the admiration of better judges than the rude conquerors of Peru.

13. Before breaking up these specimens of Indian art, it was determined to send a quantity, which should be deducted from the royal fifth, to the Emperor. It would serve as a sample of the ingenuity of the natives, and would show him the value of his conquests. A number of the most beautiful articles was

selected, to the amount of a hundred thousand ducats[v], and Hernando Pizarro was appointed to be the bearer of them to Spain. He was to obtain an audience of Charles, and, at the same time that he laid the treasures before him, he was to give an account of the proceedings of the conquerors, and to seek a further augmentation of their powers and dignities.

14. The business of melting down the plate was intrusted to the Indian goldsmiths, who were thus required to undo the work of their own hands. They toiled day and night; but such was the quantity to be recast, that it consumed a full month. When the whole was reduced to bars of a uniform standard, they were nicely weighed, under the superintendence of the royal inspectors. The total amount of the gold was found to be one million three hundred and twenty-six thousand five hundred and thirty-nine *pesos** of gold, probably equivalent to about fifteen millions and a half of dollars at the present time. The quantity of silver was estimated at fifty-one thousand six hundred and ten marks.

15. History affords no parallel of such a booty—and that, too, in the most convertible form, in ready money, as it were—having fallen to the lot of a little band of military adventurers, like the conquerors of Peru. The great object of the Spanish expeditions in the New World was gold. It is remarkable that their success should have been so complete. Had they taken the track of the English, the French, or the Dutch, on the shores of the northern continent, how different would have been the result! It is equally worthy of remark, that the wealth thus suddenly acquired, by diverting them from the slow but surer and more permanent sources of national prosperity, has in the end glided from their grasp, and left them among the poorest of the nations of Christendom.

[The execution of Atahuallpa, the last of the Peruvian Incas, was the most atrocious of the cruel and wicked acts of the remorseless Pizarro. The Inca was at first condemned to be burned alive; but this was afterward commuted for the milder form of the *garrote*[v]. The following anecdote has been related to account for Pizarro's malignant conduct toward the Inca, who, from first to last, had acted with singular generosity and good faith toward his Spanish captors.]

* A *peso* was about $11.67 of our money.

Anecdote of Pizarro.—*Prescott.*

ONE day Atahuallpa, the Inca[v], requested one of the Spanish soldiers to write the name of God on his nail. This the monarch showed successively to several of his guards; and, as they read it, and each pronounced the same word, the sagacious mind of the barbarian was delighted with what seemed to him little short of a miracle[v],—to which the science of his own nation afforded no analogy[v]. On showing the writing to Pizarro, that chief remained silent; and the Inca, finding he could not read, conceived a contempt for the commander who was even less informed than his soldiers. This he did not wholly conceal, and Pizarro, aware of the cause of it, neither forgot nor forgave it.

The Spanish Conquests in America.

[From a poem entitled the "West Indies," by James Montgomery.]

THE winds were prosperous, and the billows bore
The brave adventurer to the promised shore;
Far in the West, arrayed in purple light,
Dawned the new world on his enraptured sight:
Not Adam, loosened from the encumbering earth,
Waked by the breath of God to instant birth,
With sweeter, wilder wonder gazed around,
When life within and light without he found;
When, all creation rushing o'er his soul,
He seemed to live and breathe throughout the whole.

So felt Columbus, when, divinely fair,
At the last look of resolute despair,
The Hesperian[v] isles, from distance dimly blue,
With gradual beauty opened on his view.
In that proud moment, his transported mind
The morning and the evening worlds combined,
And made the sea, that sundered them before,
A bond of peace, uniting shore to shore.

Vain, visionary hope! rapacious Spain
Followed her hero's triumph o'er the main,

Her hardy sons in fields of battle tried,
Where Moor and Christian desperately died.
A rabid race, fanatically bold,
And steeled to cruelty by lust of gold,
Traversed the waves, the unknown world explored,
The cross their standard, but their faith the sword;
Their steps were graves; o'er prostrate realms they trod;
They worshipped Mammon, while they vowed to God.

Let nobler bards in loftier numbers tell
How Cortez conquered, Montezuma fell;
How fierce Pizarro's ruffian arm o'erthrew
The sun's resplendent empire in Peru;
How, like a prophet, old Las Casas stood,
And raised his voice against a sea of blood,
Whose chilling waves recoiled while he foretold
His country's ruin by avenging gold.
That gold, for which unpitied Indians fell,
That gold, at once the snare and scourge of hell,
Thenceforth by righteous heaven was doomed to shed
Unmingled curses on the spoiler's head;
For gold the Spaniard cast his soul away,—
His gold and he were every nation's prey.

The Discovery of the Mississippi River.—*Bancroft.*

[***Introductory Remarks.***—Twenty years after Columbus's first discovery, Ponce de Laon (*pon'thā da la-ōn'*), an aged Spaniard, accidentally discovered Florida, which received its name from the abundance of flowers with which its forests were adorned. The belief soon afterward became quite general among the Spaniards that this region abounded in riches; and, accordingly, De Soto (*da so'to*), who had acquired wealth and distinction as an associate of Pizarro, fitted out an expedition to explore and conquer the country. In 1539, he landed on its shores, and penetrated into the interior; and during his wanderings, which lasted nearly three years, he discovered the Mississippi River (1541). In the following extract from Bancroft's "History of the United States," an account is given of this event and of the death of the great explorer.]

1. ALL the disasters which had been encountered, far from diminishing the boldness of De Soto, served only to confirm his obstinacy by wounding his pride. Should he, who had promised greater booty than Mexico or Peru had yielded, now return as a defeated fugitive, so naked that his troops were clad only in skins and mats of ivy? The search for some

wealthy region was renewed; the caravan marched still further to the west.

2. For seven days it struggled through a wilderness of forests and marshes, and at length came to Indian settlements in the vicinity of the Mississippi. The lapse of nearly three centuries has not changed the character of the stream. It was then described as more than a mile broad, flowing with a strong current, and, by the weight of its waters, forcing a channel of great depth. The water was always muddy; trees and timber were continually floating down the stream.

3. The Spaniards were guided to the Mississippi by the natives; and were directed to one of the usual crossing places, probably at the lowest, Chickasa (*chick'a-saw*) Bluff, not far from the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude. The arrival of the strangers awakened curiosity and fear. A multitude of people from the western banks of the river, painted and gayly decorated with great plumes of white feathers, the warriors standing in rows with bow and arrows in their hands, the chieftains sitting under awnings as magnificent as the artless manufactures of the natives could weave, came rowing down the stream in a fleet of two hundred canoes, seeming to the admiring Spaniards "like a fair army of galleys."

4. They brought gifts of fish and loaves made of the fruit of the persimmon. At first they showed some desire to offer resistance; but, soon becoming conscious of their relative weakness, they ceased to defy an enemy who could not be overcome, and suffered injury without attempting open retaliation. The boats of the natives were too weak to transport horses; almost a month expired before barges large enough to hold three horsemen each were constructed for crossing the river. At length the Spaniards embarked upon the Mississippi, and were borne to its western bank.

5. The Dahcota tribes, doubtless, then occupied the country southwest of the Missouri; Soto had heard its praises; he believed in its vicinity to mineral wealth; and he determined to visit its towns. In ascending the Mississippi, the party was often obliged to wade through morasses; at length they came,

as it would seem, upon the district of Little Prairie, and the dry and elevated lands which extend toward New Madrid.

6. Here the religions of the invaders and the natives came in contrast. The Spaniards were adored as children of the sun, and the blind were brought into their presence, to be healed by the sons of light. "Pray only to God, who is in heaven, for whatsoever ye need," said Soto in reply; and the sublime doctrine which, thousands of years before, had been proclaimed in the deserts of Arabia, now first found its way into the prairies of the Far West.

7. The wild fruits of that region were abundant; the pecan nut, the mulberry, and the two kinds of wild plums, furnished the natives with articles of food. At Pacaha (*pa-caw'haw*), the northernmost point which Soto reached near the Mississippi, he remained forty days. The spot cannot be identified; but the accounts of the amusements of the Spaniards confirm the truth of the narrative of their ramblings. Fish were taken, such as are now found in the fresh waters of that region; one of them, the spade fish,—the strangest and most whimsical production of the muddy streams of the west, so rare, that, even now, it is hardly to be found in any museum,—is accurately described by the best historian of the expedition.

8. An exploring party which was sent to examine the regions of the north, reported that they were almost a desert. The country still nearer the Missouri was said by the Indians to be thinly inhabited; the bison abounded there so much, that no maize could be cultivated; and the few inhabitants were hunters. Soto turned, therefore, to the west and northwest, and plunged still more deeply into the interior of the continent. The highlands of White River, more than two hundred miles from the Mississippi, were probably the limit of his ramble in this direction.

9. The mountains offered neither gems nor gold; and the disappointed adventurers marched to the south. They passed through a succession of towns, of which the position cannot be fixed; till, at length, we find them among the Tunicas, near the hot springs and saline tributaries of the Washita (*wash-i-*

taw'). It was at Autiamque, a town on the same river, that they passed the winter; they had arrived at the settlement through the country of the Kappaws.

10. The native tribes, everywhere on the route, were found in a state of civilization beyond that of nomadic hordes. They were an agricultural people, with fixed places of abode, and subsisted upon the produce of the fields more than upon the chase. Ignorant of the arts of life, they could offer no resistance to their unwelcome visitors; the bow and arrow were the most effective weapons with which they were acquainted. They seem not to have been turbulent or quarrelsome; but as the population was moderate, and the earth fruitful, the tribes were not accustomed to contend with each other for the possession of territories.

11. Their dress was, in part, mats wrought of ivy and bulrushes, or of the bark and lint of trees; in cold weather they wore mantles woven of feathers. The settlements were by tribes,—each tribe occupied what the Spaniards called a province; their villages were generally near together, but were composed of few habitations. The Spaniards treated them with no other forbearance than their own selfishness demanded, and enslaved such as offended, employing them as porters and guides.

12. On a slight suspicion, they would cut off the hands of numbers of the natives, for punishment or intimidation; while the young cavaliers, from desire of seeming valiant, ceased to be merciful, and exulted in cruelties and carnage. The guide who was unsuccessful, or who purposely led them away from the settlements of his tribe, would be seized and thrown to the hounds. Sometimes a native was condemned to the flames. Any trifling consideration of safety would induce the governor to set fire to a hamlet. He did not delight in cruelty; but the happiness, the life, and the rights of the Indians, were held of no account. The approach of the Spaniards was heard with dismay; and their departure hastened by the suggestion of wealthier lands at a distance.

13. In the spring of the following year, Soto determined to descend the Washita to its junction, and to get tidings of the

sea. As he advanced, he was soon lost amidst the bayous and marshes which are found along the Red River and its tributaries. Near the Mississippi he came upon the country of Nilco, which was well peopled. The river was there larger than the Guadalquiver (*gwah-dal-ke-veer'*) at Sev'ille. At last he arrived at the province where the Washita, already united with the Red River, enters the Mississippi. The province was called Guachoya (*gwah-tcho'yah*).

14. Soto anxiously inquired the distance to the sea; the chieftain of Guachoya could not tell. Were there settlements extending along the river to its mouth? It was answered that its lower banks were an uninhabited waste. Unwilling to believe so disheartening a tale, Soto sent one of his men with eight horsemen to descend the banks of the Mississippi, and explore the country. They travelled eight days, and were able to advance not much more than thirty miles, they were so delayed by the frequent bayous, the impassable cane-brakes, and the dense woods.

15. The governor received the intelligence with concern; he suffered from anxiety and gloom. His horses and men were dying around him, so that the natives were becoming dangerous enemies. He attempted to overawe a tribe of Indians near Natchez by claiming a supernatural birth, and demanding obedience and tribute. "You say you are the child of the sun," replied the undaunted chief; "dry up the river, and I will believe you. Do you desire to see me? Visit the town where I dwell. If you come in peace, I will receive you with special good-will; if in war, I will not shrink one foot back."

16. But Soto was no longer able to abate the confidence or punish the temerity of the natives. His stubborn pride was changed by long disappointments into a wasting melancholy; and his health sunk rapidly and entirely under a conflict of emotions. A malignant fever ensued, during which he had little comfort, and was neither visited nor attended as the last hours of life demand. Believing his death near at hand, he held the last solemn interview with his faithful followers; and, yielding to the wishes of his companions, who obeyed him to the end, he named a successor. On the next day he died.

Character and Burial of De Soto.—*Irving.*

[From the "Conquest of Florida," by Theodore Irving.]

1. THUS died Hernando de Soto, one of the boldest and the bravest of the many brave leaders who figured in the first discoveries, and distinguished themselves in the wild warfare of the Western World. How proud and promising had been the commencement of his career! how humble and hapless its close! Cut off in the very vigor and manhood of his days, for he was but forty-two years old when he expired; perishing in a strange and savage land, amid the din and tumult of a camp, and with merely a few rough soldiers to attend him, for nearly all were engaged in the preparations making for their escape in this perilous situation.

2. Hernando de Soto was well calculated to command the independent and chivalric[y] spirits of which his army was composed; for, while his ideas of military discipline were very strict, and he punished every breach of military duty, all other offences he pardoned. No one was more prompt to notice and reward all soldier-like merit. He is said to have been courteous and engaging in his manners, patient and persevering under difficulties, encouraging his followers by his quiet endurance of suffering.

3. In his own person he was valiant in the extreme, and of such vigor of arm, that wherever he passed in battle he is said to have hewn himself a lane through the thickest of the enemy. Some of his biographers[y] have accused him of cruelty toward the poor Indians; but, according to the Inca's account, we find him, in general, humane and merciful, striving to conciliate[y] the natives by presents and kind messages, and only resorting to violent means where the safety of himself and his followers were at stake.

4. The death of the governor left his followers overwhelmed with grief; they felt as if made orphans by his loss, for they looked up to him as a father: and they sorrowed the more, because they could not give him a proper sepulture[y], nor per-

form the solemn obsequies[v] due to the remains of a captain and commander so much beloved and honored.

5. They feared to bury him publicly and with becoming ceremonials, lest the Indians should discover the place of his interment[v], and should outrage and insult his remains, as they had done those of other Spaniards—tearing them from their graves, dismembering them, and hanging them piecemeal from the trees. If they had shown such indignities to the bodies of the common soldiers, how much greater would they inflict upon that of their governor and commander? Besides, De Soto had impressed them with a very exalted opinion of his prudence and valor, and the Spaniards, therefore, dreaded lest, finding out the death of their leader, they might be induced to revolt, and fall upon their handful of troops.

6. For these reasons they buried him in the dead of night, with sentinels posted to keep the natives at a distance, that the sad ceremony might be safe from the observation of their spies. The place chosen for his sepulture was one of many pits, broad and deep, in a plain near to the village, from whence the Indians had taken earth for their buildings. Here he was interred, in silence and in secret, with many tears of the priests and cavaliers who were present at his mournful obsequies.

7. The better to deceive the Indians and prevent their suspecting the place of his interment, they gave out, on the following day, that the governor was recovering from his malady, and, mounting their horses, they assumed an appearance of rejoicing. That all traces of the grave might be lost, they caused much water to be sprinkled over it, and upon the surrounding plain, as if to prevent the dust being raised by their horses. They then scoured the plain, and galloped about the pits, and over the very grave of their commander; but it was difficult, under this cover of pretended gayety, to conceal the real sadness of their hearts.

8. With all these precautions they soon found out that the Indians suspected not only the death of the governor, but the place where he lay buried; for, in passing by the pits, the

would stop, look round attentively on all sides, talk with one another, and make signs with their chins and their eyes toward the spot where the body was interred.

9. The Spaniards perceiving this, and feeling that the Indians would search the whole plain until they found the body, determined to disinter it, and place it where it would be secure from molestation. No place appeared better suited to the purpose than the Mississippi; but first they wished to ascertain whether there was sufficient depth to hide the body effectually. Accordingly, Juan de Añasco, and other officers, taking with them a mariner, embarked one evening in a canoe, under pretense of fishing and amusing themselves; and, sounding the river where it was a quarter of a league wide, they found, in the mid-channel, a depth of nineteen fathoms. Here, therefore, they determined to deposit the body.

10. As there was no stone in the neighborhood wherewith to sink it, they cut down an evergreen oak, and made an excavation in one side, of the size of a man. On the following night, with all the silence possible, they disinterred the body, and placed it in the trunk of the oak, nailing planks over the aperture. The rustic coffin was then conveyed to the centre of the river, where, in presence of several priests and cavaliers, it was committed to the stream, and they beheld it sink to the bottom; shedding many tears over this second funeral rite, and commending anew the soul of the good cavalier to heaven.

11. The Indians soon perceiving that the governor was not with the army, nor buried as they had supposed, demanded of the Spaniards where he was. The general reply, prepared for the occasion, was, that God had sent for him, to communicate to him great things, which he was commanded to perform, as soon as he should return to earth. With this answer the Indians remained apparently content.

12. The Caciquey, however, who believed him to be dead, sent two handsome young Indians to Moscoso with the message, that it was the custom of his country, when any great prince died, to put to death some persons to attend him, and serve him on his journey to the land of spirits; and for that

purpose these young men presented themselves. Luis de Moscoso replied, that the governor was not dead, but gone to heaven, and had chosen some of his Christian followers to attend him there; he therefore prayed Guachoya to receive again the two Indian youths, and to renounce so barbarous a custom for the future. He accordingly set the Indians at liberty on the spot, and ordered them to return to their homes; but one of them refused to go, saying he would not serve a master who had condemned him to death without a cause, but would ever follow one who had saved his life.

13. De Soto's effects, consisting in all of two slaves, three horses, and seven hundred swine, were disposed of at public sale. The slaves and horses were sold for three thousand crowns each; the money to be paid by the purchaser on the first discovery of any gold or silver mines, or as soon as he should be proprietor of a plantation in Florida. Should neither of these events come to pass, the buyer pledged himself to pay the money within a year. The swine were sold in like manner, at two hundred crowns apiece. Henceforth, the greater number of the soldiers possessed this desirable article of food, which they ate of on all days save Fridays, Saturdays, and the eves of festivals, which they rigidly observed, according to the customs of the Roman Catholics. This abstinence they were not able to practice before, as they were frequently without meat for two or three months together, and when they found any were glad to devour it, without regard to days.

[After vainly trying to reach Mexico through the forests, the remnant of his followers built seven frail barks, and sailed down the Mississippi, reaching the Gulf of Mexico in seventeen days. They then sailed along the coast of Mexico, and, after a voyage of about fifty days, finally arrived at a Spanish settlement (Sept. 10, 1543).

The word *Mississippi* is a corrupted Indian name (*Michi Sepe*), meaning, literally, "Father of Waters." After the events above related, no farther exploration of the river or of its adjacent regions was made until the French, under La Salle, explored the valley, descending the river as far as its mouth in 1691, eight years after which an attempt at settlement was made by Iberville. This region was named Louisiana, in honor of Louis XIV., King of France.]

The Marriage of Pocahontas.—*Bancroft.*

[From the "History of the United States."]

[Virginia was first permanently settled at Jamestown, in 1607. Distinguished among those connected with the enterprise was Captain John Smith, who, while engaged in an exploring expedition, was captured by the Indians and condemned by their chief, Powhatan', to death. According to the statement of Smith, his life was saved by Pocahontas, the youthful daughter of the chief, who, as his head was bowed to receive the strokes of the tomahawk, clung firmly to his neck, and thus prevented his execution. Moved by her entreaties, the savage council spared the white captive, and finally released him. The details of this story have been recently discredited; but the subsequent marriage of Pocahontas is matter of authentic history.]

1. A FORAGING party of the colonists, headed by Argall, having stolen the daughter of Powhatan, demanded of her father a ransom. The indignant chief prepared rather for hostilities. But John Rolfe, "an honest and discreet" young Englishman, an amiable enthusiast who had emigrated to the forests of Virginia, daily, hourly, and, as it were, in his very sleep, heard a voice crying in his ears that he should strive to make her a Christian.

2. With the solicitude of a troubled soul, he reflected on the true end of being. "The Holy Spirit"—such are his own expressions—"demanded of me why I was created;" and conscience whispered that, rising above "the censure of the low-minded," he should lead the blind on the right path. Yet still he remembered that God had visited the sons of Levi and Israel with his displeasure, because they sanctified strange women; and might he, indeed, unite himself with "one of barbarous breeding and of a cursed race?"

3. After a great struggle of mind, and daily and believing prayers, in the innocence of pious zeal, he resolved "to labor for the conversion of the unregenerated maiden;" and, winning the favor of Po-ca-hon'tas, he desired her in marriage. Quick of comprehension, the youthful princess received instruction with docility; and soon, in the little church of Jamestown,—which rested on rough pine columns, fresh from the forest, and was in a style of rugged architecture as wild, if not as frail, as an Indian's wigwam,—she stood before the font, that out of the

trunk of a tree, "had been hewn hollow like a canoe," openly renounced her country's idolatry, professed the faith of Jesus Christ, and was baptized.

4. "The gaining of this one soul, the first-fruits of Virginian conversion," was followed by her nuptials with Rolfe. In April, 1613, to the joy of Sir Thomas Dale, with the approbation of her father and friends, O-pa-chis'co, her uncle, gave the bride away; and she stammered before the altar her marriage vows, according to the rites of the English service. Every historian commemorates the union with approbation; distinguished men trace from it their descent.

5. In 1616, the Indian wife, instructed in the English language, and bearing an English name, "the first Christian ever of her nation," sailed with her husband for England. The daughter of the wilderness possessed the mild elements of female loveliness, half concealed, as if in the bud, and rendered the more beautiful by the childlike simplicity with which her education in the savannahs of the New World had invested her.

6. How could she fail to be caressed at court, and admired in the city? As a wife, and as a mother, her conduct was exemplary[v]. She had been able to contrast the magnificence of European life with the freedom of the western forests; and now, as she was preparing to return to America, at the age of twenty-two, she fell a victim to the English climate,—saved, as if by the hand of mercy, from beholding the extermination[v] of the tribes from which she sprung, leaving a spotless name, and dwelling in memory under the form of perpetual youth.

7. The immediate fruits of the marriage to the colony were a confirmed peace, not with Powhatan alone, but also with the powerful Chickahominies, who sought the friendship of the English, and demanded to be called Englishmen. It might have seemed that the European and the native races were about to become blended; yet no such result ensued. The English and the Indians remained at variance, and the weakest gradually disappeared.

Death of Pocahontas.—*Sigourney.*

[From a poem entitled "Pocahontas."]

1. Sunset in England at the autumn prime!
Through foliage rare, what floods of light were sent!
The full and whitening harvest knew its time,
And to the sickle of the reaper bent;
Forth rode the wingèd seeds upon the gale,
New homes to find; but she, with lips so pale,
Who on the arm of her belovèd leant,
Breathed words of tenderness, with smile serene,
Though faint and full of toil the gasp and groan between.

2. "Oh dearest friend, Death cometh! He is here,
Here at my heart! Air! air! that I may speak
My hoarded love, my gratitude sincere,
To thee and to thy people. But I seek
In vain. Though most unworthy, yet I hear
A call, a voice too bless'd for mortal ear;"
And with a marble coldness on her cheek,
And one long moan, like breaking harp-string sweet,
She bare th' unspoken love to her Redeemer's feet.

3. Gone? *Gone?* Alas! the burst of wild despair
That rent his bosom who had loved so well;
He had not yet put forth his strength to bear,
So suddenly and sore the death-shaft fell:
Man hath a god-like might in danger's hour,
In the red battle, or the tempest's power;
Yet is he weak when tides of anguish swell;
Ah, who can mark with cold and tearless eyes
The grief of stricken man when his sole idol dies

4. And she had fled, in whom his heart's deep joy
Was garnered up; fled, like the rushing flame,
And left no farewell for her fair young boy.
Lo! in his nurse's arms he careless came,
A noble creature, with his full dark eye
And clustering curls, in nature's majesty;
But, with a sudden shriek, his mother's name
Burst from his lips, and, gazing on the clay,
He stretched his eager arms where the cold sleeper lay.

5. "Oh, mother! mother!" Did that bitter cry
Send a shrill echo through the realm of death?
Look, to the trembling fringes of the eye,
List, the sharp shudder of returning breath,
The spirit's sob! They lay him on her breast;
One long, long kiss on his bright brow she press'd;
Even from heaven's gate of bliss she lingereth,
To breathe one blessing o'er his precious head,
And then her arm unclasps, and she is of the dead.

6. The dead! the sainted dead! Why should we weep
At the last change their settled features take?
At the calm impress of that holy sleep
Which care and sorrow never more shall break?
Believe we not His word who rends the tomb,
And bids the slumberers from that transient gloom
In their Redeemer's glorious image wake?
Approach we not the same sepulchral bourne
Swift as the shadow fleets? What time have we to mourn?

* * * * *

7. Like the fallen leaves those forest tribes have fled:
Deep 'neath the turf their rusted weapon lies;
No more their harvest lifts its golden head,
Nor from their shaft the stricken red deer flies:
But from the far, far west, where holds, so hoarse,
The lonely Oregon its rock-strewn course,
While old Pacific's sullen surge replies,
Are heard their exiled murmurings deep and low,
Like one whose smitten soul departeth full of woe.

8. The council-fires are quench'd that erst so red
Their midnight volume 'mid the groves entwined;
King, stately chief, and warrior host are dead,
Nor remnant nor memorial left behind:
But thou, O forest princess, true of heart,
When o'er our fathers waved destruction's dart,
Shalt in their children's loving hearts be shrined;
Pure, lonely star, o'er dark oblivion's wave,
It is not meet thy name should moulder in the grave.

Description of Virginia.—*Bancroft.*

[From the "History of the United States."]

1. THE genial[v] climate and transparent atmosphere delighted those who had come from the denser air of England. Every object in nature was new and wonderful. The loud and frequent thunder-storms were phenomena[v] that had been rarely witnessed in the colder summers of the north; the forests, majestic in their growth, and free from underwood, deserved admiration for their unrivalled magnificence. The purling streams and the frequent rivers flowing between alluvial[v] banks, quickened the ever-pregnant[v] soil into an unwearied fertility.

2. The strongest and the most delicate flowers grew familiarly in the fields; the woods were replenished with sweet barks and odors; the gardens matured the fruits of Europe, of which the growth was invigorated and the flavor improved by the activity of the virgin mould. Especially the birds, with their gay plumage and varied melodies, inspired delight; every traveller expressed his pleasure in listening to the mocking-bird, which carolled a thousand several tunes, imitating and excelling the notes of all its rivals.

3. The humming-bird, so brilliant in its plumage, and so delicate in its form, quick in motion, yet not fearing the presence of man, haunting about the flowers like the bee, gathering honey, rebounding from the blossoms into which it dips its bill, and as soon returning "to renew its many addresses to its delightful objects," was ever admired as the smallest and the most beautiful of the feathered race.

4. The rattlesnake, with the terrors of its alarms and the power of its venom; the opossum, soon to become as celebrated for the care of its offspring as the fabled pelican; the noisy frog, booming from the shallows like the English bittern; the flying squirrel; the myriads of pigeons, darkening the air with the immensity of their flocks, and, as men believed, breaking with their weight the boughs of trees on which they alighted,—were

all honored with frequent commemoration, and became the subjects of the strangest tales.

5. The concurrent relation of all the Indians justified the belief, that, within ten days' journey toward the setting of the sun, there was a country where gold might be washed from the sand, and where the natives themselves had learned the use of the crucible; but definite and accurate as were the accounts, inquiry was always baffled; and the regions of gold remained for two centuries an undiscovered land.

The Discovery of the Hudson River.—*Irving.*

[The following humorous account of this event is extracted from Washington Irving's amusing "History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker." The reader must be careful to separate the historical from the humorous parts of the narrative.]

1. In the ever memorable year of our Lord, 1609, on a Saturday morning, the five-and-twentieth day of March, old style,* did that "worthy and irrecoverable discoverer (as he has justly been called), Master Henry Hudson," set sail from Holland in a stout vessel called the *Half Moon*, being employed by the Dutch East India Company, to seek a northwest passage to China.

2. Henry (or, as the Dutch historians call him, Hendrick) Hudson, was a sea-faring man of renown, who had learned to smoke tobacco under Sir Walter Raleigh, and is said to have been the first to introduce it into Holland, which gained him much popularity in that country, and caused him to find great favor in the eyes of their high mightinesses, the lords states-general, and also of the honorable West India Company. He was a short, square, brawny old gentleman, with a double chin, a mastiff mouth, and a broad copper nose, which was supposed in those days to have acquired its fiery hue from the constant neighborhood of his tobacco-pipe.

3. He wore a true Andrea Ferrara, tucked in a leathern belt, and a commodore's cocked hat on one side of his head. Such

* By *old style* is meant the mode of reckoning dates previous to the correction of the calendar in England, in 1752. The derangement then amounted to eleven days; and, by Act of Parliament, the 3d of September of that year became the 14th.

was Hendrick Hudson, of whom we have heard so much, and know so little: and I have been thus particular in his description for the benefit of modern painters and statuaries, that they may represent him as he was; and not, according to their common custom with modern heroes, make him look like Cæsar, or Marcus Aurelius, or the Apollo of Belvidere.

4. From all that I can learn, few incidents worthy of remark happened in the voyage; and it mortifies me exceedingly that I have to admit so noted an expedition into my work, without making any more of it. Suffice it to say, the voyage was prosperous and tranquil—the crew, being a patient people, much given to slumber and vacuity, and but little troubled with the disease of thinking—a malady of the mind, which is the sure breeder of discontent. Hudson had laid in abundance of gin and sourcrout, and every man was allowed to sleep quietly at his post unless the wind blew.

5. True it is, some slight disaffection was shown on two or three occasions, at certain unreasonable conduct of Commodore Hudson. Thus, for instance, he forbore to shorten sail when the wind was light, and the weather serene, which was considered among the most experienced Dutch seamen, as certain weather-breeders, or prognostics that the weather would change for the worse. He acted, moreover, in direct contradiction to that ancient and sage rule of the Dutch navigators, who always took in sail at night—put the helm a-port, and turned in—by which precaution they had a good night's rest—were sure of knowing where they were the next morning, and stood but little chance of running down a continent in the dark.

6. He likewise prohibited the seamen from wearing more than five jackets and six pair of breeches, under pretense of rendering them more alert; and no man was permitted to go aloft, and hand in sails with a pipe in his mouth, as is the invariable Dutch custom at the present day. All these grievances, though they might ruffle for a moment the constitutional tranquillity of the honest Dutch tars, made but transient impression; they eat hugely, drank profusely, and slept immeasurably, and being under the especial guidance of Providence, the ship was safely

conducted to the coast of America; where, after sundry unimportant touchings and standings off and on, she at length, on the 4th day of September, entered that majestic bay, which at this day expands its ample bosom before the city of New York, and which had never before been visited by any European.*

7. It has been traditionary in our family, that when the great navigator was first blessed with a view of this enchanting island, he was observed, for the first and only time in his life, to exhibit strong symptoms of astonishment and admiration. He is said to have turned to Master Juet (his mate), and uttered these remarkable words, while he pointed toward this paradise of the New World—"See! there!"—and thereupon, as was always his way when he was uncommonly pleased, he did puff out such clouds of dense tobacco smoke, that in one minute the vessel was out of sight of land, and Master Juet was fain to wait until the winds dispersed this impenetrable fog.

8. It was indeed—as my great-grandfather used to say—though in truth I never heard him, for he died, as might be expected, before I was born—"It was indeed a spot on which the eye might have revelled forever, in ever new and never-ending beauties." The island of Mannahata spread wide before them, like some sweet vision of fancy, or some fair creation of industrious magic. Its hills of smiling green swelled gently one above another, crowned with lofty trees of luxuriant growth; some pointing their tapering foliage toward the clouds, which were gloriously transparent; and others loaded with a verdant burden of clambering vines, bowing their branches to the earth, that was covered with flowers.

9. On the gentle declivities of the hills were scattered in gay profusion, the dog-wood, the sumach, and the wild brier, whose scarlet berries and white blossoms glowed brightly among the deep green of the surrounding foliage; and here and there a curling column of smoke rising from the little glens that opened along the shore, seemed to promise the weary voyagers

* It is, however, thought by some that Verazzani, the Florentine navigator, entered the harbor and landed on the island of Manhattan, in 1524.

a welcome at the hands of their fellow-creatures. As they stood gazing with entranced attention on the scene before them, a red man, crowned with feathers, issued from one of these glens, and after contemplating in silent wonder the gallant ship, as she sat like a stately swan swimming on a silver lake, sounded the war-whoop, and bounded into the woods like a wild deer, to the utter astonishment of the phlegmatic Dutchmen, who had never heard such a noise, or witnessed such a caper, in their whole lives.

10. Of the transactions of our adventurers with the savages, and how the latter smoked copper pipes, and ate dried currants; how they brought great store of tobacco and oysters; how they shot one of the ship's crew, and how he was buried, I shall say nothing; being that I consider them unimportant to my history. After tarrying a few days in the bay, in order to refresh themselves after their sea-faring, our voyagers weighed anchor, to explore a mighty river which empties into the bay. This river, it is said, was known among the savages by the name of *Shat'emuck;* though we are assured [by some] that it was called the *Mohegan.* Be this as it may, up this river did the adventurous Hendrick proceed, little doubting but it would turn out to be the much-looked-for passage to China.

11. After sailing above an hundred miles up the river, he found the watery world around him began to grow more shallow and confined, the current more rapid and perfectly fresh—phenomena not uncommon in the ascent of rivers, but which puzzled the honest Dutchmen prodigiously. A consultation was therefore called, and having deliberated full six hours, they were brought to a determination by the ship's running aground—whereupon they unanimously concluded, that there was but little chance of getting to China in this direction. A boat, however, was dispatched to explore higher up the river, which, on its return, confirmed the opinion. Upon this the ship was warped off and put about; and the adventurous Hudson returned down the river—with a prodigious flea in his ear.

Last Voyage of Henry Hudson.—*Anon.*

1. HAPPY, indeed, would it have been for Hudson if he could have closed his career on the banks of the river whose beauty he was the first to witness and describe, and thus have escaped the sorrowful and mysterious catastrophe[y] which awaited him the next year. On his fourth and last voyage he set sail in a small vessel, of only fifty-five tons' burden, manned by twenty-three men, and victualled for six months (1610).

2. After touching at the Orkney Islands, he steered his course to Iceland, where he witnessed one of nature's grandest spectacles—Mount Hecla in the blaze of a violent eruption, surrounded by perpetual snows. The crew landed, and, having killed a number of wild fowl, cooked them in one of the hot springs of this wonderful island. Again weighing anchor, Hudson passed the south of Greenland till he reached the strait which now bears his name.

3. Here, in addition to the ordinary difficulties and dangers of navigation among the ice, he had to struggle against a mutiny among his crew; but, in spite of all, this intrepid explorer boldly pushed on till his vessel ploughed the waters of that great inland sea now known as Hudson's Bay. He did not know for a long time that it was a bay, but indulged the hope that he had discovered what he had so long sought—a passage by the northwest to China. Indeed, the extent of the surface amply justified this expectation, since, with the exception of the Mediterranean, it is the largest inland sea in the world.

4. Being obliged to pass the winter in these frost-bound regions, on the 1st of November, after seeking winter-quarters, his men found a suitable spot for beaching their vessel. Ten days afterward they were frozen in, with so scanty a stock of provisions, that, on the most stinted allowance, it was hardly sufficient to last till, by the return of spring, they could expect a release from the ice.

5. It is impossible to describe the hardships of that winter,

during which, notwithstanding all the birds, fishes, and animals serviceable for food, which they could succeed in catching, they were always suffering from want and starvation. When we are told that they were finally compelled to live upon moss and frogs, we may form some faint conception of their awful privations.

6. When the ice broke up, Hudson prepared for the homeward voyage. The last ration of bread was dealt out to the crew on the day of their setting sail. As, with a long and perilous voyage before them, they had not other provisions for the entire crew for more than ten days, a report that their commander had concealed a quantity of bread for his own use was readily believed by the famishing men; and a mutiny, headed by a man named Green, broke out on the 21st of June. Hudson was seized, and his hands bound, on the deck of his own vessel, where his word should have been law.

7. The mutineers, not satisfied with this cruel indignity, followed it up by an act of inhumanity which it is dreadful to think that British seamen could have perpetrated:—they put the captain, together with the sick and those whom the frost had deprived of the use of their limbs, into the shallop. The conduct of the carpenter, however, forms a striking contrast to the base heartlessness of the mutineers. Refusing to remain in the ship, he nobly prepared to share the fate of Hudson and his disabled shipmates.

8. Soon afterward the crew cast the boat adrift, with its hapless freight, and stood out to sea. Doubtless, in the great inland sea which they had discovered, Hudson and his miserable companions found a grave; for the boat was never seen or heard of more. Two days after the mutineers had sailed, they encountered a violent storm, and for fourteen days were in the greatest danger from the ice.

9. That storm was probably fatal to their intrepid commander and his forlorn party, who may thus have escaped a still more terrible death from want and exposure. We contemplate with very different feelings the just retribution which overtook the guilty mutineers. They made the best of their

way home in the ship which they had thus foully obtained; but not one of the ringleaders lived to reach the land. The rest, after suffering the most awful extremities of famine, finally gained the shore. None of them were ever brought to trial for their misdeeds;—probably because those who were deepest in guilt had already paid the penalty of their crimes.

10. The melancholy end of Hudson is more affecting than the deaths even of Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro, in the preceding century. His talents, courage, and perseverance, rank him among the first navigators of any age. In the comparative infancy of discovery in the northern regions, he deserves to take the lead. Though treacherously abandoned in the great inland sea which he had discovered, he has not, like many of his contemporaries, been ungenerously forgotten by posterity. His skill and daring awakened the highest admiration, while the mystery of his fate causes his name even yet to be mentioned with pity.

Voyage of the Pilgrims to New England.—*Bancroft.*

[Captain John Smith, who had taken so active a part in the settlement of Virginia, sailed from London in 1614, with the design of making further discoveries in the vicinity of Cape Cod, which had been discovered twelve years previously by Bartholomew Gosnold. Having reached the American coast, Smith examined the shores from the Penobscot River to Cape Cod, and made a map of the country, which he called NEW ENGLAND. The lustre of the expedition was dimmed by the conduct of Thomas Hunt, one of the commanders; for by him twenty-five of the natives were seized and taken to Spain, where they were sold as slaves.

The first settlement in New England was made by a small band of Pilgrims, dissenters from the Church of England, who fled from their own country to find an asylum from religious persecution. The sect to which they belonged were known in England as *Puritans*, or to that portion of the sect styled *Independents*. They at first went to Amsterdam, in Holland, whence they removed to Leyden (*li'den*). There they lived in great harmony for about eleven years, under the pastoral care of John Robinson; but becoming dissatisfied with their residence in Holland, they determined to remove to Virginia; and, with this view, obtained a grant of land from the London Company. The following account of the voyage of the Pilgrims is from Bancroft's "History of the United States."]

1. AND now the English at Leyden, trusting in God and in themselves, made ready for their departure. The ships which they had provided—the *Speedwell*, of sixty tons, the *Mayflower*, of one hundred and eighty tons—could hold but a

minority of the congregation; and Robinson was, therefore, detained at Leyden, while Brewster, the governing elder, who was also able as a teacher, conducted "such of the youngest and strongest as freely offered themselves."

2. Every enterprise of the Pilgrims began from God. A solemn fast was held. "Let us seek of God," said they, "a right way for us, and for our little ones, and for all our substance." Anticipating their high destiny, and the sublime doctrines of liberty that would grow out of the principles on which their religious tenets were established, Robinson gave them a farewell, breathing a freedom of opinion and an independence of authority, such as then were hardly known in the world.

3. "When the ship was ready to carry us away," writes Edward Winslow, "the brethren that staid at Leyden, having again solemnly sought the Lord with us and for us, feasted us that were to go, at our pastor's house, being large; where we refreshed ourselves, after tears, with singing of psalms, making joyful melody in our hearts, as well as with the voice, there being many of the congregation very expert in music; and indeed it was the sweetest melody that ever mine ears heard.

4. "After this they accompanied us to Delft-Haven, where we went to embark, and then feasted us again; and, after prayer performed by our pastor, when a flood of tears was poured out, they accompanied us to the ship, but were not able to speak one to another for the abundance of sorrow to part. But we only, going aboard, gave them a volley of small shot, and three pieces of ordnance; and so, lifting up our hands to each other, and our hearts for each other to the Lord our God, we departed."

5. A prosperous wind soon wafts the vessel to Southampton, and, in a fortnight, the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell*, freighted with the first colony of New England, leave Southampton for America. But they had not gone far upon the Atlantic before the smaller vessel was found to need repairs; and they entered the port of Dartmouth. After the lapse of eight precious days,

they again weigh anchor; the coast of England recedes; already they are unfurling their sails on the broad ocean, when the captain of the *Speedwell*, with his company, dismayed at the dangers of the enterprise, once more pretends that his ship is too weak for the service.

6. They put back to Plymouth, "and agree to dismiss her, and those who are willing, to London, though this was very grievous and discouraging." Having thus winnowed their numbers, the little band, not of resolute men only, but wives, children, infants,—a floating village, yet but one hundred and two souls—went on board the single ship, which was hired only to convey them across the Atlantic; and, on the 6th day of September, 1620, thirteen years after the first colonization of Virginia, two months before the concession of the grand charter of Plymouth, without any warrant from the sovereign of England, without any useful charter from a corporate body, the passengers in the *Mayflower* set sail for a new world, where the past could offer no favorable auguries[v].

7. The eastern coast of the United States abounds in beautiful and convenient harbors, in majestic bays and rivers. The first Virginia colony, sailing along the shores of North Carolina, was, by a favoring storm, driven into the magnificent bay of the Chesapeake; the Pilgrims, having selected for their settlement the country near the Hudson, the best position on the whole coast, were conducted to the most barren and inhospitable[v] part of Massachusetts. After a long and boisterous voyage of sixty-three days, during which one person had died, they espied land, and, in two days more, were safely moored in the harbor of Cape Cod.

8. Yet, before they landed, the manner in which their government should be constituted was considered; and, as some were observed "not well affected to unity and concord," they formed themselves into a body politic by a solemn voluntary compact:—

"In the name of God, amen; we, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign King James, having undertaken, for the glory of God, and advancement of

the Christian faith, and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God, and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most convenient for the general good of the colony. Unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

9. This instrument was signed by the whole body of men, forty-one in number, who, with their families, constituted the one hundred and two, the whole colony, "the proper democracy," that arrived in New England. This was the birth of popular constitutional liberty. The middle age had been familiar with charters and constitutions; but they had been merely compacts for immunities^{v}, partial enfranchisements^{v}, patents of nobility, concessions of municipal^{v} privileges, or limitations of the sovereign power in favor of feudal institutions. In the cabin of the *Mayflower* humanity recovered its rights, and instituted government on the basis of "equal laws" for the "general good." John Carver was immediately and unanimously chosen governor for the year.

The Settlement of Plymouth.—*Palfrey.*

[Extract from the "History of New England," by John G. Palfrey.]

1. As soon as the state of the weather permitted, a party of ten, including Carver, Bradford, and others of the principal men, set off with eight seamen in the shallop^{v} on what proved to be the final expedition of discovery. The severity of the cold was extreme. "The water froze on their clothes, and made them many times like coats of iron." Coasting along the cape in a southerly direction for six or seven leagues, they landed and slept at a place where ten or twelve Indians had appeared on the shore.

2. The Indians ran away on being approached, and at night it was supposed that it was their fires which appeared at four or five miles' distance. The next day, while part of the company in the shallop examined the shore, the rest, ranging about the country where are now the towns of Wellfleet and Eastham, found a burial-place, some old wigwams, and a small store of parched acorns buried in the ground; but they met with no inhabitants. The following morning, at daylight, they had just ended their prayers, and were preparing breakfast at their camp on the beach, when they heard a yell, and a flight of arrows fell among them. The assailants turned out to be thirty or forty Indians, who, being fired upon, retired. Neither side had been harmed. A number of the arrows were picked up, "some whereof were headed with brass, others with hart's horn, and others with eagles' claws."

3. Getting on board, they sailed all day along the shore in a storm of snow and sleet, making, by their estimate, a distance of forty or fifty miles without discovering a harbor. In the afternoon, the gale having increased, their rudder was disabled, and they had to steer with oars. At length the mast was carried away, and they drifted in the dark with a flood tide. With difficulty they brought up under the lee of a "small rise of land." Here a part of the company, suffering from wet and cold, went on shore, though not without fear of hostile neighbors, and lighted a fire by which to pass the inclement night. In the morning, "they found themselves to be on an island,* secure from the Indians, where they might dry their stuff, fix their pieces, and rest themselves; and this being the last day of the week, they prepared there to keep the Sabbath."

4. "On Monday, they sounded the harbor, and found it fit for shipping, and marched also into the land, and found divers corn-fields, and little running brooks, a place, as they supposed, fit for situation; . . . so they returned to their ship again with this news to the rest of the people, which did much

* *Clark's Island*, in Plymouth Harbor, said to have been afterward so named from the mate of the *Mayflower*. Some authors give 101 as the number of the *Mayflower's* passengers.

comfort their hearts." Such is the record of that event which has made the *twenty-second* of December a memorable day in the calendar.*

5. No time was now lost. By the end of the week the *Mayflower* had brought her company to keep their Sabbath by their future home. Further examination confirmed the agreeable impressions which had been received. There was found a convenient harbor, "compassed with a goodly land." The country was well wooded. It had clay, sand, and shells, for bricks, mortar, and pottery, and stone for wells and chimneys. The sea and beach promised abundance of fish and fowl, and "four or five small running brooks" brought a supply of "very sweet, fresh water."

6. After prayer for further divine guidance, they fixed upon a spot for the erection of their dwellings, in the neighborhood of a brook "and many delicate springs," and of a hill suitable for a look-out and a defence. A storm interrupted their proceeding. When it was passed, "so many of them as could, went on shore, felled and carried timber, to provide themselves stuff for building." Then came Sunday, when "the people on shore heard a cry of some savages, as they thought, which caused an alarm and to stand on their guard, expecting an assault; but all was quiet."

7. They were still without the shelter of a roof. At the sharp winter solstice of New England, there was but

> "A screen of leafless branches
> Between them and the blast."

But it was the Lord's hallowed time, and the work of building must wait. Next followed the day (Christmas) solemnized, in the ancient fanes of the continent they had left, with the

* By the old style of reckoning it was Dec. 11. When the practice of celebrating the anniversary at Plymouth began, in 1769, eleven days were erroneously added to the recorded date, to accommodate it to the Gregorian style, which had been adopted in England in 1752. In 1620, however, the derangement of the calendar only amounted to *ten* days, and consequently the landing described in the text occurred on the 21st of December. Mr. Palfrey remarks, in this connection, that "an attempt has been made within a few years to substitute the true allowance of ten days; but the *twenty-second* day of December has taken a firm hold on the local thought and literature, which the *twenty-first* will scarcely displace."

most pompous ritual[y] of what they esteemed a vain will-worship. And the reader pauses to ponder and analyze the feeling of stern exultation with which its record was made: "Monday, the 25th day, we went on shore, some to fell timber, some to saw, some to rive, and some to carry; so *no man rested all that day.*"

8. The first operations were the beginning of a platform for the ordnance[y] and of a building, twenty feet square, for a storehouse and for common occupation. Nineteen plots for dwellings were laid out on the opposite sides of a way running along the north side of the brook. The number of plots corresponded to that of the families into which the company was now divided; the appropriation was made by lot; and the size of each plot was such as to allow half a rod in breadth and three rods in depth for each person included in the family. It was "agreed that every man should build his own house." "The frost and foul weather hindered them much." Time was lost in going to and from the vessel, to which, in the severe cold, they were obliged often to repair for lodging. They were delayed in unloading by want of boats; and stone, mortar, and thatch were slowly provided.

9. These were discouraging circumstances, but far worse troubles were to come. The labor of providing habitations had scarcely begun when sickness set in, the consequence of exposure and bad food. Within four months it carried off nearly half their number. Six died in December, eight in January, seventeen in February, and thirteen in March. At one time, during the winter, only six or seven had strength enough left to nurse the dying and bury the dead. Destitute of every provision which the weakness and the daintiness of the invalid require, the sick lay crowded in the unwholesome vessel, or in half-built cabins heaped round with snow-drifts.

10. The rude sailors refused them even a share of those coarse sea-stores which would have given a little variety to their diet, till disease spread among the crew, and the kind ministrations of those whom they had neglected and affronted brought them to a better temper. The dead were interred in

a bluff by the water-side, the marks of burial being carefully effaced, lest the natives should discover how the colony had been weakened. The imagination vainly tasks itself to comprehend the horrors of that fearful winter. The only mitigations were, that the cold was of less severity than is usual in the place, and that there was not an entire want of food and shelter.

11. Meantime, courage and fidelity never gave out. The men carried out the dead through the cold and snow, and then hastened back from the burial to wait on the sick; and as the sick began to recover, they took the places of those whose strength had been exhausted. There was no time and there was no inclination to despond. The lesson rehearsed at Leyden was not forgotten, "that all great and honorable actions are accompanied with great difficulties, and must be both enterprised and overcome with answerable courages."

12. The dead had died in a good service, and the fit way for survivors to honor and lament them was to be true to one another, and to work together bravely for the cause to which dead and living had alike been consecrated. The devastation increased the necessity of preparations for defense; and it was at the time when the company was diminishing at the rate of one on every second day, that a military organization was formed, with Standish for the captain, and the humble fortification on the hill overlooking the dwellings was mounted with five guns. "Warm and fair weather" came at length, and "the birds sang in the woods most pleasantly." Never was spring more welcome than when it opened on this afflicted company.

13. As yet there had been no communication with the natives, though their fires had been observed at a distance, some tools had been lost by their thievery, and two of them had been seen on a neighboring hill, and been invited by signals to a conference. At length, on "a fine warm morning," an Indian came into the hamlet, and, passing along the row of huts, was intercepted before the common house, which he would have entered. In broken English he bade the strangers "Welcome," and said that his name was Samoset, and that he came from

Monhegan, a place distant a day's sail, and five days' journey by land, toward the east, where he had learned something of the language from the crews of fishing-vessels. They gave him food and kept him all day. . . .

14. As their New Year's Day* approached, they "proceeded with their common business, from which they had been so often hindered by the savages' coming, and concluded both of military orders and of some laws and orders thought behooveful for their present estate and condition." At the same time they re-elected Carver to be their governor. They had now completed such preparation as was to be made for severing the last tie that bound them to the scenes of their earlier life, and the *Mayflower* set sail on her return voyage, with scarcely more than half the crew which had navigated her to America, the rest having fallen victims to the epidemic of the winter.

15. The delay in landing her passengers and stores had been protracted by a fire, which had destroyed the roof of the storehouse; and this, with the unwillingness of the colonists to part with her while their situation remained so precarious, and the necessity of recruiting the health of her crew, had occasioned her detention through the winter, at a cost which was afterward complained of by the adventurers. She carried back not one of the emigrants, dispiriting as were the hardships which they had endured, and those they had still in prospect.

The Pilgrim Fathers.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

THE breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky their giant branches tossed,
And the heavy night hung dark the hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark on the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes, they, the true-hearted, came,—
Not with the roll of stirring drums, and the trumpet that sings of fame:

* Till 1752 the years were reckoned by the English as beginning on the 25th of March, called in the church calendar the *Annunciation*, or *Lady-Day*.

Not as the flying come, in silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom with their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang, and the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang to the anthems of the free!
The ocean-eagle soared from his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared;—this was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there, away from their childhood's land?
There was woman's fearless eye, lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high; and the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar? Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground, the soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found,—freedom to worship God!

The Landing of the Pilgrims.—*Webster.*

[Extract from an oration delivered on the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, at Plymouth, Dec. 22d, 1820, by Daniel Webster.]

1. Let us rejoice that we behold this day. Let us be thankful that we have lived to see the bright and happy breaking of the auspicious morn, which commences the third century of the history of New England. Auspicious[y], indeed—bringing happiness beyond the common allotment of Providence to men—full of present joy, and gilding with bright beams the prospect of futurity, is the dawn that awakens us to the commemoration[y] of the landing of the Pilgrims.

2. Living at an epoch which naturally marks the progress of the history of our native land, we have come hither to celebrate the great event with which that history commenced. Forever honored be this, the place of our fathers' refuge! Forever remembered the day which saw them, weary and distressed, broken in everything but spirit, poor in all but faith and courage, at last secure from the dangers of wintry seas, and impressing this shore with the first footsteps of civilized man!

3. We are here, at the season of the year at which the event

took place. The imagination irresistibly and rapidly draws around us the principal features of the leading characters in the original scene. We cast our eyes abroad on the ocean, and we see where the little bark, with the interesting group upon its deck, made its slow progress to the shore. We look around us, and behold the hills and promontories where the anxious eyes of our fathers first saw the places of habitation and of rest. We feel the cold which benumbed, and listen to the winds which pierced them. Beneath us is the Rock on which New England received the feet of the Pilgrims.

4. We seem even to behold them, as they struggle with the elements, and with toilsome efforts gain the shore. We listen to the chiefs in council; we see the unexampled exhibition of female fortitude and resignation; we hear the whisperings of youthful impatience; and we see, what a painter of our own has also represented by his pencil, chilled and shivering childhood—houseless, but for a mother's arms—couchless, but for a mother's breast—till our own blood almost freezes.

5. The mild dignity of Carver and of Bradford; the decisive and soldier-like air and manner of Standish; the devout Brewster; the enterprising Allerton; the general firmness and thoughtfulness of the whole band; their conscious joy for dangers escaped; their deep solicitude about dangers to come; their trust in Heaven; their high religious faith, full of confidence and anticipation; all of these seem to belong to this place, and to be present upon this occasion to fill us with reverence and admiration.

6. Let us not forget the religious character of our origin. Our fathers were brought hither by their high veneration for the Christian religion. They journeyed by its light, and labored in its hope. They sought to incorporate its principles with the elements of their society, and to diffuse its influence through all their institutions, civil, political, or literary. Let us cherish these sentiments, and extend this influence still more widely; in the full conviction, that that is the happiest society, which partakes in the highest degree of the mild and peaceable spirit of Christianity.

Settlement of Maryland.—*Grahame.*

[Influenced by a desire to provide an asylum for Catholics, then persecuted in England, Sir George Calvert, a Roman Catholic nobleman, whose title was Lord Baltimore, applied for a charter to establish a colony in America. King Charles readily agreed to make the grant, but before the document received the royal seal, Calvert died. It was then issued to Cecil Calvert, son of Sir George, who, by the death of his father, inherited the title of Lord Baltimore. The province was called Maryland, in honor of Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I.

The following is extracted from Grahame's "Colonial History of the United States."]

1. THE first band of emigrants, consisting of about two hundred gentlemen of considerable rank and fortune, professing the Roman Catholic faith, with a number of inferior adherents, in a vessel called *The Ark and the Dove,* sailed from England under the command of Leonard Calvert, in November, 1633; and, after a prosperous voyage, reached the coast of Maryland, near the mouth of the river Potomac, in the beginning of the following year [1634]. The governor, as soon as he landed, erected a cross on the shore, and took possession of the country *for our Saviour and for our sovereign lord the King of England.*

2. Aware that the first settlement of Virginia had given umbrage[v] to the Indians by occupying their territory without demanding their permission, he determined to imitate the wiser and juster policy that was pursued by the colonists of New England, and to unite the new with the ancient race of inhabitants by the ties of equity, good-will, and mutual advantage. The Indian chief, to whom he addressed his proposition of occupying a portion of the country, answered at first with a sullen affectation of indifference,—the result most probably of aversion to the measure and of conscious inability to resist it,—that he would not bid the English go, neither would he bid them stay, but that he left them to their own discretion.

3. The liberality and courtesy, however, of the governor's demeanor succeeded at length in conciliating the Indian's regard so powerfully, that he not only established a friendly league between the colonists and his own people, but persuaded the other neighboring tribes to accede to the treaty, and warmly declared, "*I love the English so well, that, if they*

should go about to kill me, if I had so much breath as to ask to speak, I would command my people not to revenge my death; for I know they would not do such a thing, except it were through my own fault."

4. Having purchased the rights of the aborigines at a price which gave them perfect satisfaction, the colonists obtained possession of a large district, including an Indian town, which they forthwith occupied, and distinguished by the name of St. Mary's. It was not till their numbers had undergone a considerable increase that they judged it necessary to frame a code of laws and establish their political constitution. They lived for some time in a social union, resembling the domestic regimen[v] of a patriarchal family; and confined their attention to the providing of food and habitations for themselves and the associates by whom they expected to be reinforced.

5. The lands which were ceded to them yielded a ready increase, because they had already undergone the discipline of Indian villages; and this circumstance, as well as the proximity[v] of Virginia, which now afforded an abundant supply of the necessaries of life, enabled the colonists of Maryland to escape the ravages of that calamity which had afflicted the infancy, and nearly proved fatal to the existence of every one of the other settlements of the English in America. So luxuriant were their crops, that, within two years after their arrival in the province, they exported ten thousand bushels of Indian corn to New England, for the purchase of salted fish and other provisions.

6. The tidings of their safe and comfortable establishment, conspiring with the uneasiness experienced by the Roman Catholics in England, induced considerable numbers of the professors of this faith to follow the original emigrants to Maryland; and no efforts of wisdom or generosity were spared by Lord Baltimore to promote the population and the happiness of the colony. The transportation of people and of necessary stores and provisions, during the first two years, cost him upward of forty thousand pounds.

7. To every emigrant he assigned fifty acres of land in abso-

lute fee; and with a liberality unparalleled in that age, he united a general recognition of Christianity as the established faith of the land, with an exclusion of the political predominance[v] or superiority of any one particular sect or denomination of Christians. This wise administration soon converted a desolate wilderness into a flourishing commonwealth[v], enlivened by industry and adorned by civilization. It is a proof at once of the success of his policy, and of the prosperity and happiness of the colonists, that, a very few years after the first occupation of the province, they granted to their proprietary a large subsidy[v] of tobacco, in grateful acknowledgment of his liberality and beneficence. Similar tributes continued, from time to time, to attest the merit of the proprietary[v], and the attachment of the people.

8. In the Assembly a magnanimous attempt was made to preserve the peace of the colony, by extinguishing within its limits one of the most fertile sources of human strife and animosity. It had been proclaimed from the very beginning by the proprietary that religious toleration should constitute one of the fundamental[v] principles of the social union over which he presided; and the Assembly of the province, composed chiefly of Roman Catholics, now proceeded, by a memorable *Act concerning Religion*, to interweave this noble principle into its legislative constitutions (1649).

9. The statute commenced with a preamble[v], declaring that *the enforcement of the conscience had been of dangerous consequence in those countries wherein it had been practiced;* and ordained that, thereafter no persons professing to believe in Jesus Christ should be molested on account of their faith, or denied the free exercise of their particular modes of worship; that persons molesting any individual, on account of his religious tenets or ecclesiastical[v] practices, should pay treble damages to the party aggrieved, and twenty shillings to the proprietary; that those who should reproach their neighbors with opprobrious[v] names or epithets[v], inferring religious distinctions, should forfeit ten shillings to the persons so insulted; that any one speaking reproachfully against the blessed Virgin

or the apostles should forfeit five pounds; and that blasphemy[v] against God should be punished with death.

10. By the enactment of this statute, the Catholic planters of Maryland procured to their adopted country the distinguished praise of being the first of the American States in which toleration[v] was established by law; and graced their peculiar faith with the signal and unwonted merit of protecting those rights of conscience which no other Christian association in the world was yet sufficiently humane and enlightened to recognize. It is a striking and instructive spectacle to behold at this period the Puritans[v] persecuting their Protestant[v] brethren in New England; the Protestant Episcopalians[v] inflicting similar rigor and injustice on the Puritans in Virginia; and the Catholics, against whom all the others were combined, forming in Maryland a sanctuary[v] where Christians of every denomination[v] might worship, yet none might oppress, and where even Protestants sought refuge from Protestant intolerance.

The Settlement of Pennsylvania.—*Bancroft.*

[From the "History of the United States."]

1. PENNSYLVANIA* included the principal settlements of the Swedes; and patents for land had been made to Dutch and English by the Dutch West India Company, and afterward by the Duke of York. The royal proclamation[v] soon announced to all the inhabitants of the province[v], that WILLIAM PENN, then absolute proprietary, was invested with all powers and pre-eminences[v] necessary for the government. The proprietary also issued his proclamation to his vassals and subjects. It was in the following words:—

2. "MY FRIENDS: I wish you all happiness here and hereafter. These are to lett you know that it hath pleased God in his providence to cast you within my Lott and Care. It is a business, that though I never undertook before, yet God has

* This name literally means "Penn's woods," having reference to the wild condition of the tract of country of which he received a grant from the king.

given me an understanding of my duty, and an honest minde to doe it uprightly. I hope you will not be troubled at your change and the King's choice; for you are now fixt, at the mercy of no Governor that comes to make his fortune great. You shall be governed by laws of your own making, and live a free, and if you will, a sober and industreous People. I shall not usurp the right of any, or oppress his person. God has furnisht me with a better resolution, and has given me his grace to keep it. In short, whatever sober and free men can reasonably desire for the security and improvement of their own happiness, I shall heartily comply with. I beseech God to direct you in the way of righteousness, and therein prosper you and your children after you. I am your true friend,*

"WM. PENN.

"*London, 8th of the month called April,* 1681."

3. Such were the pledges of the Quaker sovereign on assuming the government; it is the duty of history to state, that, during his long reign, these pledges were redeemed. He never refused the freemen of Pennsylvania a reasonable desire..... Every arrangement for a voyage to his province being finished, Penn, in a beautiful letter, took leave of his family. His wife, who was the love of his youth, he reminded of his impoverishment in consequence of his public spirit, and recommended economy: "Live low and sparingly till my debts be paid." Yet for his children he adds, "Let their learning be liberal; spare no cost, for by such parsimony all is lost that is saved." Agriculture he proposed as their employment. "Let my children be husbandmen and housewives."

4. Friends in England watched his departure with anxious hope; on him rested the expectations of their society, and their farewell at parting was given with "the innocence and kindness of the child that has no guile." After a long passage, rendered gloomy by frequent death among the passengers, many of whom had in England been his immediate neigh-

* It will be observed by the young reader that many words are not spelled in this letter as at the present time. The orthography of the language was not so correct or so well settled then as it is now. William Penn was an educated man.

bors, on the 27th day of October, 1682, William Penn landed at Newcastle.

5. The news spread rapidly that the Quaker king was at Newcastle; and, on the day after his landing, in presence of a crowd of Swedes, and Dutch, and English, who had gathered round the court-house, his deeds of feoffment^{y} were produced; the Duke of York's agent surrendered the territory by the solemn delivery of earth and water, and Penn, invested with supreme and undefined power in Delaware, addressed the assembled multitude on government, recommended sobriety and peace, and pledged himself to grant liberty of conscience and civil freedom.

6. From Newcastle, Penn ascended the Delaware to Chester, where he was hospitably received by the honest, kind-hearted emigrants who had preceded him from the north of England; the little village of herdsmen and farmers, with their plain manners, gentle dispositions, and tranquil passions, seemed a harbinger of a golden age. From Chester, tradition describes the journey of Penn to have been continued with a few friends in an open boat, in the earliest days of November, to the beautiful bank, fringed with pine-trees, on which the city of Philadelphia was soon to rise.

7. In the following weeks, Penn visited West and East New Jersey, New York, the metropolis of his neighbor proprietary, the Duke of York, and, after meeting Friends on Long Island, he returned to the banks of the Delaware. To this period belongs his first grand treaty with the Indians. Beneath a large elm-tree at Shakamaxon, on the northern edge of Philadelphia, William Penn, surrounded by a few friends, in the habiliments^{y} of peace, met the numerous delegation^{y} of the Lenni Lenape tribes. The great treaty was not for the purchase of lands, but, confirming what Penn had written, and Markham covenanted, its sublime purpose was the recognition of the equal rights of humanity.

8. Under the shelter of the forest, now leafless by the frosts of autumn, Penn proclaimed to the men of the Algonquin race, from both banks of the Delaware, from the borders of

the Schuylkill (*skool'kill*), and it may have been, even from the Susquehanna, the same simple message of peace and love which George Fox had professed before Cromwell, and Mary Fisher had borne to the Grand Turk. The English and the Indian should respect the same moral law, should be alike secure in their pursuits and their possessions, and adjust every difference by a peaceful tribunal, composed of an equal number of men from each race.

9. "We meet"—such were the words of William Penn—"on the broad pathway of good faith and good will; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers only, for brothers differ. The friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain, for that the rains might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts; we are all one flesh and blood."

10. The children of the forest were touched by the sacred doctrine, and renounced their guile and their revenge. They received the presents of Penn in sincerity, and with hearty friendship they gave the belt of wampum[v]. "We will live," said they, "in love with William Penn and his children, as long as the moon and the sun shall endure." This treaty of peace and friendship was made under the open sky, by the side of the Delaware, with the sun, and the river, and the forest for witnesses. It was not confirmed by an oath; it was not ratified by signature and seals; no written record of the conference can be found; and its terms and conditions had no abiding monument but on the heart. There they were written like the law of God, and were never forgotten.

11. The simple sons of the wilderness, returning to their wigwams[v], kept the history of the covenant by strings of wampum, and, long afterward, in their cabins, would count over the shells on a clean piece of bark, and recall to their own memory, and repeat to their children, or to the stranger, the words of William Penn. New England had just terminated a disastrous war of extermination[v]; the Dutch were scarcely ever

at peace with the Algon'quins; the laws of Maryland refer to Indian hostilities and massacres, which extended as far as Richmond. Penn came without arms; he declared his purpose to abstain from violence; he had no message but peace; and not a drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by an Indian.

12. Was there not progress from Melendez to Roger Williams?—from Cortez and Pizarro to William Penn? The Quakers, ignorant of the homage which their virtues would receive from Voltaire and Raynal, men so unlike themselves, exulted in the consciousness of their humanity. "We have done better," said they truly, "than if, with the proud Spaniards, we had gained the mines of Potosi. We may make the ambitious heroes, whom the world admires, blush for their shameful victories. To the poor, dark souls round about us we teach their RIGHTS AS MEN."

King Philip's War.—*Irving.*

[A few months after the settlement of Plymouth, in Massachusetts, a treaty of friendship was made with Massasoit (*mas-sa-soit'*), chief of the Wampanoags (*wom-pa-no'ags*), which, during his life, was sacredly observed by the Indians. After his death, his two sons, Alexander and Philip, were looked upon as unfriendly to the whites; and when, upon the death of the elder brother, Philip became chief, trouble began to be anticipated.

It was evident to the Indians that the spreading settlements were fast reducing their domains and breaking up their hunting-grounds; and they saw plainly, in the growing power of the whites, their own inevitable destruction. Nothing short of a combination of all the New England tribes for the extermination of the colonists, it was thought, could arrest the tide against them; and Philip, so it was alleged, was the leading spirit in plotting the combination. A converted Indian, who had been sent as a missionary among his people, was the principal informer against the chief. This man was afterward found murdered. The execution by the whites of three Indians, who had been arrested, tried, and convicted of the murder, may be considered as the immediate cause of the war (1675).

The subsequent events are thus beautifully described by Irving, in his sketch entitled "Philip of Pokanoket."]

1. THE nature of the contest that ensued was such as too often distinguishes the warfare between civilized men and savages. On the part of the whites, it was conducted with superior skill and success; but with a wastefulness of the blood, and a disregard of the natural rights of their antagonists; on the part of the Indians, it was waged with the despera-

tion of men fearless of death, and who had nothing to expect from peace, but humiliation, dependence, and decay.

2. The events of the war are transmitted to us by a worthy clergyman of the time, who dwells with horror and indignation on every hostile act of the Indians, however justifiable, whilst he mentions with applause the most sanguinary[v] atrocities of the whites. Philip is reviled as a murderer and a traitor, without considering that he was a true-born prince, gallantly fighting at the head of his subjects to avenge the wrongs of his family, to retrieve the tottering power of his line, and to deliver his native land from the oppression of usurping strangers.

3. The project of a wide and simultaneous[v] revolt, if such had really been formed, was worthy of a capacious mind, and, had it not been prematurely[v] discovered, might have been overwhelming in its consequences. The war that actually broke out was but a war of detail, a mere succession of casual exploits and unconnected enterprises. Still, it sets forth the military genius and daring prowess of Philip; and wherever, in the prejudiced and passionate narrations that have been given of it, we can arrive at simple facts, we find him displaying a vigorous mind, a fertility of expedients, a contempt of suffering and hardship, and an unconquerable resolution, that command our sympathy and applause.

4. Driven from his paternal[v] domains at Mount Hope, he threw himself into the depths of those vast and trackless forests that skirted the settlements, and were almost impervious[v] to anything but a wild beast or an Indian. Here he gathered together his forces, like the storm accumulating its stores of mischief in the bosom of the thunder-cloud, and would suddenly emerge at a time and place least expected, carrying havoc and dismay into the villages.

5. There were, now and then, indications of these impending ravages, that filled the minds of the colonists with awe and apprehension. The report of a distant gun would perhaps be heard from the solitary woodland, where there was known to be no white man; the cattle which had been wan-

dering in the woods would sometimes return home wounded; or an Indian or two would be seen lurking about the skirts of the forests, and suddenly disappearing; as the lightning will sometimes be seen playing silently about the edge of the cloud that is brewing up the tempest.

6. Though sometimes pursued and even surrounded by the settlers, yet Philip as often escaped almost miraculously from their toils, and, plunging into the wilderness, would be lost to all search or inquiry, until he again emerged at some far distant quarter, laying the country desolate. Among his strongholds were the great swamps or morasses which extend in some parts of New England, composed of loose bogs of deep black mud, perplexed with thickets, brambles, rank weeds, the shattered and mouldering trunks of fallen trees, overshadowed by lugubrious[v] hemlocks. The uncertain footing and the tangled mazes of these shaggy wilds rendered them almost impracticable to the white man, though the Indian could thrid their labyrinths[v] with the agility of a deer.

7. Into one of these, the great swamp of Pocasset Neck, was Philip once driven with a band of his followers. The English did not dare to pursue him, fearing to venture into these dark and frightful recesses, where they might perish in fens and miry pits, or be shot down by lurking foes. They therefore invested the entrance to the Neck, and began to build a fort, with the thought of starving out the foe; but Philip and his warriors wafted themselves on a raft over an arm of the sea, in the dead of night, leaving the women and children behind, and escaped away to the westward, kindling the flames of war among the tribes of Massachusetts and the Nipmuck country, and threatening the colony of Connecticut.

8. In this way, Philip became a theme of universal apprehension. The mystery in which he was enveloped exaggerated his real terrors. He was an evil that walked in darkness; whose coming none could foresee, and against which none knew when to be on the alert. The whole country abounded with rumors and alarms. Philip seemed almost possessed of ubiquity[v]; for, in whatever part of the widely-extended frontier an irruption

from the forest took place, Philip was said to be its leader. Many superstitious notions also were circulated concerning him. He was said to deal in necromancy[v], and to be attended by an old Indian witch or prophetess, whom he consulted, and who assisted him by her charms and incantations[v]. This indeed was frequently the case with Indian chiefs; either through their own credulity[v], or to act upon that of their followers; and the influence of the prophet and the dreamer over Indian superstition has been fully evidenced in recent instances of savage warfare.

9. At the time that Philip effected his escape from Pocasset, his fortunes were in a desperate condition. His forces had been thinned by repeated fights, and he had lost almost the whole of his resources. In this time of adversity he found a faithful friend in Canon'chet, chief sachem[v] of all the Narragansets. He was the son and heir of Mianton'imo, the great sachem, who, after an honorable acquittal of the charge of conspiracy, had been privately put to death at the perfidious instigations of the settlers. "He was the heir," says the old chronicler[v], "of all his father's pride and insolence, as well as of his malice toward the English;"—he certainly was the heir of his insults and injuries, and the legitimate avenger of his murder.

10. Though he had forborne to take an active part in this hopeless war, yet he received Philip and his broken forces with open arms; and gave them the most generous countenance and support. This at once drew upon him the hostility of the English; and it was determined to strike a signal blow that should involve both the sachems in one common ruin. A great force was, therefore, gathered together from Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Connecticut, and was sent into the Narraganset country in the depth of winter, when the swamps, being frozen and leafless, could be traversed with comparative facility, and would no longer afford dark and impenetrable fastnesses to the Indians.

11. Apprehensive of attack, Canonchet had conveyed the greater part of his stores, together with the old, the infirm, the women and children of his tribe, to a strong fortress; where

he and Philip had likewise drawn up the flower of their forces. This fortress, deemed by the Indians impregnable[v], was situated upon a rising mound or kind of island, of five or six acres, in the midst of a swamp; it was constructed with a degree of judgment and skill vastly superior to what is usually displayed in Indian fortification, and indicative of the martial genius of these two chieftains.

12. Guided by a renegade[r] Indian, the English penetrated, through December snows, to this stronghold, and came upon the garrison by surprise. The fight was fierce and tumultuous. The assailants were repulsed in their first attack, and several of their bravest officers were shot down in the act of storming the fortress, sword in hand. The assault was renewed with greater success. A lodgment was effected. The Indians were driven from one post to another. They disputed their ground inch by inch, fighting with the fury of despair. Most of their veterans were cut to pieces; and after a long and bloody battle, Philip and Canonchet, with a handful of surviving warriors, retreated from the fort, and took refuge in the thickets of the surrounding forest.

13. The victors set fire to the wigwams and the fort; the whole was soon in a blaze; many of the old men, the women, and the children perished in the flames. This last outrage overcame even the stoicism[r] of the savage. The neighboring woods resounded with the yells of rage and despair, uttered by the fugitive warriors, as they beheld the destruction of their dwellings, and heard the agonizing cries of their wives and offspring. "The burning of the wigwams," says a contemporary writer, "the shrieks and cries of the women and children, and the yelling of the warriors, exhibited a most horrible and affecting scene, so that it greatly moved some of the soldiers." The same writer cautiously adds, "they were in *much doubt* then, and afterward seriously inquired, whether burning their enemies alive could be consistent with humanity, and the benevolent principles of the Gospel."

14. The fate of the brave and generous Canonchet is worthy of particular mention; the last scene of his life is one of the

noblest instances on record of Indian magnanimity. Broken down in his power and resources by this signal defeat, yet faithful to his ally, and to the hapless cause which he had espoused, he rejected all overtures of peace, offered on condition of betraying Philip and his followers, and declared that "he would fight it out to the last man, rather than become a servant to the English." His home being destroyed, his country harassed and laid waste by the incursions of the conquerors, he was obliged to wander away to the banks of the Connecticut; where he formed a rallying point to the whole body of western Indians, and laid waste several of the English settlements.

15. Early in the spring he departed on a hazardous expedition, with only thirty chosen men, to penetrate to Seaconck, in the vicinity of Mount Hope, and to procure seed-corn to plant for the sustenance of his troops. This little band of adventurers had passed safely through the Pequod country, and were in the centre of the Narraganset, resting at some wigwams near Pawtucket River, when an alarm was given of an approaching enemy. Having but seven men by him at the time, Canonchet dispatched two of them to the top of a neighboring hill to bring intelligence of the foe.

16. Panic-struck by the appearance of a troop of English and Indians rapidly advancing, they fled in breathless terror past their chieftain, without stopping to inform him of the danger. Canonchet sent another scout, who did the same. He then sent two more, one of whom, hurrying back in confusion and affright, told him that the whole British army was at hand. Canonchet saw there was no choice but immediate flight. He attempted to escape round the hill, but was perceived and hotly pursued by the hostile Indians and a few of the fleetest of the English. Finding the swiftest pursuer close upon his heels, he threw off, first his blanket, then his silver-laced coat and belt of peag, by which his enemies knew him to be Canonchet, and redoubled the eagerness of pursuit.

17. At length, in dashing through the river, his foot slipped upon a stone, and he fell so deep as to wet his gun. This accident so struck him with despair, that, as he afterward con-

fessed, "his heart and his bowels burned within him, and he became like a rotten stick, void of strength." To such a degree was he unnerved, that, being seized by a Pequod Indian within a short distance of the river, he made no resistance, though a man of great vigor of body and boldness of heart. But, on being made prisoner, the whole pride of his spirit arose within him; and from that moment we find, in the anecdotes given by his enemies, nothing but repeated flashes of elevated and prince-like heroism. Being questioned by one of the English who first came up with him, and who had not attained his twenty-second year, the proud-hearted warrior, looking with lofty contempt upon his youthful countenance, replied, "You are a child—you cannot understand matters of war—let your brother or your chief come—him will I answer."

18. Though repeated offers were made to him of his life, on condition of submitting with his nation to the English, yet he rejected them with disdain, and refused to send any proposals of the kind to the great body of his subjects, saying that he knew none of them would comply. Being reproached with his breach of faith toward the whites, his boast that he would not deliver up a Wampanoag, nor the paring of a Wampanoag's nail, and his threat that he would burn the English alive in their houses; he disdained to justify himself, haughtily answering that others were as forward for the war as himself, and "he desired to hear no more thereof."

19. So noble and unshaken a spirit, so true a fidelity to his cause and his friend, might have touched the feelings of the generous and the brave; but Canonchet was an Indian,—a being toward whom war had no courtesy, humanity no law, religion no compassion;—he was condemned to die. The last words of his that are recorded are worthy of the greatness of his soul. When sentence of death was passed upon him, he observed "that he liked it well, for he should die before his heart was soft, or he had spoken anything unworthy of himself." His enemies gave him the death of a soldier, for he was shot at Stoningham by three young sachems of his own rank.

20. The defeat at the Narraganset fortress and the death of Canonchet, were fatal blows to the fortunes of King Philip. He made an ineffectual attempt to raise a head of war by stirring up the Mohawks to take arms; but though possessed of the native talents of a statesman, his arts were counteracted by the superior arts of his enlightened enemies, and the terror of their warlike skill began to subdue the resolution of the neighboring tribes. The unfortunate chieftain saw himself daily stripped of power, and the ranks rapidly thinning around him.

21. Some were suborned[r] by the whites; others fell victims to hunger and fatigue, and to the frequent attacks by which they were harassed. His stores were all captured; his chosen friends were swept away from before his eyes; his uncle was shot down by his side; his sister was carried into captivity; and in one of his narrow escapes he was compelled to leave his beloved wife and only son to the mercy of the enemy. "His ruin," says the historian, "being thus gradually carried on, his misery was not prevented, but augmented thereby; being himself made acquainted with the sense and experimental feeling of the captivity of his children, loss of friends, slaughter of his subjects, bereavement of all family relations, and being stripped of all outward comforts, before his own life should be taken away."

22. To fill up the measure of his misfortunes, his own followers began to plot against his life, that by sacrificing him they might purchase dishonorable safety. Through treachery, a number of his faithful adherents, the subjects of Wetamoe, an Indian princess of Pocasset, a near kinswoman and confederate of Philip, were betrayed into the hands of the enemy. Wetamoe was among them at the time, and attempted to make her escape by crossing a neighboring river; either exhausted by swimming, or starved with cold and hunger, she was found dead and naked near the water-side.

23. But persecution ceased not at the grave. Even death, the refuge of the wretched, where the wicked commonly cease from troubling, was no protection to this outcast female, whose

great crime was affectionate fidelity to her kinsman and her friend. Her corpse was the object of unmanly and dastardly vengeance; the head was severed from the body and set upon a pole, and was thus exposed at Taunton, to the view of her captive subjects. They immediately recognized the features of their unfortunate queen, and were so affected at this barbarous spectacle, that we are told they broke forth into the "most horrid and diabolical" lamentations."

24. However Philip had borne up against the complicated miseries and misfortunes that surrounded him, the treachery of his followers seemed to worry his heart and reduce him to despondency. It is said that "he never rejoiced afterward, nor had success in any of his designs." The spring of hope was broken—the ardor of enterprise was extinguished—he looked around, and all was danger and darkness; there was no eye to pity, nor any arm that could bring deliverance. With a scanty band of followers, who still remained true to his desperate fortunes, the unhappy Philip wandered back to Mount Hope, the ancient dwelling of his fathers.

25. Here he lurked about, like a spectre", among scenes of former power and prosperity, now bereft of home, of family, and friend. There needs no better picture of his destitute and piteous situation, than that furnished by the homely pen of the chronicler, who is unwarily enlisting the feelings of the reader in favor of the hapless warrior whom he reviles. "Philip," he says, "like a savage wild beast, having been hunted by the English forces through the woods, above a hundred miles backward and forward, at last was driven to his own den upon Mount Hope, where he retired, with a few of his best friends, into a swamp, which proved but a prison to keep him fast till the messengers of death came by divine permission to execute vengeance upon him."

26. Even in this last refuge of desperation and despair, a sullen grandeur gathers round his memory. We picture him to ourselves seated among his care-worn followers, brooding in silence over his blasted fortunes, and acquiring a savage sublimity from the wildness and dreariness of his lurking-place.

Defeated, but not dismayed—crushed to the earth, but not humiliated—he seemed to grow more haughty beneath disaster, and to experience a fierce satisfaction in draining the last dregs of bitterness.

27. Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it. The very idea of submission awakened the fury of Philip, and he smote to death one of his followers, who proposed an expedient of peace. The brother of the victim made his escape, and in revenge betrayed the retreat of his chieftain. A body of white men and Indians were immediately dispatched to the swamp where Philip lay crouched, glaring with fury and despair. Before he was aware of their approach, they had begun to surround him. In a little while he saw five of his trustiest followers laid dead at his feet; all resistance was vain; he rushed forth from his covert, and made a headlong attempt to escape, but was shot through the heart by a renegade Indian of his own nation.

28. Such is the scanty story of the brave but unfortunate King Philip; persecuted while living, slandered and dishonored when dead. If, however, we consider even the prejudiced anecdotes furnished us by his enemies, we may perceive in them traces of amiable and lofty character sufficient to awaken sympathy for his fate, and respect for his memory. We find that, amidst all the harassing cares and ferocious passions of constant warfare, he was alive to the softer feelings of connubial love and paternal tenderness, and to the generous sentiment of friendship. The captivity of his "beloved wife and only son" is mentioned with exultation as causing him poignant misery; the death of any near friend is triumphantly recorded as a new blow on his sensibilities; but the treachery and desertion of many of his followers, in whose affections he had confided, is said to have desolated his heart, and to have bereaved him of all further comfort.

29. He was a patriot attached to his native soil—a prince true to his subjects, and indignant of their wrongs—a soldier daring in battle, firm in adversity, patient of fatigue, of hunger, of every variety of bodily suffering, and ready to perish in the

cause he had espoused. Proud of heart, and with an untamable love of natural liberty, he preferred to enjoy it among the beasts of the forests, or in the dismal and famished recesses of swamps and morasses, rather than bow his haughty spirit to submission, and live dependent and despised in the ease and luxury of the settlements. With heroic qualities and bold achievements that would have graced a civilized warrior, and have rendered him the theme of the poet and the historian, he lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down, like a lonely bark foundering amid darkness and tempest —without a pitying eye to weep his fall, or a friendly hand to record his struggle.

The Indian.—*Everett.*

[Extract from an oration, delivered September 30th, 1835, at Bloody Brook, South Deerfield, Massachusetts, in commemoration of the battle that occurred at that spot during King Philip's war.]

1. THINK of the country for which the Indians fought! Who can blame them? As Philip looked down from his seat on Mount Hope, that glorious eminence; as he looked down and beheld the lovely scene which spread beneath at a summer sunset,—the distant hill-tops blazing with gold, the slanting beams streaming along the waters, the broad plains, the island groups, the majestic forest,—could he be blamed if his heart burned within him as he beheld it all passing, by no tardy process, from beneath his control, into the hands of the stranger?

2. Can we not fancy the feelings with which some strong-minded savage, in company with a friendly settler, contemplating the progress already made by the white man, and marking the gigantic strides with which he was advancing into the wilderness, should fold his arms and say, "White man, there is eternal war between me and thee! I quit not the land of my fathers but with my life! In those woods, where I bent my youthful bow, I will still hunt the deer; over yonder waters I will still glide unrestrained in my bark canoe; by

those dashing waterfalls I will still lay up my winter's store of food; on these fertile meadows I will still plant my corn.

3. "Stranger, the land is mine! I understand not these paper rights. I gave not my consent, when, as thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased, for a few baubles, of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs; they could sell no more. How could my father sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the world to live upon? They knew not what they did. The stranger came—a timid suppliant, few and feeble—and asked to lie down on the red man's bear-skin, and warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little piece of land to raise corn for his women and children; and now he is become strong, and mighty, and bold, and spreads out his parchment over the whole, and says, 'It is mine!'

4. "Stranger, there is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup; the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels. If I should leave the land of my fathers, whither shall I fly? Shall I go to the south, and dwell among the graves of the Pequots? Shall I go to the west?—the fierce Mohawk, the man-eater, is my foe. Shall I fly to the east?—the great water is before me. No, stranger! here I have lived, and here will I die; and if here thou abidest, there is eternal war between me and thee. Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction; for that alone I thank thee. And now take heed to thy steps! The red man is thy foe!

5. "When thou goest forth by day, my bullet shall whistle by thee; when thou liest down at night, my knife is at thy throat. The noonday sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest. Thou shalt plant in terror, and I will reap in blood; thou shalt sow the earth with corn, and I will strew it with ashes; thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after with the scalping-knife; thou shalt build, and I will burn, till the white man or the Indian shall cease from the land. Go thy way for this time in safety; but remember, stranger, there is eternal war between me and thee!"

The Last of the Red Men.—*Bryant.*

[The following lines portray with picturesque distinctness the melancholy fate of the Indians of this continent—as they have gradually melted away before the exterminating march of the resistless white settler.]

THE sun's last ray was glowing fair, on crag, and tree, and flood;
And fell in mellow softness where the lonely Indian stood.
Beneath his eye, in living gold, the broad Pacific lay;
Unruffled there, a skiff might hold its bright and fearless way.
Far, far behind him, mountains blue in shading distance melt;
And far beyond, the dark woods grew, where his forefathers dwelt!
No breathing sound was in the air, as, leaning on his bow,
A lone and weary pilgrim there, he muttered stern and slow:
"Far by Ohio's mighty river, bright star, I've worshipped thee!
My native stream—its bosom never the red man more may see!
The pale-face rears his wigwam where our Indian hunters roved;
His hatchet fells the forest fair our Indian maidens loved.
A thousand warriors bore in war the token of my sires;
On all the hills were seen afar their blazing council-fires!
The foeman heard their war-whoop shrill, and held his breath in fear;
And in the wood, and on the hill, their arrows pierced the deer.
Where are they now?—the stranger's tread is on their silent place!
Yon fading light on me is shed—the last of all my race!
Where are they now?—in summer's light, go seek the winter's snow!
Forgotten is our name and might, and broken is our bow!
The white man came; his bayonets gleam where sachems held their sway;
And, like the shadow of a dream, our tribe has passed away!"

Capture of Quebec and Death of General Wolfe.—*Lossing.*

[In 1759, during the war waged by the English against the French assisted by the Indians, and hence known as the "French and Indian War," the command of an expedition designed to take Quebec, was given to General Wolfe, who had already acquired considerable distinction during the war. With an army of eight thousand men, he ascended the St. Lawrence River as far as the Isle of Orleans, where, in June, he landed his whole force in safety. Taking possession of Point Levi, opposite Quebec, he established a battery there, which, though it destroyed the buildings near the river's edge, did but little damage to that part of the city situated on the promontory.

Becoming convinced that the battery was not near enough to accomplish the reduction of the place, he determined upon a bold attack. Accordingly, on the 31st of July, an attempt was made upon the enemy's intrenchments, but it resulted in defeat and the loss of nearly five hundred men. This is known as the battle of Montmorenci. The subsequent operations are described in the following extract from Lossing's "Life of Washington."]

1. WOLFE was greatly dispirited by this repulse from the French works, for he was very sensitive to censure, and he expected much for this miscarriage. The emotions of his mind, co-operating with great fatigue of body, brought on a fever and dysentery, which nearly proved fatal, and it was almost a month before he was able to resume his command in person. Having recovered sufficiently to write, he drew up a dispatch to Pitt [the English Prime-minister] on the 2d of September. After detailing the events, referring to his illness, and frankly confessing that he had called a council of war, to consult for the general safety, he said: "We have almost the whole force of Canada to oppose us. In this situation there is such a choice of difficulties, that I own myself at a loss how to determine. The affairs of Great Britain require the most vigorous measures; but then the courage of a handful of brave men should be exerted only where there is some hope of a favorable event."

2. When this letter reached England, it excited consternation and danger. Pitt feared that he had been mistaken in his favorite general, and that the next news would be that he had either been destroyed or had capitulated. But in the conclusion of his melancholy epistle, Wolfe had said that he would do his best; and that "best" turned out to be a miracle of war. He declared that he would rather die than be brought to a court-martial for miscarrying; and, in conjunction with his brigadiers and Admiral Saunders, he concerted, while stretched upon his bed in his tent, a plan for scaling the almost inaccessible Heights of Abraham, and gaining possession of that elevated plateau in the rear of Quebec.

3. The camp of Montmorenci was now broken up, and all the troops and artillery, except a garrison left on the island of Orleans, were conveyed to Point Levi, and there taken, by a part of the fleet, far up the river, while the remainder lingered and made feigned preparations for a second attack upon Montcalm's intrenchments at Beauport (*bo'port*). De Bougainville (*boo'gahn-vil*) was sent with fifteen hundred men to watch the movements of the British above Quebec; and so deceived was

the French commander by their manœuvres, that he was fully persuaded that his camp was to be attacked.

4. Wolfe, though weak and suffering, resolved to lead the expedition, and he was with the troops that ascended the river. It was the 12th of September, and the brief Canadian summer was over. After midnight, while clouds were gathering in the firmament, the army left the vessels; and in flat-boats, without oars or sails, they glided down noiselessly with the tide, followed by the ships soon afterward. Wolfe was in good spirits, yet there was evidently a presentiment of speedy death in his mind.

5. At his evening mess on the ship, he composed and sang impromptu that little song of the camp, commencing—

"Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why—
Whose business 'tis to die!"

And as he sat among his officers, and floated softly down the river at the past-midnight hour, a shadow seemed to come upon his heart, and he repeated, in low, musing tones, that touching stanza of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard"—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave!"

At the close he whispered: "Now, gentlemen, I would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow."

6. The flotilla reached a cove which Wolfe had marked for a landing-place (and which still bears his name), before daybreak, and there debarked. At the head of the main division, Wolfe pushed eagerly up a narrow and rough ravine; while the light infantry and Highlanders, under Colonel Howe, climbed the steep acclivity by the aid of the maple, spruce, and ash saplings and shrubs, which covered its rugged face. The sergeant's guard on its brow was soon dispersed, and at dawn,

on the 13th, almost five thousand British troops were drawn up in battle array on the Plains of Abraham, three hundred feet above the St. Lawrence.

7. Montcalm could hardly believe the messenger who brought him intelligence of this marshalling of the English upon the weak side of the city. "It can be but a small party come to burn a few houses, and return," he said; but he was soon undeceived. Then he saw the imminent danger to which the town and garrison were exposed, and he immediately abandoned his intrenchments, and led a large portion of his army across the St. Charles, to attack the invaders. He sent messengers to call back De Bougainville; and at ten o'clock Montcalm was upon the Plains of Abraham, and his army in battle line. The French had three field-pieces; the English had but one, and that was a light six-pounder, which some sailors had dragged up the ravine.

8. Wolfe placed himself on the right, at the head of the Louisburg grenadiers, who were burning with a desire to wipe out the stain of their defeat at the Montmorenci. Montcalm was on the left, at the head of the regiments of Languedoc (*lan'ghe-doc*), Bearne (*bern*), and Guienne (*ghe-en'*). So the two commanders stood face to face. Wolfe ordered his men to load with two bullets each, and to reserve their fire until the French should be within forty yards. These orders were strictly obeyed, and their double-shotted guns did terrible execution. After delivering several rounds in rapid succession, which threw the French into confusion, the English charged upon them furiously with their bayonets.

9. While urging on his battalions in this charge, Wolfe was singled out by some Canadians on the left, and was slightly wounded in the wrist. He stanched the blood with a handkerchief, and, while cheering on his men, received a second wound in the groin. A few minutes afterward, another bullet struck him in the breast, and brought him to the ground, mortally wounded. At that moment, regardless of self, he thought only of victory for his troops. "Support me," he said to an officer near him; "let not my brave soldiers see me drop. The

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day is ours—keep it!" He was taken to the rear, while his troops continued to charge. The officer on whose shoulder he was leaning, exclaimed, "They run! they run!" The waning light returned to the dim eyes of the hero, and he asked, "Who runs?"—"The enemy, sir; they give way everywhere."—"What," feebly exclaimed Wolfe, "do they run already? Go to Colonel Preston, and tell him to march Webb's regiment immediately to the bridge over the St. Charles, and cut off the fugitives' retreat. Now, God be praised, I die happy!" These were his last words, and, in the midst of sorrowing companions, just at the moment of victory, he expired.

10. Montcalm, who was fighting gallantly at the head of the French, also received a mortal wound. "Death is certain," said his surgeon. "I am glad of it," replied Montcalm; "how long shall I survive?" "Ten or twelve hours, perhaps less." "So much the better; I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec!" He wrote a letter to General Townsend, recommending the prisoners to the humanity of the British, and expired at five o'clock the next morning. Five days afterward the city capitulated, thus brilliantly ending the campaign of 1759. Almost seventy years afterward, an English governor of Canada caused a noble granite obelisk to be erected in the city of Quebec to the memory of WOLFE and MONTCALM.

"O Wolfe! to thee a streaming flood of woe,
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breasts to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear."

Goldsmith.

[The reduction of Canada, the object of the campaign, was not, however, accomplished. The French, early in the next year, prepared to attempt the recovery of their stronghold; and on the 28th of April was fought one of the most desperate battles of the war; the British, at the close, being compelled to fall back to their defenses, where they were succored by the timely arrival of a British fleet. In September following, the French surrendered Montreal; and by the Treaty of Paris, made in 1763, Canada became a British province.]

The Battle of Bunker Hill.—*Cozzens.*

[The expenses which Great Britain had incurred in the French and Indian war greatly increased her national debt, to reduce which the Ministry adopted the measure of taxing the American colonies. In pursuance of this measure, the Stamp Act was passed in 1765, and was followed by other acts of a similar character, all of which received the most determined opposition from the colonists. At length war ensued. The battle of Lexington was fought on the 19th of April, 1775, which was soon followed by the battle of Bunker Hill. This latter battle was brought on by the patriots' erecting fortifications on Breed's Hill, near Boston, in order to prevent the British from assuming offensive operations. On the morning of the 17th of June, 1775, the British commenced the attack on the American works, but were twice repulsed. A third attack, however, succeeded, the Americans having exhausted their ammunition. The incidents of this celebrated battle are finely portrayed in the following spirited lines, by Frederick S. Cozzens, an American poet and humorist.]

It was a stormy night in June, the air was soft and still,
When the "Minute-men" from Cambridge came, and gathered on the hill;
Beneath us lay the sleeping town, around us frowned the fleet,
But the pulse of freemen, not of slaves, within our bosoms beat;
And every heart rose high with hope, as fearlessly we said,
"We will be numbered with the free, or numbered with the dead!"

"Bring out the line to mark the trench, and stretch it on the sward!"
The trench is marked, the tools are brought, we utter not a word,
But stack our guns, then fall to work with mattock and with spade,
A thousand men with sinewy arms, and not a sound is made;
So still were we, the stars beneath, that scarce a whisper fell;
We heard the red-coat's musket click, and heard him cry, "All's well!"

* * * * * *

See how the moon is breaking! The red is in the sky;
The mist is creeping from the stream that floats in silence by;
The *Lively's* hull looms through the fog, and they our works have spied;
For the ruddy flash and round-shot part in thunder from her side;
And the *Falcon* and the *Cerberus* make every bosom thrill,
With gun and shell, and drum and bell, and boatswain's whistle shrill;
But deep and wider grows the trench, as spade and mattock ply,
For we have to cope with fearful odds, and the time is drawing nigh!

Up with the pine-tree banner! Our gallant PRESCOTT stands
Amid the plunging shells and shot, and plants it with his hands;
Up with the shout! for PUTNAM comes upon his reeking bay,
With bloody spur and foaming bit, in haste to join the fray;
And POMEROY, with his snow-white hair, and face all flush and sweat,
Unscathed by French and Indian, wears a youthful glory yet.

But thou whose soul is glowing in the summer of thy years,
Unvanquishable WARREN, thou, the youngest of thy peers,
Wert born and bred, and shaped and made, to act a patriot's part,
And dear to us thy presence is as heart's blood to the heart!

* * * * * *

Hark! from the town a trumpet! The barges at the wharf
Are crowded with the living freight, and now they're pushing off:
With clash and glitter, trump and drum, in all its bright array,
Behold the splendid sacrifice move slowly o'er the bay!
And still and still the barges fill, and still across the deep,
Like thunder-clouds along the sky, the hostile transports sweep.

And now they're forming at the Point; and now the lines advance:
We see beneath the sultry sun their polished bayonets glance;
We hear a-near the throbbing drum, the bugle-challenge ring;
Quick bursts and loud the flashing cloud, and rolls from wing to wing;
But on the height our bulwark stands, tremendous in its gloom,—
As sullen as a tropic sky, and silent as a tomb.

And so we waited till we saw, at scarce ten rifles' length,
The old vindictive Saxon spite in all its stubborn strength;
When sudden, flash on flash, around the jagged rampart burst
From every gun the livid light upon the foe accursed.
Then quailed a monarch's might before a free-born people's ire;
Then drank the sward the veteran's life, when swept the yeoman's fire.

Then, staggered by the shot, we saw their serried columns reel,
And fall, as falls the bearded rye beneath the reaper's steel;
And then arose a mighty shout that might have waked the dead—
"Hurrah! they run! the field is won! HURRAH! the foe is fled!"
And every man hath dropped his gun to clutch a neighbor's hand,
As his heart kept praying all the while for home and native land.

Thrice on that day we stood the shock of thrice a thousand foes,
And thrice that day within our lines the shout of victory rose;
And though our swift fire slackened then, and, reddening in the skies,
We saw from Charlestown's roofs and walls the flaming columns rise,
Yet, while we had a cartridge left, we still maintained the fight,
Nor gained the foe one foot of ground upon that blood-stained height.

What though for us no laurels bloom, nor o'er the nameless brave
No sculptured trophy, scroll, nor hatch records a warrior's grave!

What though the day to us was lost! Upon that deathless page,
The everlasting charter stands for every land and age!
For man hath broke his felon bonds and cast them in the dust,
And claimed his heritage divine, and justified the trust;
While through his rifted prison bars the hues of freedom pour,
O'er every nation, race, and clime, on every sea and shore,
Such glories as the patriarch viewed, when, 'mid the darkest skies,
He saw above a ruined world the Bow of Promise rise.

Patrick Henry.—*Anonymous.*

1. When the question first came to be agitated concerning the right of the British Parliament to tax America, Patrick Henry, styled by his contemporaries the "Orator of Nature," gave the first impulse to the ball of the Revolution. Men who were on other occasions distinguished for intrepidity and decision, hung back, unwilling to submit, yet afraid to speak out in the language of bold and open defiance. In 1765, in the Assembly of Virginia, he introduced a series of resolutions which claimed for the inhabitants of that State all the rights of born British subjects; denied any authority, except that of the provincial Assembly, to impose taxes upon them; and denounced the attempt to vest that authority elsewhere as inconsistent with the ancient Constitution, and subversive of British as well as of American liberty.

2. Upon the introduction of these resolutions, a hot debate ensued, during which Henry exclaimed, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George III."—"Treason! treason!" shouted the Speaker, and the cry was re-echoed from the House—"George III. may profit by their example," continued the orator. "If that be treason, make the most of it!" The resolutions were adopted.

3. Again, in March, 1775, in the Virginia Convention, he electrified the minds of his colleagues, hesitating and reluctant to enter upon a contest with the mother country, by his brilliant displays of argument and eloquence. "The question before the House," he exclaimed, "is nothing less than freedom or slavery. If we wish to be free, we must fight—I repeat

it, sir, we must fight!—an appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us."

4. "It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, 'peace! peace!' but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms; our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me" (and here the impassioned orator extended both his arms aloft, with brows knit, and every feature marked with the intensity and earnestness of his determination, as he exclaimed), "give me liberty, or give me death!" As he took his seat, the cry, "To arms!" seemed to quiver upon every lip and flash from every eye, among his aroused and excited auditors.

[This speech was delivered on the 23d of March, 1775, and on the 19th of April following, the battle of Lexington occurred: so prophetic were the words of the orator.]

The Declaration of Independence.—*Webster.*

[In 1776, Congress began to meditate a separation from British rule, and on the 7th of June, Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, offered the following resolution: "*Resolved*, That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved." Before the final discussion, a committee, consisting of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, and Robert R. Livingston, was appointed to draft a Declaration of Independence. The following extract is from Daniel Webster's "Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson," delivered August 2d, 1826.]

1. THE Declaration having been reported to Congress by the committee, the resolution itself was taken up and debated on the first day of July, and again on the second, on which last day it was agreed to and adopted. Having thus passed the main resolution, Congress proceeded to consider the reported draft of the Declaration. It was discussed on the second, and
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and FOURTH days of the month, in committee of the
What thoug
ud on the last of those days, being reported from that
No sculptured
it received the final approbation and sanction of

Congress. It was ordered, at the same time, that copies be sent to the several States, and that it be proclaimed at the head of the army. The Declaration thus published did not bear the names of the members, for as yet it had not been signed by them. It was authenticated[v], like other papers of the Congress, by the signatures of the President and Secretary.

2. On the 19th of July, as appears by the secret journal, Congress "*Resolved*, That the Declaration, passed on the fourth, be fairly engrossed[v] on parchment, with the title and style of 'THE UNANIMOUS DECLARATION OF THE THIRTEEN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA;' and that the same, when engrossed, be signed by every member of Congress." And on the SECOND DAY OF AUGUST following, "the Declaration, being engrossed and compared at the table, was signed by the members."

3. So that it happens, fellow-citizens, that we pay these honors to their memory on the anniversary of that day (2d of August) on which these great men actually signed their names to the Declaration. The Declaration was thus made, that is, it passed, and was adopted as an act of Congress, on the fourth of July; it was then signed, and certified by the President and Secretary, like other acts. The FOURTH OF JULY, therefore, is the ANNIVERSARY OF THE DECLARATION. But the signatures of the members present were made to it, being then engrossed on parchment, on the second day of August. Absent members afterward signed, as they came in; and indeed it bears the names of some who were not chosen members of Congress until after the fourth of July.

4. The Congress of the Revolution, fellow-citizens, sat with closed doors, and no report of its debates was ever made. The discussion, therefore, which accompanied this great measure, has never been preserved, except in memory and by tradition. But it is, I believe, doing no injustice to others to say that the general opinion was, and uniformly has been, that in debate, on the side of independence, JOHN ADAMS had no equal. The great author of the Declaration himself (Jefferson) has expressed that opinion uniformly and strongly. "JOHN ADAMS,"

said he, in the hearing of him who has now the honor to address you, "JOHN ADAMS was our colossus on the floor. Not graceful, not elegant, not always fluent in his public addresses, he yet came out with a power, both of thought and expression, which moved us from our seats."

5. For the part which he was here to perform, Mr. Adams, doubtless, was eminently fitted. He possessed a bold spirit which disregarded danger, and a sanguine reliance on the goodness of the cause and the virtues of the people which led him to overlook all obstacles. His character, too, had been formed in troubled times. He had been rocked in the early storms of the controversy, and had acquired a decision and a hardihood proportioned to the severity of the discipline which he had undergone. He not only loved the American cause devoutly, but had studied and understood it. It was all familiar to him.

6. The eloquence of Mr. Adams resembled his general character, and formed, indeed, a part of it. It was bold, manly, and energetic; and such the crisis required. When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech farther than as it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.

7. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire to it: they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and

all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object,—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence, it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

8. In July, 1776, the controversy had passed the stage of argument. An appeal had been made to force, and opposing armies were in the field. Congress then was to decide whether the tie which had so long bound us to the parent State was to be severed at once, and severed forever. All the colonies had signified their resolution to abide by this decision, and the people looked for it with the most intense anxiety. And surely, fellow-citizens, never, never were men called to a more important political deliberation. If we contemplate it from the point where they then stood, no question could be more full of interest; if we look at it now, and judge of its importance by its effects, it appears of still greater magnitude.

9. Let us, then, bring before us the assembly which was about to decide a question thus big with the fate of empires. Let us open their doors and look in upon their deliberations. Let us survey the anxious and careworn countenances, let us hear the firm-toned voices of this band of patriots. Hancock presides over the solemn sitting, and one of those not yet prepared to pronounce for absolute independence is on the floor, and is urging his reasons for dissenting from the Declaration.

10. "Let us pause! This step, once taken, can never be retraced. This resolution, once passed, will cut off all hope of a reconciliation. If success attend the arms of England, we shall then be no longer colonies, with charters and privileges; these will all be forfeited by this act; and we shall be in the condition of other conquered people, at the mercy of the conquerors. For ourselves, we may be ready to run the hazard;

but are we ready to carry the country to that length? Is success so probable as to justify it? Where is the military, where the naval power, by which we are to resist the whole strength of the arm of England, for she will exert that strength to the utmost?

11. "Can we rely on the constancy and perseverance of the people? Or will they not act as the people of other countries have acted, and, wearied with a long war, submit, in the end, to a worse oppression? While we stand on our ground, and insist on redress of grievances, we know we are right, and are not answerable for consequences. Nothing then can be imputed to us. But if we now change our object, carry our pretensions farther, and set up for absolute independence, we shall lose the sympathy of mankind. We shall no longer be defending what we possess, but struggling for something which we never did possess, and which we have solemnly and uniformly disclaimed all intention of pursuing, from the very outset of the troubles.

12. "Abandoning thus our old ground of resistance only to arbitrary acts of oppression, the nations will believe the whole to have been mere pretense, and they will look on us, not as injured, but as ambitious subjects. I shudder before this responsibility. It will be on us, if, relinquishing the ground on which we have stood so safely, we now proclaim independence, and carry on the war for that object, while these cities burn, these pleasant fields whiten and bleach with the bones of their owners, and these streams run blood. It will be upon us, it will be upon us, if, failing to maintain this unseasonable and ill-judged Declaration, a sterner despotism, maintained by military power, shall be established over our posterity', when we ourselves, given up by an exhausted, a harassed, a misled people, shall have expiated' our rashness, and atoned' for our presumption, on the scaffold."

13. It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness:—

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand

and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But 'there's a Divinity which shapes our ends.' The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours.

14. "Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to her own life and honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair; is not he, our venerable colleague[y] near you; are you not both already the proscribed[y] and predestined[y] objects of punishment and vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

15. "If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament[y], Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting[y] before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives?

16. "I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration[y] sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defense of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

17. "The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through.

And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will treat with us, which they can never do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression.

18. "Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

19. "If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage.

20. "Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved

to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill and in the street of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

21. "Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

22. "But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations.

23. "On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready to stake upon it; and I leave off as I begun, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment, Independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER."

The American Patriot's Song.—*Anon.*

HARK! hear ye the sounds that the winds on their pinions
Exultingly roll from the shore to the sea,
With a voice that resounds through her boundless dominions?
'Tis Columbia calls on her sons to be free!

Behold on yon summits, where Heaven has throned her,
How she starts from her proud inaccessible[y] seat;
With nature's impregnable ramparts around her,
And the cataract's thunder and foam at her feet!

In the breeze of the mountains her loose locks are shaken,
While the soul-stirring notes of her warrior-song
From the rock to the valley re-echo, "Awaken,
Awaken, ye hearts that have slumbered too long!"

Yes, despots! too long did your tyranny hold us,
In a vassalage[y] vile ere its weakness was known;
Till we learned that the links of the chain that controlled us
Were forged by the fears of its captives alone.

That spell is destroyed, and no longer availing,
Despised as detested—pause well ere ye dare
To cope with a people whose spirit and feeling
Are roused by remembrance and steeled by despair.

Go tame the wild torrent, or stem with a straw
The proud surges that sweep o'er the strand that confines them,
But presume not again to give freemen a law,
Nor think with the chains they have broken to bind them.

To hearts that the spirit of liberty flushes,
Resistance is idle,—and numbers a dream;—
They burst from control, as the mountain-stream rushes
From its fetters of ice, in the warmth of the beam.

British Alliances with the Indians.—*Chatham.*

[The employment of Indians to fight against the Americans during the war of the Revolution was most discreditable to the British; and on its proposal in Parliament, it had been severely denounced by some of the ablest and most eloquent statesmen of the country. The following is an extract from a speech by the illustrious Earl of Chatham upon the subject.]

1. My Lords, who is the man, that in addition to the disgraces and mischief of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms, the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; "for it is perfectly allowable," says Lord Suffolk, "to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands."

2. I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—"That God and nature have put into our hands!" What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife!—to the savage, torturing and murdering his unhappy victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor.

3. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned Bench, to

vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn,—upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country.

4. To send forth the merciless Indian, thirsting for blood! against whom? Against your brethren!—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate[v] their race and name by the aid and instrumentality of these ungovernable savages! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with bloodhounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose these brutal warriors against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the State, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the venerable prelates of our religion, to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration[v] to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin.

5. My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and my indignation were too strong to have permitted me to say less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, or have reposed my head on my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles.

[Subsequently, the conduct of the Ministry in making alliances with the Indians, was severely inveighed against by the celebrated Edmund Burke, in a speech of surpassing eloquence and pathos, delivered in Parliament, in support of a motion that copies of the Indian treaties should be laid before the House. The motion was, however, rejected (1778). In this speech, the orator took occasion to refer to the occurrence related in the following extract.]

Murder of Miss McCrea.—*Stone.*

[In the summer of 1777, an army of British and Indians, under General Burgoyne, invaded the States from Canada. Proceeding by way of Lake Champlain, Burgoyne successively captured Forts Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and then advanced to Fort Edward, near which the dreadful occurrence related in the following extract occurred. The piece is from "The Life of Brant," by William L. Stone.)

1. NOTHING could exceed the terror which these events diffused among the inhabitants, not only in Northern New York, but of the New England States. The consternation was, moreover, increased by the reported murders and cruelties of the savages—since all the efforts of General Burgoyne to dissuade them from the perpetration of their cruel enormities were ineffectual. Restrain them he could not; and it was admitted by the British writers of that day, that the friends of the Royal cause, as well as its enemies, were equally victims to their indiscriminate rage. It was even ascertained that the British officers were deceived by their treacherous allies, into the purchase of the scalps of their own comrades.

2. Among other instances of cruelty, the well-known murder of Miss Jane McCrea, which happened in the early part of the campaign, filled the public mind with horror. Every circumstance of the unnatural and bloody transaction—around which there lingers a melancholy interest to this day—served to heighten alike its interest and its enormity. Many have been the versions of this bloody tale. General Gates, who had at this juncture been most unjustly directed to supersede General Schuyler (*ski'ler*) in the command of the Northern Department, assailed General Burgoyne in the newspapers with great virulence upon the subject of these outrages.

3. After charging the British commander with encouraging the murder of prisoners, and the massacre of women and children, by paying the Indians a stipulated price for scalps, Gates, in a letter addressed to General Burgoyne, thus spoke of the case now specially under consideration:—"Miss McCrea, a young lady, lovely to the sight, of virtuous character, and amiable disposition, engaged to an officer of your army, was,

with other women and children, taken out of a house near Fort Edward, carried into the woods, and there scalped and mangled in the most horrible manner. Two parents, with their six children, were treated with the same inhumanity, while quietly resting in their own happy and peaceful dwelling. The miserable fate of Miss McCrea was particularly aggravated, by her being dressed to receive her promised husband; but she met her murderer employed by you. Upward of one hundred men, women, and children, have perished by the hands of the ruffians to whom it is asserted you have paid the price of blood."

4. General Burgoyne replied, and repelled with indignation the charge of encouraging, in any respect, the outrages of the Indians. He asserted that from the first he had refused to pay for scalps, and had so informed the Indians at their council. The only rewards he gave them were for prisoners brought in, and by the adoption of this course he hoped to encourage a more humane mode of warfare on their part. In this letter Burgoyne said:—"I would not be conscious of the acts you presume to impute to me, for the whole continent of America, though the wealth of worlds was in its bowels, and a paradise upon its surface."

5. In regard to the hapless fate of Miss McCrea, General Burgoyne remarked:—"Her fall wanted not the tragic display you have labored to give it, to make it as sincerely abhorred and lamented by me as it can be by the tenderest of her friends. The act was no premeditated barbarity. On the contrary, two chiefs, who had brought her off for the purpose of security, not of violence to her person, disputed which should be her guard, and in a fit of savage passion in one, from whose hands she was snatched, the unhappy woman became the victim.

6. "Upon the first intelligence of this event, I obliged the Indians to deliver the murderer into my hands; and though to have punished him by our laws or principles of justice would have been perhaps unprecedented, he certainly should have suffered an ignominious death had I not been convinced, from my circumstances and observations, beyond the possibility

of a doubt, that a pardon under the terms which I presented and they accepted, would be more efficacious than an execution to prevent similar mischiefs. The above instance excepted, your intelligence respecting the cruelty of the Indians is false."

7. The British commander, doubtless, labored to make the best of his case; and, in respect to Miss McCrea, his statement was much nearer to the truth than that of General Gates. The actual circumstances of the case, stripped of its romance, were these:—Miss McCrea belonged to a family of loyalists, and had engaged her hand in marriage to a young refugee named Jones, a subordinate officer in the British service, who was advancing with Burgoyne. Anxious to possess himself of his bride, he dispatched a small party of Indians to bring her to the British camp. Her family and friends were strongly opposed to her going with such an escort; but her affection overcame her prudence, and she determined upon the hazardous adventure.

8. She set forward with her dusky attendants on horseback. The family resided at the village of Fort Edward, from whence they had not proceeded more than half a mile before her conductors stopped to drink at a spring. Meantime, the impatient lover, who deserved not her embrace for confiding her protection to such hands, instead of going himself, had dispatched a second party of Indians upon the same errand. The Indians met at the spring; and before the march was resumed, they were attacked by a party of the Provincials. At the close of the skirmish, the body of Miss McCrea was found among the slain—tomahawked, scalped, and tied to a pine-tree, yet standing by the side of the spring, as a monument of the bloody transaction.

9. The name of the young lady is inscribed on the tree, the trunk of which is thickly scarred with the bullets it received in the skirmish. It also bears the date 1777. "Tradition reports that the Indians divided the scalp, and that each party carried half of it to the agonized lover."* The ascertained

* According to the statements of others, her lover denied that he knew anything of the affair until he saw her scalp.

cause of her murder was this. The promised reward for bringing her in safety to her betrothed was a barrel of rum. The chiefs of the two parties sent for her by Mr. Jones, quarrelled respecting the anticipated compensation. Each claimed it; and, in a moment of passion, to end the controversy, one of them struck her down with his hatchet. The tale was sufficiently painful according to the simple facts of the case, and its recital produced a thrill of horror wherever it came,—enlarged and embellished, as it was sure to be in its progress, by every writer who could add to the eloquence of the narrative or the pathos of its catastrophe.

[The progress of Burgoyne was checked by the battle of Bemis Heights (Sept. 19), which in a few weeks was followed by the battle of Saratoga (Oct. 7). The result of this conflict was a decided victory for the Americans, and ten days afterward, Burgoyne surrendered his whole army to General Gates.]

Treason of Arnold.—*Pennsylvania Packet, etc.*

[In the first part of the War of the Revolution, Benedict Arnold greatly distinguished himself by his courage and military skill, particularly in the battles fought against General Burgoyne in 1777. Subsequently he fell into disgrace, being adjudged, after a trial by court-martial, to be reprimanded by Washington. In 1780, he was in command of West Point, then the strongest and most important fortress in America. His treason in relation to this trust is described in the following extracts from the *Pennsylvania Packet*, and other journals of the time, selected from Moore's "Diary of the American Revolution."]

1. [September 26, 1780.] TREASON of the blackest dye was yesterday discovered. General Arnold, who commanded at West Point, lost to every sentiment of honor, of public and private obligation, was about to deliver up that important fort into the hands of the enemy. Such an event must have given the American cause a deadly wound, if not a fatal stab. Happily, the scheme was timely discovered to prevent the fatal misfortune. The providential train of circumstances which led to it affords the most convincing proofs that the liberties of America are the objects of divine protection. At the same time, the treason is so regretted, the general cannot help congratulating the army on the happy discovery.

2. Our enemies, despairing of carrying their point by force, are practicing every base art to effect, by bribery and corrup-

tion, what they cannot accomplish in a manly way. Great honor is due to the American army, that this is the first instance of treason of this kind, where many were to be expected from the nature of the dispute; and nothing is so high an ornament to the character of the American soldiers as their withstanding all the arts and seductions of an insidious enemy.

3. Arnold, the traitor, has made his escape to the enemy; but Mr. André, Adjutant-general to the British Army, who came out as a spy to negotiate the business, is our prisoner. His Excellency the Commander-in-chief has arrived at West Point, from Hartford, and is now doubtless taking proper steps to unravel fully so hellish a plot.

4. A gentleman at the American camp, in a letter dated Robinson's House, gives the following account of the discovery of Arnold's plot:—"I make use of the present express to acquaint you with a scene of villainy which happened in this quarter. A very singular combination of circumstances has preserved to us West Point and its dependencies. General Arnold, who was the commanding officer, has been bought over to the interest of the enemy, and the place in a few days must have become theirs. They had a part of their army in readiness to act on this occasion, and could not have failed of success from the concert of Arnold within the fort.

5. "Such was the situation of this important post, when a providential event discovered the traitor. Major André, the British Adjutant-general, a person of great talents, appears to have been the principal actor with Arnold. In his return to New York, after an interview with Arnold, he was stopped near Tarrytown by a few militia (notwithstanding a pass written and signed by General Arnold, by which André was permitted to proceed as a John Anderson), and detained as a spy. As they were conducting him to a party of Continental troops, he offered them a large sum of money for his release, which they rejected with as much virtue as Arnold received his with baseness.

6. "The state of the garrison, the arrangements for its defence

in case of attack, a council of war, etc., were found on André in Arnold's own handwriting. Colonel Jameson, of the Light Dragoons, to whom he was conveyed in the first instance, and before a detection of these papers, dispatched an account to Arnold that he had a spy in his care, and described him in such a manner, that Arnold knew it to be André. His Excellency General Washington, the Marquis de la Fayette, General Knox, and their aids, were within a few miles of his quarters at this juncture. I had preceded them with a Major Shaw, to give notice of their coming.

7. "Arnold, I think, must have received the advice while we were present, as I observed an embarrassment, which I could not at that time account for. The approach of his Excellency left him but an instant to take measures for his own safety, or it is likely he would have attempted that of André's, and the matter might have remained in obscurity. He ordered his barge, and passing King's Ferry as a flag-boat, fell down to the *Vulture* sloop of war, which lay below at a short distance. In the mean time an officer arrived with the papers which had been discovered, and a letter from André to his Excellency, in which he endeavors to show that he did not come under the character of a spy. Upon this, Colonel Hamilton and myself rode to King's Ferry, but Arnold had before this gained the enemy's vessel.

8. "We expect André here every minute. I lament Arnold's escape, that we might have punished such a high piece of perfidiousness, and prevented the enemy from profiting by his information. André has ventured daringly for the accomplishment of a great end; fortunate for us his abilities failed him as it was on the point of being finished, and he must in all human probability submit to the fate of a common spy."

9. [October 1.] Yesterday the Board of General Officers, appointed by General Washington for the trial of the unfortunate Major André, having fully considered the facts belonging to his case, reported that he "Ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy, and that agreeably to the law and usage of nations, in their opinion he ought to suffer death." General

Washington approved of this opinion, and ordered the execution to take place this afternoon; but owing to the arrival of a flag from the enemy, it is postponed until to-morrow at noon.

10. The following is a copy of a letter from Major André to his Excellency General Washington, received to-day:

"Sir:—Buoyed above the fear of death by the consciousness of a life spent in the pursuit of honor, and fully sensible that it has at no time been stained by any action which, at this serious moment, could give me remorse, I have to solicit your Excellency, if there is anything in my character which excites your esteem, if aught in my circumstances can excite you with compassion, that I may be permitted to die the death of a soldier; it is my last request, and I hope it will be granted. I have the honor to be, etc."

[This request could not be granted, and this hapless young officer—far more unfortunate than criminal—was hung at Tappan, October 2, 1780. His fate was universally lamented; for he was of irreproachable character, of an amiable and gallant disposition, and fine talents. His request to Washington to be permitted to die the death of a *soldier*, not of a *spy*, is beautifully expressed in the following lines by N. P. Willis.]

André's Last Request.—*Willis.*

It is not the fear of death
That damps my brow;
It is not for another breath
I ask thee now;
I can die with a lip unstirr'd,
And a quiet heart—
Let but this prayer be heard
Ere I depart.

I can give up my mother's look—
My sister's kiss;
I can think of love—yet brook
A death like this!
I can give up the young fame
I burn'd to win;
All but the spotless name
I glory in.

Thine is the power to give,
Thine to deny,
Joy for the hour I live,
Calmness to die.
By all the brave should cherish,
By my dying breath,
I ask that I may perish
By a soldier's death.

The Death of Washington.—*G. W. P. Custis.*

[The War of the Revolution was virtually ended by the capitulation of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, October 19, 1781; and on the 3d of September, 1783, Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the United States. On the reorganization of the Government in 1789, under the Constitution, Washington became the first president. In 1797, having declined a second re-election, he was succeeded by John Adams, during whose administration his death took place (Dec. 14. 1799). The following account of that event is taken from "Recollections and Private Memoirs of Washington," by George Washington Parke Custis, his adopted son.]

1. MANY years have passed since an interesting group were assembled in the death-room, and witnessed the last hours of Washington. On the morning of the 13th of December, 1799, the General was engaged in making some improvements in the front of Mount Vernon. As was usual with him, he carried his own compass, noted his observations, and marked out the ground. The day became rainy with sleet; and the improver remained so long exposed to the inclemency of the weather, as to be considerably wet before his return to the house. About one o'clock, he was seized with chillness and nausea; but, having changed his clothes, he sat down to his in-door work,—there being no moment of his time for which he had not provided an appropriate employment.

2. At night, on joining the family circle, the General complained of a slight indisposition; and, after a single cup of tea, he repaired to his library, where he remained writing until between eleven and twelve o'clock. Mrs. Washington retired about the usual hour; but, becoming alarmed at not hearing the accustomed sound of the library door as it closed for the night and gave signal for rest in the well-regulated mansion, she rose again, and continued sitting up, in much anxiety and

suspense. At length the well-known step was heard on the stair; and, upon the General's entering his chamber, the lady chided him for staying up so late, knowing him to be unwell; to which Washington made this memorable reply: "I came as soon as my business was accomplished. You well know, that through a long life, it has been my unvaried rule never to put off till the morrow the duties which should be performed to-day."

3. Having first carefully covered the fire, the man of mighty labors sought repose; but it came not as it long had been wont to do, to comfort and restore, after the many earnest occupations of the well-spent day. The night was passed in feverish restlessness and pain. "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," was destined no more to visit his couch: yet the manly sufferer uttered no complaint; and it was only at daybreak he would consent that the overseer might be called in, and bleeding be resorted to. A vein was opened, but no relief was afforded.

4. Couriers were dispatched to Dr. Craik, the family physician, and Drs. Dick and Brown, as consulting physicians, all of whom came with speed. The proper remedies were administered, but without producing their healing effects; while the patient, yielding to the anxious looks of all around him, waived his usual objections to medicines, and, without hesitation or remark, took those which were prescribed. The medical gentlemen spared not their skill; and all the resources of their art were exhausted in unwearied endeavors to preserve this noblest work of nature.

5. The night approached,—the last night of Washington: the weather became severely cold, while the group gathered nearer the couch of the sufferer, watching with intense anxiety for the slightest dawning of hope. He spoke but little. To the respectful and affectionate inquiries of an old family servant, as she smoothed down his pillow, how he felt, he answered, "I am very ill." To Dr. Craik, his earliest companion in arms, longest-tried and bosom friend, he observed, "I am dying, sir; but I am not afraid to die."

6. The patient bore his acute suffering with fortitude and perfect resignation to the divine will; while, as the night advanced, it became evident that he was sinking; and he seemed fully aware that his hour was nigh. He inquired the time, and was answered, "a few minutes to twelve." He spoke no more; the hand of death was upon him; and he was conscious that his hour had come. With surprising self-possession, he prepared to die. Composing his form at length, and folding his arms upon his bosom, without a sigh, without a groan, the Father of his Country died. No pang nor struggle told when the noble spirit took its noiseless flight; while so tranquil appeared the manly features in the repose of death, that some moments had passed ere those around could believe that the patriarch was no more.

Tribute to Washington.—*Eliza Cook.*

LAND of the West! though passing brief the record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page!
Let all the blasts of fame ring out—thine shall be loudest far:
Let others boast their satellites—thou hast the planet star.
Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart;
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart;
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won,
Land of the West! it stands alone—it is thy Washington!

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave; but stain was on his wreath:
He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's death.
France had its Eagle; but his wings, though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in murder's gore.
Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway would fain have chained the waves—
Who flashed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a world of slaves—
Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely waded on—
Oh, where shall be *their* "glory" by the side of Washington?

He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck, but to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a friend.
He strove to keep his country's right by reason's gentle word,
And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge—sword to sword.

He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and sage;
He showed no deep, avenging hate—no burst of despot rage.
He stood for liberty and truth, and dauntlessly led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington.

No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him victor chief:
He broke the gyves[v] of slavery with strong and high disdain;
And cast no sceptre from the links when he had crushed the chain.
He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings down
To change them for the regal vest, and don a kingly crown;
Fame was too earnest in her joy—too proud of such a son—
To let a robe and title mask a noble Washington.

Recapture of the Frigate Philadelphia.—*Cooper.*

[In the year 1803, during the administration of Thomas Jefferson, Commodore Preble was sent to the Mediterranean Sea, to chastise the Barbary States, who, notwithstanding the tribute paid to them by the United States, were committing many piracies and other outrages against American ships and seamen. In the harbor of Tripoli, while chasing one of the enemy's vessels, the frigate[v] *Philadelphia* struck on a reef, and was consequently captured by the Tripolitans, who consigned her crew to slavery. As the captured frigate added to the resources of the enemy, a plan was arranged by Lieutenant[v] Decatur to recapture and destroy her. This bold exploit is described in the following extract from J. Fennimore Cooper's "History of the Navy of the United States."]

1. The *Philadelphia* lay not quite a mile within the entrance, riding to the wind, and abreast of the town. Her fore-mast, which had been cut away while she was on the reef, had not yet been replaced, her main and mizzen[v] top-masts were housed, and her lower yards were on the gunwales[v]. Her lower standing rigging, however, was in its place, and, as was shortly afterward ascertained, her guns were loaded and shotted. Just within her, lay two corsairs[v], with a few gun-boats and a galley.

2. It was a mild evening for the season, and the sea and bay were smooth as in summer; as unlike as possible to the same place a few days previously, when the two vessels had been driven from the enterprise by a tempest. Perceiving that he was likely to get in too soon, when about five miles from the rocks, Mr. Decatur ordered buckets and other drags to be towed astern, in order to lessen the way of the ketch[v] without

shortening sail, as the latter expedient would have been seen from the port, and must have awakened suspicion. In the mean time the wind gradually fell, until it became so light as to leave the ketch but about two knots' way on her, when the drags were removed.

3. About ten o'clock the *Intrepid* reached the eastern entrance of the bay, or the passage between the rocks and the shoal. The wind was nearly east, and, as she steered directly for the frigate, it was well abaft[v] the beam. There was a young moon, and as these bold adventurers were slowly advancing into a hostile port, all around them was tranquil and apparently without distrust. For near an hour they were stealing slowly along, the air gradually failing, until their motion became scarcely perceptible.

4. Most of the officers and men of the ketch had been ordered to lie on the deck, where they were concealed by low bulwarks[v], or weather-boards, and by the different objects that belong to a vessel. As it is the practice of those seas to carry a number of men even in the smallest craft, the appearance of ten or twelve would excite no alarm, and this number was visible. The commanding officer himself stood near the pilot, Mr. Catalano, who was to act as interpreter. The quartermaster at the helm was ordered to stand directly for the frigate's bows, it being the intention to lay the ship aboard in that place, as the mode of attack which would least expose the assailants to her fire.

5. The *Intrepid* was still at a considerable distance from the *Philadelphia*, when the latter hailed. The pilot answered that the ketch belonged to Malta, and was on a trading voyage; that she had been nearly wrecked, and had lost her anchors in the late gale, and that her commander wished to ride by the frigate during the night. This conversation lasted some time, Mr. Decatur instructing the pilot to tell the frigate's people with what he was laden, in order to amuse them; and the *Intrepid* gradually drew nearer, until there was every prospect of her running foul of the *Philadelphia*, in a minute or two, and at the very spot contemplated.

6. But the wind suddenly shifted and took the ketch aback. The instant the southerly puff struck her, her head fell off, and she got a stern-board, the ship, at the same moment, tending to the new current of air. The effect of this unexpected change was to bring the ketch directly under the frigate's broadside[v], at the distance of about forty yards, where she lay perfectly becalmed, or, if anything, drifting slowly astern, exposed to nearly every one of the *Philadelphia's* larboard[v] guns.

7. Not the smallest suspicion appears to have been yet excited on board the frigate, though several of her people were looking over the rails; and, notwithstanding the moonlight, so completely were the Turks deceived, that they lowered a boat, and sent it with a fast. Some of the ketch's men, in the mean time, had got into her boat, and had run a line to the frigate's fore-chains. As they returned they met the frigate's boat, took the fast it brought, which came from the after part of the ship, and passed it into their own vessel. These fasts were put into the hands of the men, as they lay on the ketch's deck, and they began cautiously to breast the *Intrepid* alongside of the *Philadelphia*, without rising.

8. As soon as the latter got near enough to the ship, the Turks discovered her anchors, and they sternly ordered the ketch to keep off, as she had deceived them; preparing, at the same time, to cut the fasts. All this passed in a moment, when the cry of "Amerikanos!" was heard in the ship. The people of the *Intrepid*, by a strong pull, brought their vessel alongside of the frigate, where she was secured, quick as thought. Up to this moment not a whisper had betrayed the presence of the men concealed. The instructions had been positive to keep quiet until commanded to show themselves, and no precipitation, even in that trying moment, deranged the plan.

9. Lieutenant-Commander Decatur was standing ready for a spring, with Messrs. Laws and Morris quite near him. As soon as close enough, he jumped at the frigate's chain-plates, and while clinging to the ship himself, he gave the order to board. The two midshipmen[v] were at his side, and all the officers and men of the *Intrepid* arose and followed. The

three gentlemen named were in the chains together, and Lieutenant-commander Decatur and Mr. Morris sprang at the rail above them, while Mr. Laws dashed at a port. To the latter would have belonged the honor of having been first in this gallant assault; but wearing a boarding-belt, his pistols were caught between the gun and the side of the port. Mr. Decatur's foot slipped in springing, and Mr. Charles Morris first stood upon the quarter-deck of the *Philadelphia.* In an instant, Lieutenant-commander Decatur and Mr. Laws were at his side, while heads and bodies appeared coming over the rail, and through the ports, in all directions.

10. The surprise seems to have been as perfect, as the assault was rapid and earnest. Most of the Turks on deck crowded forward, and all ran over to the starboard side, as their enemies poured in on the larboard. A few were aft, but as soon as charged they leaped into the sea. Indeed, the constant plunges into the water gave the assailants the assurance that their enemies were fast lessening in numbers by flight. It took but a minute or two to clear the spar-deck, though there was more of a struggle below. Still, so admirably managed was the attack, and so complete the surprise, that the resistance was but trifling. In less than ten minutes Mr. Decatur was on the quarter-deck again, in undisturbed possession of his prize.

11. There can be no doubt that this gallant officer now felt bitter regrets that it was not in his power to bring away the ship he had so nobly recovered. Not only were his orders on this point peremptory, however, but the frigate had not a sail bent, nor a yard crossed, and she wanted her foremast. It was next to impossible, therefore, to remove her, and the command was given to pass up the combustibles from the ketch.

12. The duty of setting fire to the prize appears to have been executed with as much promptitude and order as every other part of the service. The officers distributed themselves, agreeably to the previous instructions, and the men soon appeared with the necessary means. Each party acted by itself, and as it got ready. So rapid were they all in their movements, that

the men with combustibles had scarcely time to get as low as the cockpit and after store-rooms, before the fires were lighted over their heads. When the officer intrusted with the duty last mentioned had got through, he found the after-hatches[v] filled with smoke from the fire in the ward-room and steerage, and he was obliged to make his escape by the forward ladder.

13. The Americans were in the ship from twenty to twenty-five minutes, and they were literally driven out of her by the flames. The vessel had got to be so dry in that low latitude, that she burnt like pine; and the combustibles had been as judiciously prepared as they were steadily used. The last party up were the people who had been in the store-rooms, and when they had reached the deck they found most of their companions in the *Intrepid*. Joining them, and ascertaining that all was ready, the order was given to cast off. Notwithstanding the daring character of the enterprise in general, Mr. Decatur and his party now ran the greatest risks they had incurred that night.

14. So fierce had the conflagration[v] already become, that the flames began to pour out of the ports; and the head-fast having been cast off, the ketch fell astern, with her jigger flapping against the quarter-gallery, and her boom[v] foul. The fire showed itself in the window at this critical moment; and beneath was all the ammunition[v] of the party, covered with a tarpaulin[v]. To increase the risk, the stern-fast[v] was jammed. By using swords, however (for there was not time to look for an axe), the hawser[v] was cut, and the *Intrepid* was extricated from the most imminent danger by a vigorous shove. As she swung clear of the frigate the flames reached the rigging, up which they went hissing, like a rocket, the tar having oozed from the ropes, which had been saturated with that inflammable[v] matter. Matches could not have kindled with greater quickness.

15. The sweeps[v] were now manned. Up to this moment everything had been done earnestly, though without noise; but as soon as they felt that they had command of their ketch again, and by two or three vigorous strokes had sent her away

from the frigate, the people of the *Intrepid* ceased rowing, and as one man they gave three cheers for victory. This appeared to arouse the Turks from their stupor, for the cry had hardly ended when the batteries, the two corsairs, and the galley, poured in their fire. The men laid hold of their sweeps again, of which the *Intrepid* had eight of a side, and favored by a light air, they went merrily down the harbor.

16. The spectacle that followed is described as having been both beautiful and sublime. The entire bay was illuminated by the conflagration, the roar of cannon was constant, and Tripoli was in a clamor. The appearance of the ship was, in the highest degree, magnificent; and to add to the effect, as her guns heated, they began to go off. Owing to the shift of the wind, and the position into which she had tended, she, in some measure, returned the enemy's fire, as one of her own broadsides was discharged in the direction of the town, and the other toward Fort English. The most singular effect of this conflagration was on board the ship; for the flames having run up the rigging and masts, collected under the tops, and fell over, giving the whole the appearance of glowing columns and fiery capitals.

17. Under ordinary circumstances, the situation of the ketch would still have been thought sufficiently perilous; but after the exploit they had just performed, her people, elated with success, regarded all that was now passing as a triumphant spectable. The shot constantly cast the spray around them, or were whistling over their heads; but the only sensation they produced, was by calling attention to the brilliant *jets d'eau* (*zha do*) that they occasioned as they bounded along the water. Only one struck the *Intrepid*, although she was within half a mile of many of the heaviest guns for some time; and that passed through her top-gallant sail.

18. With sixteen sweeps and eighty men elated with success, Mr. Decatur was enabled to drive the little *Intrepid* ahead with ably to-ity that rendered towing useless. Near the harbor's with thne met the *Siren's* boats, sent to cover his retreat; but it got reaices were scarcely necessary. As soon as the ketch

was out of danger he got into one, and pulled aboard the brig, to report to Lieutenant-commander Stewart the result of his undertaking.

19. The success of this gallant exploit laid the foundation of the name which Mr. Decatur subsequently acquired in the navy. The country applauded the feat generally; and the commanding officer was raised from the station of a lieutenant to that of a captain. Most of the midshipmen engaged were also promoted. Lieutenant-commander Decatur also received a sword.

Death of Alexander Hamilton.—*Parton.*

[In July, 1804, occurred the unfortunate duel between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, the latter of whom was then vice-president of the United States. The former was noted for his brilliant talents, his revolutionary services, and his distinguished merit as a member of the Cabinet of Washington, by whom he had been very greatly esteemed. Burr also was a man of genius, and had borne a conspicuous part in his country's history; but he was deficient in integrity, and was of loose morals. The duel, which resulted in the death of Hamilton, had its origin in a political quarrel. The following is extracted from "The Life and Times of Aaron Burr," by J. Parton.]

1. In the evening [before the duel], both the principals were engaged, to a late hour, in making their final preparations, and writing what each felt might be his last written words. The paper prepared by Hamilton on that occasion, in the solitude of his library, reveals to us the miserable spectacle of an intelligent and gifted man who had, with the utmost deliberation, made up his mind to do an action which his intellect condemned as absurd, which his heart felt to be cruel, which his conscience told him was wrong.

2. He said that he had shrunk from the coming interview. His duty to his religion, his family, and his creditors forbade it. He should hazard much, and could gain nothing by it. He was conscious of no ill-will to Colonel Burr, apart from political opposition, which he hoped had proceeded from pure and upright motives. But there were difficulties, intrinsic and artificial, in the way of an accommodation, which had seemed insuperable;—*intrinsic*, because he really *had* been very severe upon Colonel Burr; *artificial*, because Colonel

Burr had demanded too much, and in a manner that precluded a peaceful discussion of the difficulty.

3. "As well," this affecting paper concluded, "because it is possible that I may have injured Colonel Burr, however convinced myself that my opinions and declarations have been well founded, as from my general principles and temper in relation to similar affairs, I have resolved, if our interview is conducted in the usual manner, and it pleases God to give me the opportunity, to reserve and throw away my first fire, and I have thoughts even of reserving my second fire, and thus giving a double opportunity to Colonel Burr to pause and to reflect.

4. "It is not, however, my intention to enter into any explanations on the ground. Apology, from principle, I hope, rather than pride, is out of the question. To those who, with me, abhorring the practice of duelling, may think that I ought on no account to have added to the number of bad examples, I answer that my relative situation, as well in public as in private, enforcing all the considerations which constitute what men of the world denominate honor, imposed on me (as I thought) a peculiar necessity not to decline the call. The ability to be in the future useful, whether in resisting mischief or in effecting good, in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with public prejudice in this particular." Doing evil that good may come, though not the crime it is to do good that evil may come, is a dreadful error. It was the vice of Hamilton's otherwise worthy life. It proved fatal to him at last.

5. Few of the present generation have stood upon the spot, which was formerly one of the places that strangers were sure to visit on coming to the city, and which the events of this day rendered forever memorable. Two miles and a half above the city of Hoboken the heights of Weehawken rise, in the picturesque form so familiar to New Yorkers, to an elevation of a hundred and fifty feet above the Hudson. These heights are rocky, very steep, and covered with small trees and tangled

bushes. Under the heights, at a point half a mile from where they begin, there is, twenty feet above the water, a grassy ledge or shelf, about six feet wide and eleven paces long. This was the fatal spot. Except that it is slightly encumbered with underbrush, it is, at this hour, precisely what it was on the 11th of July, 1804. There is an old cedar-tree at the side, a little out of range, which must have looked then very much as it does now. The large rocks which partly hem in the place are, of course, unchanged, except that they are decorated with the initials of former visitors. One large rock, breast-high, narrows the hollow in which Hamilton stood to four feet or less.

6. For the very purpose of preventing suspicion, it had been arranged that Colonel Burr's boat should arrive some time before the other. About half-past six Burr and Van Ness landed, and, leaving their boat a few yards down the river, ascended over the rocks to the appointed place. It was a warm, bright, July morning. The sun looks down, directly after rising, upon the Weehawken heights, and it was for that reason that the two men removed their coats before the arrival of the other party. There they stood carelessly breaking away the branches of the underwood, and looking out upon as fair, as various, as animated, as beautiful a scene as mortal eyes in this beautiful world ever beheld.

7. The haze-crowned city; the bright, broad, flashing, tranquil river; the long reach of waters, twelve miles or more, down to the Narrows; the vessels at anchor in the harbor; misty, blue Staten Island swelling up in superb contour[v] from the lower bay; the verdant, flowery heights around; the opposite shore of the river, then dark with forest or bright with sloping lawn; and, to complete the picture, that remarkably picturesque promontory[v] called Castle Point, that bends out far into the stream, a mile below Weehawken, and adds a peculiar beauty to the foreground—all these combine to form a view, one glance at which ought to have sent shame and horror to the duelist's heart, that so much as the thought of closing a human being's eyes forever on so much loveliness had ever lived a moment in his bosom.

8. Hamilton's boat was seen to approach. A few minutes before seven it touched the rocks, and Hamilton and his second ascended. The principals and seconds exchanged the usual salutations, and the seconds proceeded immediately to make the usual preparations. They measured ten full paces; then cast lots for the choice of position, and to decide who should give the word. The lot in both cases fell to General Hamilton's second, who chose the upper end of the ledge for his principal, which, at that hour of the day, could not have been the best, for the reason that the morning sun and the flashing of the river would both interfere with the sight.

9. The pistols were then loaded and the principals placed, Hamilton looking over the river toward the city, and Burr turned toward the heights under which they stood. As Pendleton gave Hamilton his pistol, he asked, "Will you have the hair-spring set?" "Not *this time*," was the quiet reply. Pendleton then explained to both principals the rules which had been agreed upon with regard to the firing; after the word *present* they were to fire as soon as they pleased. The seconds then withdrew to the usual distance. "Are you ready?" said Pendleton. Both answered in the affirmative. A moment's pause ensued. The word was given. Burr raised his pistol, took aim, and fired.

10. Hamilton sprang upon his toes with a convulsive movement, reeled a little toward the heights, at which moment he involuntarily discharged his pistol, and then fell forward headlong upon his face, and remained motionless on the ground. His ball rustled among the branches, seven feet above the head of his antagonist and four feet wide of him. Burr heard it, looked up, and saw where it had severed a twig. Looking at Hamilton, he beheld him falling, and sprang toward him with an expression of pain upon his face. But at the report of the pistols, Dr. Hosack, Mr. Davis, and the boatman hurried anxiously up the rocks to the scene of the duel; and Van Ness, with presence of mind, seized Burr, shielded him from observation with an umbrella, and urged him down the steep to the boat. It was pushed off immediately, and rowed swiftly back

to Richmond Hill, where Swartwout, with feelings that may be imagined, received his unhurt chief—a chief no more!

11. Mr. Pendleton raised his prostrate friend. Dr. Hosack found him sitting on the grass, supported in the arms of his second, with the ghastliness of death upon his countenance. "This is a mortal wound, doctor," he gasped; and then sunk away into a swoon. The doctor stripped off his clothes, and saw at a glance that the ball, which had entered his right side, must have penetrated a mortal part. Scarcely expecting him to revive, they conveyed him down among the large rocks to the shore, placed him tenderly in the boat, and set off for the city. The doctor now used the usual restoratives, and the wounded man gradually revived. "He breathed," to quote the doctor's words; "his eyes, hardly opened, wandered without fixing upon any object; to our great joy, he at length spoke. 'My vision is indistinct,' were his first words. His pulse became more perceptible, his respiration more regular, his sight returned. Soon after recovering his sight, he happened to cast his eye upon the case of pistols, and observing the one that he had had in his hand lying on the outside, he said: 'Take care of that pistol; it is undischarged and still cocked; it may go off and do harm. Pendleton knows (attempting to turn his head toward him) that I did not intend to fire at him.'

12. "Then he lay tranquil till he saw that the boat was approaching the wharf. He said: 'Let Mrs. Hamilton be immediately sent for; let the event be gradually broke to her, but give her hopes.' Looking up, he saw his friend, Mr. Bayard, standing on the wharf in great agitation. He had been told by his servant that General Hamilton, Mr. Pendleton, and myself, had crossed the river in a boat together; and too well he conjectured the fatal errand, and foreboded the dreadful result. Perceiving, as we came nearer, that Mr. Pendleton and myself only sat up in the stern-sheets, he clasped his hands together in the most violent apprehension; but when I called to him to have a cot prepared, and he, at the same moment, saw his poor friend lying in the bottom of the boat, he threw up his eyes, and burst into a flood of tears and lamentations.

13. "Hamilton alone appeared tranquil and composed. We then conveyed him as tenderly as possible up to the house. The distress of his amiable family was such that, till the first shock had abated, they were scarcely able to summon fortitude enough to yield sufficient assistance to their dying friend." By nine in the morning the news began to be noised about in the city. A bulletin soon appeared on the board at the Tontine Coffee-House, and the pulse of the town stood still at the shocking intelligence. People started and turned pale as they read the brief announcement: "GENERAL HAMILTON WAS SHOT BY COLONEL BURR THIS MORNING IN A DUEL. THE GENERAL IS SAID TO BE MORTALLY WOUNDED."

14. Bulletins, hourly changed, kept the city in agitation. All the circumstances of the catastrophe were told and retold, and exaggerated at every corner. The thrilling scenes that were passing at the bedside of the dying man—the consultations of the physicians—the arrival of the stricken family—Mrs. Hamilton's overwhelming sorrow—the resignation and calm dignity of the illustrious sufferer—his broken slumbers during the night—the piteous spectacle of the *seven* children entering together the awful apartment—the single look the dying father gave them before he closed his eyes—were all described with amplifications, and produced an impression that can only be imagined. He lingered thirty-one hours. The duel was fought on Wednesday morning. At two o'clock on Thursday afternoon, Hamilton died.

15. The newspapers everywhere broke into declamation upon these sad events. I suppose that the "poems," the "elegies," and the "lines" which they suggested would fill a duodecimo volume of the size usually appropriated to verse. In the chief cities, the character of the deceased was made the subject of formal eulogium. The popular sympathy was recorded indelibly upon the ever-forming map of the United States, which bears the name of Hamilton forty times repeated.

[Burr's political influence was completely destroyed by this duel; and on Jefferson's re-election to the presidency, George Clinton was chosen to succeed Burr as Vice-president. Burr having been subsequently engaged in an expedition at the West, was charged with treason; but, although generally believed to be guilty, was acquitted. His death occurred in 1836.]

Capture of Washington by the British.—*Hildreth.*

[In the summer of 1814, a British squadron, under Cochrane, arrived in Chesapeake Bay, bringing a large body of troops, commanded by General Ross, and designed to operate against some of the most important cities in that vicinity, more especially the Capital, Washington. A landing was effected at Benedict, on the Patuxent River, and the American flotilla, under Commodore Barney, was burnt to prevent its falling into the enemy's hands. The preparations made for resistance by the Americans had been very hurried, and were by no means effective, the troops consisting almost exclusively of raw militia, under the command of General Winder, while the British force consisted of a division of Wellington's late army—the victorious veterans of Waterloo. The Maryland militia were commanded by Brigadier-general Stansbury. The following is extracted from the "History of the United States," by Richard Hildreth.]

1. THE eastern branch of the Potomac, deep enough opposite Washington to float a frigate[v], dwindles at Bladensburg to a shallow stream. The few houses occupy the eastern bank. Stansbury, abandoning the village and the bridge, had posted his men on an eminence on the Washington side of the river, with his right on the Washington road, in which were planted two pieces of artillery[v], to sweep the bridge. Pinkney's riflemen lined the bushes which skirted the river bank. The Baltimore regiment had been originally posted nearest the bridge; but, by Monroe's orders, who rode up just before the battle began, they were thrown back behind an orchard, leaving Stansbury's drafted men to stand the first brunt of attack.

2. As Winder reached the front, other military amateurs[v] were busy in giving their advice, the enemy's column just then beginning to show itself on the opposite bank. Another Maryland regiment, which had marched that morning from Annapolis, but by a route which avoided the British army, appeared just at this moment on the field, and occupied a commanding eminence. The forces from Washington, as they arrived, were drawn up in the rear of the Maryland line. Barney, with his sailors, and Miller, of the Marines, arrived last, and planted four heavy guns in a position to sweep the road, with the advantage, also, of being flanked by the Annapolis regiment.

3. The British soldiers, by the time they reached Bladensburg, were almost ready to drop, so excessive was the heat; and so formidable was the appearance of the American army, that

Ross and his officers, reconnoitering from one of the highest houses of the village, were not a little uneasy as to the result. But it was now too late to hesitate. The British column, again in motion after a momentary check, dashed across the bridge. Some discharges of Congreve rockets put the Maryland drafted militia to flight. They were followed by the riflemen, Pinkney getting a broken arm in the tumult, and by the artillerymen, whose pieces had scarcely been twice discharged; and as the British came up, the Baltimore regiment fled also, sweeping off with them the general, the president, and the cabinet officers.

4. Encouraged by this easy victory, the enemy pushed rapidly forward till Barney's artillery opened upon them with severe effect. After several vain efforts, during which many fell, to advance in face of this fire, advantage was taken of the shelter of a ravine to file off by the right and left. Those who emerged on the left encountered the Annapolis regiment, which fled after a single fire. Those on the right fell in with some detachments of regulars, forming an advanced portion of the second line. They retired with equal promptitude, as did the militia behind them; and the enemy having thus gained both flanks, the sailors and marines were obliged to fly, leaving their guns and their wounded commanders in the enemy's hands.

5. Such was the famous battle of Bladensburg, in which very few Americans had the honor to be either killed or wounded, not more than fifty in all; and yet, according to the evidence subsequently given before a congressional committee of investigation, everybody behaved with wonderful courage and coolness, and nobody retired except by orders or for want of orders. The British loss was a good deal larger, principally in the attack on the sailors and marines. Several had dropped dead with heat and fatigue, and the whole force was so completely exhausted that it was necessary to allow them some hours' rest before advancing on Washington.

6. The Maryland militia, as they fled, dispersed in every direction, and soon ceased to exist as an embodied force. The District militia kept more together; the Virginians had at last obtained their flints, and Winder had still at his command

some two thousand men, and several pieces of artillery. Two miles from Washington a momentary stand was made, but the retreating troops soon fell back to the Capitol. Armstrong wished to occupy the two massive, detached wings of that building (the central rotunda[v] and porticoes[v] having not then been built), and to play the part of the British in Chew's house, at the battle of Germantown. But, if able to withstand an assault, how long could they hold out without provisions or water?

7. It was finally decided to abandon Washington, and to rally on the heights of Georgetown. Simultaneously[v] with this abandonment of their homes by an army that retired but did not rally, fire was put at the navy-yard to a frigate on the stocks, to a sloop-of-war lately launched, and to several magazines of stores and provisions, for the destruction of which ample preparations had been made, and by the light of this fire, made lurid by a sudden thunder-gust, Ross, toward evening, advanced into Washington, then a straggling village of some eight thousand people, but for the moment almost deserted by the male part of the white inhabitants.

8. From Gallatin's late residence, one of the first considerable houses which the British column passed, a shot was fired which killed Ross's horse, and which was instantly revenged by putting fire to the house. After three or four British volleys at the Capitol the two detached wings were set on fire. The massive walls defied the flames, but all the interior was destroyed, with many valuable papers and the library of Congress—a piece of vandalism[v] alleged to be in revenge for the burning of the Parliament House at York.

9. An encampment was formed on Capitol Hill; but meanwhile a detachment marched along Pennsylvania Avenue to the president's house, of which the great hall had been converted into a military magazine, and before which some cannon had been placed. These cannon, however, had been carried off; and Mrs. Madison, having first stripped from its frame, and provided for the safety of, a valuable portrait of Washington, which ornamented the principal room, had also fled, with her

plate and valuables loaded into a cart, obtained not without difficulty.

10. The President's house, and the offices of the Treasury and State Departments near by, were set on fire, Ross and Cockburn, who had forced themselves as unbidden guests upon a neighboring boarding-house woman, supping by the light of the blazing buildings. By the precaution of Monroe, the most valuable papers of the State Department had been previously removed; yet here too some important records were destroyed. The next morning the War Office was burned. The office of the *National Intelligencer* was ransacked, and the types thrown into the street, Cockburn himself presiding with gusto over this operation, thus revenging himself for the severe strictures of that journal on his proceedings in the Chesapeake.

11. The arsenal at Greenleaf's Point was also fired, as were some rope-walks near by. Several private houses were burned and some private warehouses broken open and plundered; but, in general, private property was respected, the plundering being less on the part of the British soldiers than of the inhabitants, black and white, who took advantage of the terror and confusion to help themselves. The only public buildings that escaped were the General Post-office and Patent Office, both under the same roof, of which the burning was delayed by the entreaties and remonstrances of the superintendents, and finally prevented by a tremendous tornado which passed over the city, and, for a while, completely dispersed the British column, the soldiers seeking refuge where they could, and several being buried in the ruins of the falling buildings.

12. A still more serious accident at Greenleaf's Point, where near a hundred British soldiers were killed or wounded by an accidental explosion, added to the anxiety of the British commander, otherwise ill enough at ease. He naturally imagined, though, as it happened, without any occasion for it, that an army of indignant citizen-soldiers was mustering on the heights of Georgetown. An attack was also apprehended from the south, to guard against which the Washington end of the Potomac bridge was set on fire by the British, while at the

same moment a like precaution was taken at the Alexandria end to keep them from crossing.

13. No news came of the British ships in the Potomac, which Ross anxiously expected; and that same night, leaving his severely wounded behind, and his camp-fires burning, he silently retired, and, after a four days' uninterrupted march, arrived again at Benedict, where the troops were re-embarked, diminished, however, by a loss in killed, wounded, and deserters, of several hundred men. Yet while Ross, on his part, thus stealthily withdrew, so great was the terror which he left behind him, that some sixty British invalids, left in charge of the wounded, continued in undisturbed possession of Capitol Hill for more than twenty-four hours after his departure, till at last the citizens mustered courage to disarm them.

14. Two days after Ross had evacuated the city, the British frigates, slowly sounding their way up the Potomac, arrived at Fort Washington. That fort, in spite of Winder's repeated warnings to Armstrong, was in a very unprovided state, and it was abandoned by the garrison after a short cannonade, during which their magazine was blown up. Boats were sent forward to sound and mark out the channel, and the same day that Ross's returning army reached Benedict, the British frigates anchored before Alexandria, which surrendered at discretion, yielding up as spoils and a ransom, twenty-one merchant vessels, sixteen thousand barrels of flour, one thousand hogsheads of tobacco, and a quantity of cotton and other merchandise.

15. Their object thus accomplished, the British frigates, with their captured vessels laden with the plunder of Alexandria, notwithstanding the efforts of Rodgers, Perry, and Porter, now without other naval employment, to harass them by means of barges, fire-ships, and cannon planted on the bank of the river, succeeded, by the exercise of skill and courage, in reaching the Chesapeake without loss.

16. Within less than a fortnight after the re-embarkation of Ross's army, the British fleet, spreading vast alarm as it ascended the Chesapeake, appeared off the Patapsco. A land-

ing was effected the next day at North Point, on the northern shore of that estuary, some eight miles up which was Fort McHenry, an open work, only two miles from Baltimore, commanding the entrance into the harbor, which found, however, its most effectual protection in the shallowness of the water.

17. The defense of the city rested with some ten thousand militia, including the city regiments, and several companies of volunteers from the neighboring counties of Pennsylvania. A corps, three thousand strong, had been thrown forward toward North Point; and as Ross and Cockburn, at the head of a reconnoitering party, approached the outposts of this advanced division, a skirmish ensued, in which Ross was killed. But the enemy's main body coming up, after an action of some spirit, they drove the advanced militia from the ground, with a loss on either side of between two and three hundred.

18. The British slept on the field, and, the next day, approached the city, which presented, however, a formidable appearance, the neighboring heights crowned by fieldworks, artillery, and masses of troops. The fleet, meanwhile, opened a tremendous cannonade on Fort McHenry; but, owing either to the shallowness of the water or out of apprehension of damage to themselves, at such a distance as to render their fire ineffectual.

19. It was under the excitement of this cannonade that the popular song of the "Star-Spangled Banner" was composed, the author being then on board the British fleet, whither he had gone to solicit the release of certain prisoners, and where he was detained pending the attack. An attempt was also made to land in boats, but that too failed; and that same night, the bombardment being still kept up, the British army, covered by rain and darkness, retired silently to their ships and re-embarked.

[The last battle of this war was that fought at New Orleans by General Jackson, in which the British were defeated with very great loss (Jan. 8, 1815). Fifteen days before this battle a treaty of peace had been agreed upon by British and American commissioners at Ghent; but the news had not yet arrived.]

Cotton and the Cotton-Gin.—*Greeley.*

[The cultivation of cotton has had a most important bearing on very much of the social, political, and military history of the United States—being the foundation to a considerable extent of the material prosperity of the whole country. The invention of the cotton-gin by Eli Whitney, in 1792, gave so vast an impulse to that department of agricultural labor, that this event constitutes an epoch in the history of the country. The following interesting sketch is extracted from "The American Conflict," by Horace Greeley.]

1. THE plant known as *cotton*, whence the fibre of that name is mainly obtained, appears to be indigenous in most tropical and semi-tropical countries, having been found growing wild by Columbus in St. Domingo, and by later explorers throughout the region of the lower Mississippi and its tributaries. Cortez found it in use by the half-civilized Mexicans; and it has been rudely fabricated in Africa from time immemorial.

2. India, however, is the earliest known seat of the cotton manufacture, and here it long ago obtained the highest perfection possible prior to the application of steam, with complicated machinery, to its various processes; and hence it appears to have gradually extended westward through Persia and Arabia, until it attracted the attention of the Greeks, and was noticed by Herodotus, about 450 B.C., as the product of an Indian tree, and the staple of an extensive manufacture. Later Greek accounts confirm the impression that the tree or shrub variety was cultivated in India previously to the plant or annual now by far the more commonly grown.

3. The Romans began to use cotton fabrics before the time of Julius Cæsar, and the cotton-plant was grown in Sicily and along the northern coast of the Mediterranean as early as the tenth century. The culture, however, does not appear to have ever obtained a great importance in any portion of the world regarded by the Greeks and Romans as civilized, prior to its recent establishment in Egypt, in obedience to the despotic will of Ibrahim Pacha (*ib'rah-heem pash-aw'*).

4. In the British colonies now composing this country, the experiment of cotton-planting was tried as early as 1621; and,

in 1666, the growth of the cotton-plant is on record. The cultivation slowly and fitfully expanded throughout the following century, extending northward to the eastern shore of Maryland and the southernmost point of New Jersey—where, however, the plant was grown more for ornament than use. It is stated that "seven bags of cotton-wool" were among the exports of Charleston, S. C., in 1748, and that trifling shipments from that port were likewise made in 1754 and 1757. In 1784, it is recorded that eight bags, shipped to England, were seized at the custom-house as fraudulently entered, "cotton not being a production of the United States."

5. The export of 1790, as returned, was eighty-one bags; and the entire cotton crop of the United States at that time was probably less than the product of some single plantation in our day. For, though the plant grew luxuriantly and produced abundantly throughout tide-water Virginia and all that portion of our country lying southward and southwestward of Richmond, yet the enormous labor required to separate the seed from the tiny handful of fibres wherein it was imbedded, precluded its extensive and profitable cultivation.

6. It was calculated that the perfect separation of one pound of fibre from the seed was an average day's work; and this fact presented a formidable barrier to the production of the staple in any but a region like India, where labor can be hired for a price below the cost of subsisting slaves, however wretchedly, in this country. It seemed that the limit of American cotton cultivation had been fully reached, when an event occurred which speedily revolutionized the industry of our slave-holding States and the commerce and manufactures of the world.—(This was the invention of the cotton-gin by Eli Whitney.)

7. Mr. Whitney graduated from Yale College in 1792, and directly engaged with a Mr. B., from Georgia, to proceed to that State and reside in his employer's family as a private teacher. On his way thither, he had as a travelling companion Mrs. Greene, widow of the eminent Revolutionary general, Nathaniel Greene, who was returning with her children to

Savannah after spending the summer at the North. His health being infirm on his arrival at Savannah, Mrs. Greene kindly invited him to the hospitalities of her residence until he should become fully restored. Short of money and in a land of strangers, he was now coolly informed by his employer that his services were not required, he (Mr. B.) having employed another teacher in his stead!

8. Mrs. Greene hereupon urged him to make her house his home so long as that should be desirable, and pursue under her roof the study of the law, which he then contemplated. He gratefully accepted the offer, and commenced the study accordingly. Mrs. Greene happened to be engaged in embroidering on a peculiar frame known as a tambour. It was badly constructed, so that it injured the fabric while it impeded its production. Mr. Whitney eagerly volunteered to make her a better one, and did so on a plan wholly new, to her great delight and that of her children.

9. A large party of Georgians, from Augusta and the plantations above, soon after paid Mrs. G. a visit, several of them being officers who had served under her husband in the Revolutionary War. Among the topics discussed by them around her fireside was the depressed state of agriculture, and the impossibility of profitably extending the culture of the green-seed cotton, because of the trouble and expense incurred in separating the seed from the fibre. These representations impelled Mrs. Greene to say: "Gentlemen, apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney—he can make anything."

10. She thereupon took them into an adjacent room, where she showed them her tambour-frame and several ingenious toys which Mr. W. had made for the gratification of the children. She then introduced them to Whitney himself, extolling his genius and commending him to their confidence and friendship. In the conversation which ensued, he observed that he had never seen cotton nor cotton-seed in his life. He promised nothing, and gave but little encouragement, but went to work.

11. No cotton in the seed being at hand, he went to Savan-

nah, and searched there among warehouses and boats until he found a small parcel. This he carried home and secluded with himself in a basement-room, where he set himself to work to devise and construct the implement required. Tools being few and rude, he was constrained to make better—drawing his own wire, because none could, at that time, be bought in the city of Savannah. Mrs. Greene and her next friend, Mr. Miller, whom she soon after married, were the only persons beside himself who were allowed the entrée of his workshop—in fact, the only ones who clearly knew what he was about. His mysterious hammering and tinkering in that solitary cell were subjects of infinite curiosity, marvel, and ridicule among the younger members of the family. But he did not interfere with their merriment nor allow them to interfere with his enterprise; and, before the close of the winter, his machine was so nearly completed that its success was no longer doubtful.

12. Mrs. Greene, too eager to realize and enjoy her friend's triumph, in view of the existing stagnation of Georgian industry, invited an assemblage at her house of leading gentlemen from various parts of the State, and on the first day after their meeting, conducted them to a temporary building, erected for the machine, in which they saw, with astonishment and delight, that one man, with Whitney's invention, could separate more cotton from the seed in a single day than he could without it by the labor of months.

13. Reports of the nature and value of Whitney's invention were widely and rapidly circulated, creating intense excitement. Multitudes hastened from all quarters to see his original machine; but no patent having yet been secured, it was deemed unsafe to gratify their curiosity; so they broke open the building by night, and carried off the wonderful prize. Before he could complete his model and secure his patent, a number of imitations had been made and set to work, deviating in some respects from the original, in the hope of thus evading all penalty.

14. Mr. Whitney's patent expired in 1808, leaving him a

poorer man,* doubtless, than though he had never listened to the suggestions of his friend, Mrs. Greene, and undertaken the invention of a machine, by means of which the annual production of cotton in the Southern States has been augmented from some five or ten thousand bales in 1793, to over *five millions of bales*, or one million tons, in 1859; this amount being at least three-fourths in weight, and seven-eighths in value, of all the cotton produced on the globe. To say that this invention was worth one thousand millions of dollars to the slave States of this country, is to place a very moderate estimate on its value.

Fulton and the First Steamboat.—*Story.*

[Extract from a discourse delivered in Boston, November, 1829, by Joseph Story.]

1. THE history of the steam-engine is full of instruction. The Marquis of Worcester, early in the reign of Charles II. (1655), first directed the attention of the public to the expansive power of steam when used in a close vessel; and of its capacity to be employed as a moving power in machinery. The suggestion slept almost without notice, until about the year 1698, when Captain Savary, a man of superior ingenuity, constructed an apparatus, for which he obtained a patent, to apply it to practical purposes. The invention of a safety-valve soon afterward followed; and that again was succeeded by the use of a close-fitted piston working in a cylinder.

2. Still, however, the engine was comparatively of little use, until Mr. Watt, a half century afterward, effected the grand improvement of condensing the steam in a separate vessel, communicating by a pipe with the cylinder; and Mr. Washbrough, in 1778, by the application of it to produce a rotary motion, opened the most extensive use of it for mechanical purposes.

3. It was in reference to the astonishing impulse thus given

* This arose from the difficulty of establishing his claim to the invention, and the impossibility of obtaining justice from the courts and legislatures of the States immediately interested in the machine. Mr. Whitney never succeeded in obtaining any considerable recompense from his valuable invention; but subsequently made great improvements in the construction of fire-arms, from which he finally obtained a competence.

to mechanical pursuits, that Dr. Darwin, more than forty years ago, broke out in strains, equally remarkable for their poetical enthusiasm and prophetic truth, and predicted the future triumph of the steam-engine:

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or, on wide waving wings expanded, bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air;—
Fair crews triumphant, leaning from above,
Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs as they move,
Or warrior bands alarm the gaping crowd,
And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud."

4. What would he have said if he had but lived to witness the immortal invention of Fulton, which seems almost to move in the air, and to fly on the wings of the wind? And yet how slowly did this enterprise obtain the public favor! I myself have heard the illustrious inventor relate, in an animated and affecting manner, the history of his labors and discouragements. When, (said he), I was building my first steamboat* at New York, the project was viewed by the public critics with indifference, or with contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet:

"Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand."

5. As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard, while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered unknown near the idle groups of strangers, gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense; the dry jest; the wise calculation of losses and expenditures; the dull but endless repetition of the "Fulton Folly." Never did a

* The *Clermont*, in which he made the first trip to Albany, by steam, in 1807.

single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness, veiling its doubts, or hiding its reproaches.

6. At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be put into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the partners of my mortification and not of my triumph. I was well aware, that in my case there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill-made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes.

7. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, and sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, "I told you it would be so—it is a foolish scheme—I wish we were well out of it."

8. I elevated myself upon a platform and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for a half-hour, I would either go on or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below and examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight mal-adjustment of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was again put in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and

ever-varying scenery of the Highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment.* Imagination superseded the influence of fact. It was then doubted if it could be done again; or, if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value.

9. Such was the history of the first experiment, as it fell, not in the very language I have used, but in its substance, from the lips of the inventor. He did not live, indeed, to enjoy the full glory of his invention. It is mournful to say that attempts were made to rob him—in the first place, of the merit of his invention, and next, of its fruits. He fell a victim to his efforts to sustain his title to both.* When already his invention had covered the waters of the Hudson, he seemed little satisfied with the results, and looked forward to far more extensive operations. "My ultimate triumph," he used to say, "my ultimate triumph will be on the Mississippi. I know, indeed, that even now it is deemed impossible by many that the difficulties of its navigation can be overcome. But I am confident of success.

10. "I may not live to see it, but the Mississippi will yet be covered with steamboats, and then an entire change will be wrought in the course of the internal navigation and commerce of our country." And it has been wrought; and the steamboat, looking to its effect upon commerce and navigation, to the combined influences of facilities of travelling and facilities of trade, of rapid circulation of news, and still more rapid circulation of pleasures and products, seems destined to be numbered among the noblest benefactions to the human race.

* Others had previously conceived the idea of steam navigation, and, in 1789, a steamboat, sixty feet long, was tried on the Forth and Clyde Canal, in Scotland, but was abandoned through fear of injuring the banks of the canal. This experiment was known to Fulton; but to him is nevertheless due the credit of first carrying the project into complete success.

American History.—*Verplanck.*

[Extract from a discourse delivered in New York, December 7, 1818, by Gulian C. Verplanck.]

1. THE study of the history of most other nations fills the mind with sentiments not unlike those which the American traveller feels on entering the venerable and lofty cathedral[v] of some proud old city of Europe. Its solemn grandeur, its vastness, its obscurity, strike awe to his heart. From the richly-painted windows, filled with sacred emblems and strange antique forms, a dim religious light falls around. A thousand recollections of romance and poetry, and legendary[v] story, come thronging in upon him. He is surrounded by the tombs of the mighty dead, rich with the labors of ancient art, and emblazoned[v] with the pomp of heraldry[v].

2. What names does he read upon them? Those of princes and nobles who are now remembered only for their vices; and of sovereigns, at whose death no tears were shed, and whose memories lived not an hour in the affections of their people. There, too, he sees other names, long familiar to him for their guilty or ambiguous fame. There rest the blood-stained soldier of fortune; the orator, who was ever the ready apologist of tyranny; great scholars, who were the pensioned flatterers of power; and poets, who profaned the high gift of genius to pamper the vices of a corrupted court.

3. Our own history, on the contrary, like that poetical temple of fame, reared by the imagination of Chaucer, and decorated by the taste of Pope, is almost exclusively dedicated to the memory of the truly great. Or rather, like the Pantheon* of Rome, it stands in calm and severe beauty amid the ruins of ancient magnificence and the "toys of modern state." Within, no idle ornament encumbers its bold simplicity. The pure light of heaven enters from above and sheds an equal and serene radiance around. As the eye wanders about its extent,

* *Pantheon*, as indicated by its name, was a Greek or Roman temple dedicated to *all the gods*. The Pantheon of Rome is greatly celebrated for the beauty of its architecture,—more especially for its fine dome. This structure is said to have suggested the idea of the domes of modern times.

it beholds the unadorned monuments of brave and good men who have greatly bled or toiled for their country, or it rests on votive tablets inscribed with the names of the best benefactors of mankind.

4. "Patriots are here, in Freedom's battles slain,
Priests whose long lives were closed without a stain,
Bards worthy him who breathed the poet's mind,
Founders of arts that dignify mankind,
And lovers of our race, whose labors gave
Their names a memory that defies the grave."*

Doubtless, this is a subject upon which we may be justly proud. But there is another consideration, which, if it did not naturally arise of itself, would be pressed upon us by the taunts of European criticism. What has this nation done to repay the world for the benefits we have received from others? We have been repeatedly told, and sometimes, too, in a tone of affected impartiality, that the highest praise which can fairly be given to the American mind, is that of possessing an enlightened selfishness; that if the philosophy and talents of this country, with all their effects, were forever swept into oblivion, the loss would be felt only by ourselves; and that if to the accuracy of this general charge, the labors of Franklin present an illustrious, it is still but a solitary, exception.

5. The answer may be given, confidently and triumphantly. Without abandoning the fame of our eminent men, whom Europe has been slow and reluctant to honor, we would reply: that the intellectual power of this people has exerted itself in conformity to the general system of our institutions and manners; and therefore, that for the proof of its existence and the measure of its force, we must look not so much to the work of prominent individuals, as to the great aggregate results; and if Europe has hitherto been willfully blind to the value of our example and the exploits of our sagacity, courage, invention, and freedom, the blame must rest with her, and not with America.

6. Is it nothing for the universal good of mankind to have

* Virgil, translated by W. C. Bryant.

carried into successful operation a system of self-government, uniting personal liberty, freedom of opinion, and equality of rights, with national power and dignity, such as had before existed only in the Utopian[v] dreams of philosophers? Is it nothing, in moral science, to have anticipated, in sober reality, numerous plans of reform in civil and criminal jurisprudence, which are but now received as plausible theories by the politicians and economists of Europe? Is it nothing to have been able to call forth on every emergency, either in war or peace, a body of talents always equal to the difficulty?

7. Is it nothing to have, in less than half a century, exceedingly improved the sciences of political economy, of law, and of medicine, with all their auxiliary branches; to have enriched human knowledge by the accumulation of a great mass of useful facts and observations, and to have augmented the power and the comforts of civilized man, by miracles of mechanical invention? Is it nothing to have given the world examples of disinterested patriotism, of political wisdom, of public virtue; of learning, eloquence, and valor, never exerted save for some praiseworthy end? It is sufficient to have briefly suggested these considerations; every mind would anticipate me in filling up the details.

8. No—Land of Liberty! thy children have no cause to blush for thee. What though the arts have reared few monuments among us, and scarce a trace of the Muse's footstep is found in the paths of our forests or along the banks of our rivers;* yet our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, and by great and holy deeds of peace. Its wide extent has become one vast temple and hallowed asylum, sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the persecuted of every sect, and the wretched of all nations. Land of Refuge! Land of

* This could be truthfully said in 1818; but since that time the progress made in this country, both in the fine and the useful arts, has probably surpassed that accomplished in any other nation; and the monuments of this progress, in buildings, bridges, roads, canals, aqueducts, viaducts—in useful inventions—in mechanical appliances, etc., etc., are to be found in every part of our now vastly extended national domain. The "Muse's footstep," too, has been widely impressed by forest, lake, and river; and the names of Bryant, Drake, Willis, Whittier, Longfellow, etc., have given to the *American Muse* an unquestioned title to a prominent niche in the temple of Fame.

Benedictions! Those prayers still arise, and they still are heard: "May peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces!"—"May there be no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in thy streets!"—"May truth flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from heaven!"

Prospect of Arts and Learning in America.—*Berkeley.*

[The following verses were written about one hundred and fifty years ago, by Bishop Berkeley, as prophetic of the future greatness of America.]

1. THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
 Barren of every glorious theme,
 In distant lands now waits a better time,
 Producing subjects worthy fame.

2. In happy climes, where from the genial sun
 And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
 The force of art by nature seems outdone,
 And fancied beauties by the true:

3. In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
 Where nature guides and virtue rules,
 Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
 The pedantry of courts and schools:

4. There shall be sung another golden age,
 The rise of empire and of arts,
 The good and great inspiring epic rage,
 The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

5. Not such as Europe needs in her decay;
 Such as she bred when fresh and young,
 When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
 By future poets shall be sung.

6. Westward the course of empire takes its way;
 The four first acts already past,
 A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
 TIME'S NOBLEST OFFSPRING IS THE LAST!

PART II.

ENGLISH, SCOTTISH, AND FRENCH HISTORY.

Alfred the Great.—*Collier.*

[***Introductory Remarks.***—After the abandonment of Britain by the Romans, in the middle of the fifth century, the Saxons, a German horde, aided by the Angles and Jutes, who were kindred races, rushed with irresistible force upon the island, and completed the conquest of the whole, except the western portion, now called Wales, into which the remnant of the Britons retired. For nearly two centuries these barbarous tribes continued their inroads, forming in different portions of the island seven kingdoms, to which the name Saxon Heptarchy has been applied.

Various wars arose among these kingdoms, and many changes occurred, the result of which was, that Wessex finally absorbed the others, and, in 827, its king, *Egbert*, became the acknowledged monarch of the whole country, to which the name of *England* (*Engla-land*, i. e., *Land of the Angles*) was given.

Egbert and his successors, the Saxon kings of England, held the throne a little over two centuries (827-1066), the most eminent among them being Alfred the Great—the most illustrious monarch of his age. The following is from "Pictures of English History," by William F. Collier, LL.D.]

1. THERE was a race of men, commonly called the Danes, but more correctly known as the Norsemen, who affected the history of all Western Europe, and especially the history of England, to an immense extent. They were something of the Saxon type—fierce, fair-haired warriors, whose eyes darted blue lightning, and whose chief weapons were the axe and the war-hammer. Their favorite plan was to push up the rivers in their light vessels, which were painted and gilt to represent dragons, and so to penetrate a land very deeply and ravage it very cruelly. When they came to a town, they killed the people, carried off the wealth, and burned the houses to the ground.

They carried a banner, on which the image of a huge raven was displayed in dark and terrible colors. They had a particular grudge against the Saxons, because the latter, for the most part, had abandoned heathenism for a certain form of Christianity.

2. The man who most bravely and successfully fought against the Danes, was born about sixty years after they began to plunder the English shore. This was Alfred, the son of Ethelwulf and Osberga, and is celebrated in history as Alfred the Great. Few kings, who have borne that additional name, have deserved it so well. From his earliest days Alfred showed signs of ability far beyond what is common. A story is told of his childhood, which, though not certainly true, may find a place in this book.

3. One day his mother, or rather his stepmother, showed Alfred and his brothers a book of Saxon poetry, bordered and adorned with very beautiful paintings or illuminations, as they were then called, and promised to give the precious manuscript to whichever of the boys would repeat the poetry best. Alfred, aged about six, won the prize with some help from his tutor. But when Alfred came to the throne in his twenty-second year, he ran the risk at first of souring and displeasing his subjects by ruling them too harshly, and forcing new laws too violently upon them.

4. For this reason it was, that, when the Danes made an attack by sea upon the southern shore, there were very few men who cared to help Alfred in beating them back; and so the young monarch was driven from his throne to hide himself among the woods and marshes of Somersetshire. This piece of temporary bad fortune did good both to him and to his people. It softened the sternness of his nature, and allowed them time to forget his early harshness. His hiding-place was the Island of Athelney, a little patch of ground covered with alder-trees. A bridge was built over the stream, and here the king lay, hidden but not forgotten, for a whole winter.

5. It was while he lived in this miserable condition that he found his way one day into the cabin of a man that herded

oxen. The man was out, but his wife welcomed the wanderer, and invited him to sit down and warm himself at the fire of logs that crackled in the centre of the clay floor. Alfred, who was dressed in the common clothes of a peasant, took out his knife and began to shape a part of his bow that needed trimming. The woman asked him to see that the cakes which were baking on the fire did not burn; but he was either too tired, or too much wrapped in thought, or too much devoted to the shaping of his bow; for, when she turned again to look, the bread was black and smoking. Little dreaming that she was scolding her king, the herdsman's wife poured out a torrent of shrill abuse, and told the culprit that, although he was lazy in watching the cakes, she was sure he would eat them greedily enough when they were baked.

6. When the news spread quietly among the Saxons of Wessex, that Alfred was living in the swamp of Athelney, the young men gathered secretly around him; and, when the white blossoms of the hawthorn came out, he left the island with a little army of brave men. Before engaging in battle, he is said to have taken the very dangerous step of going in a minstrel's dress into the camp of the Danes and playing there, until he was invited to feast with the chief. All the evening he played and sang most skillfully, and the unsuspicious Danes talked in the pauses of the music about their plans and their contempt of the conquered Saxons.

7. His ear, though he did not seem to listen, caught every word of the boastful talk, which was all the truer and less guarded, when the mead began to affect the soldiers' brains. When the revel was over, the minstrel stole away to the little Saxon *bivouac* in the forest of Selwood, and there made his arrangements for a dash upon the Danes. Next day he managed to place his men between the Northmen and their camp, which was a round or oval inclosure high upon a hill. It was sunset before the battle was decided. The Danes ran away up the sides of the hill and hid themselves in their camp, where for a fortnight, but no longer, they held out against the assaults of a Saxon army, which grew larger every day. By the battle of

Ethandune, as the first encounter is called, Alfred regained the throne of Wessex.*

8. Alfred, though tortured by an internal illness, was a most active man. Having invented time-candles, which burned down one inch every twenty minutes, and having then made lanterns of horn to keep the draughts from blowing out the lights, he divided his day into three equal parts, one allotted to business, a second to study and worship, and the third to rest and recreation. After a short sleep under a goatskin quilt, he rose with the earliest dawn of summer to his work. A short prayer and a scanty breakfast were his first concerns. After spending some hours in the business of the state, he would mount his horse, and gallop off into the forest after a wild boar or a red deer. Then came dinner and a sleep, after which some more official work was done. The evening was given to study, dictation, or literary conversation.

9. We have seen how Alfred suffered in Athelney and triumphed in Ethandune. He inflicted another great defeat upon the Danes before he died. There came to the shore of Kent a fleet that seemed numberless, consisting of more than two hundred ships, and its chief was the great Hastings, the best-known pirate of his day. The Danes landed, and, by forming great intrenched camps, succeeded in holding their ground for a long time. Their principal station, and their last one, was at Ware upon the Lea, whence they threatened London on the north.

10. Alfred came on them at a time when they were just preparing to reap a field of corn, which some Saxon farmer had sown, but upon which all the summer they had been casting covetous eyes. We can faintly imagine their rage when they saw one-half of Alfred's force lay down their spears and set to work with sickles on the grain. The reaping, the binding, the carting, were calmly and securely done, while the Danes looked on in helpless rage from their strong intrenchments, which

* Egbert and his immediate successors styled themselves "Kings of Wessex;" since it was that kingdom which absorbed into itself all the smaller States in the South, and finally succeeded in making tributary to itself the larger kingdoms of Mercia, East Anglia, and Northumbria.

were utterly useless in this case. Alfred knew well that the Danes depended chiefly on their ships, and that to render them useless would be like robbing Samson of his hair.

11. Secretly, therefore, but ceaselessly, he set diggers to-work upon the banks of the stream, who trenched the land in two long channels, parallel to the natural bed, in whose waters the Danish fleet was floating. When all was ready he cut a way for the river to flow into these artificial troughs, and thus rendered the stream so shallow that the ships ran aground and fell on their sides, useless, and incapable of being stirred by wind or oar. It was a fatal blow to the pirates, who abandoned their works, and, scattering over the country, got home with difficulty next year, in some leaky ships which they managed to borrow from the Danes of the eastern coast. Five years after this skillful achievement Alfred died (901).

[Besides the two incidents related in the above extract of Alfred's taking refuge in a peasant's hut, and of his entering, in disguise, into the Danish camp, many other singular stories are related by the old chroniclers of this renowned monarch. The following, although wanting in historical accuracy, is interesting as illustrative of the peculiar superstition of the time.]

The Story of King Alfred and Saint Cuthberht.—*Freeman.*

[From "Old English History for Children," by Edward A. Freeman, M.A.]

1. Now King Alfred was driven from his kingdom by the Danes, and he lay hid for three years in the Isle of Glastonbury. And it came to pass on a day that all his folk were gone out to fish, save only Alfred himself, and his wife, and one servant whom he loved. And there came a pilgrim to the king, and begged for food. And the king said to his servant, "What food have we in the house?" And his servant answered, "My lord, we have but one loaf and a little wine." Then the king gave thanks to God, and said, "Give half of the loaf and half of the wine to this poor pilgrim."

2. So the servant did as his lord commanded him, and gave to the pilgrim half of the loaf and half of the wine, and the pilgrim gave great thanks to the king. And when the serv-

ant returned he found the loaf whole, and the wine as much as there had been aforetime. And he greatly wondered, and he wondered also how the pilgrim came into the isle, for that no man could come there save by water, and the pilgrim had no boat. And the king greatly wondered also. And at the ninth hour came back the folk who had gone to fish; and they had three boats full of fish. And they said, "Lo, we have caught more fish this day than in all the three years that we have tarried in this island.'

3. And the king was glad, and he and his folk were merry; yet he pondered much upon that which had come to pass. And when night came, the king went to his bed with Elizabeth, his wife. And the lady slept, but the king lay awake and thought of all that had come to pass that day. And presently he saw a great light, like the brightness of the sun, and he saw an old man with black hair, clothed in priest's garments, and with a mitre on his head, and holding in his right hand a book of the Gospels, adorned with gold and gems.

4. And the old man blessed the king, and the king said unto him, "Who art thou?" And he answered, "Alfred, my son, rejoice; for I am he to whom thou didst this day give thine alms, and I am called Cuthberht, the soldier of Christ. Now be strong and very courageous, and be of joyful heart, and hearken diligently to the things which I say unto thee; for henceforth I will be thy shield and thy friend, and I will watch over thee and over thy sons after thee.

5. "And now I will tell thee what thou must do. Rise up early in the morning, and blow thine horn thrice, that thine enemies may hear it and fear, and by the ninth hour thou shalt have around thee five hundred men harnessed for the battle. And this shall be a sign unto thee that thou mayest believe. And after seven days thou shalt have, by God's gift and my help, all the folk of this land gathered unto thee upon the mount that is called Assandun. And thus shalt thou fight against thine enemies, and doubt not that thou shalt overcome them.

6. "Be thou therefore glad of heart, and be strong and very

courageous, and fear not, for God hath given thine enemies into thine hand. And He hath given thee, also, all this land and the kingdom of thy fathers to thee and to thy sons and to thy sons' sons after thee. Be thou faithful to me and to my folk, because that unto thee is given all the land of Albion. Be thou righteous, because thou art chosen to be the king of all Britain. So may God be merciful unto thee, and I will be thy friend, and none of thine enemies shall ever be able to overcome thee."

7. Then was King Alfred glad at heart; and he was strong and very courageous, for that he knew that he would overcome his enemies by the help of God and Saint Cuthberht his patron. So in the morning he arose, sailed to the land, and blew his horn three times, and when his friends heard it they rejoiced, and when his enemies heard it they feared. And by the ninth hour, according to the word of the Lord, there were gathered unto him five hundred of the bravest and dearest of his friends.

8. And he spake unto them and told them all that God had said unto them by the mouth of his servant Cuthberht, and he told them that, by the gift of God and by the help of Saint Cuthberht, they would overcome their enemies and win back their own land. And he bade them, as Saint Cuthberht had taught him, to be pious toward God and righteous toward men. And he bade his son Edward, who was by him, to be faithful to God and Saint Cuthberht, and so he should always have the victory over his enemies. So they went forth to battle and smote their enemies, and overcame them; and King Alfred took the kingdom of all Britain, and he ruled well and wisely over the just and the unjust for the rest of his days.

[After a little more than a century and a half the last Saxon king ascended the English throne. This was Harold, the second of that name. Between him and Alfred there had been thirteen reigns, three of which were of Danish kings. The longest of these reigns was that of Edward the Confessor, who, dying without heirs, the crown was conferred upon Harold, son of Earl Godwin, the most powerful nobleman of the time, whose daughter Edward had married. William, Duke of Normandy, however, claimed the throne on the plea that Edward had bequeathed it to him, and determined to enforce his claim, accusing Harold of perjury, because, as it is said, the latter, while on a visit to William some time before, had sacredly promised to aid him in acquiring the English throne. Harold's reign was very brief, the principal events being contained in the following extract.]

Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings of England.—*Dickens.*

[From "A Child's History of England," by Charles Dickens.]

1. KING HAROLD had a rebel brother in Flanders, who was a vassal of Harold Hardrada, King of Norway. This brother and this Norwegian king, joining their forces against England, with Duke William's help, won a fight in which the English were commanded by two nobles; and then besieged York. Harold, who was waiting for the Normans on the coast at Hastings, with his army marched to Stamford Bridge, upon the river Derwent, to give them instant battle.

2. He found them drawn up in a hollow circle, marked out by their shining spears. Riding round this circle at a distance, to survey it, he saw a brave figure on horseback, in a blue mantle and a bright helmet, whose horse suddenly stumbled and threw him. "Who is that man who has fallen?" Harold asked of one of his captains. "The King of Norway," he replied. "He is a tall and stately king," said Harold; "but his end is near."

3. He added in a little while, "Go yonder to my brother, and tell him, if he withdraw his troops he shall be Earl of Northumberland, and rich and powerful in England." The captain rode away and gave the message.

"What will he give to my friend, the King of Norway?" asked the brother. "Seven feet of earth for a grave," replied the captain. "No more?" returned the brother with a smile. "The King of Norway being a tall man, perhaps a little more," replied the captain. "Ride back!" said the brother, "and tell King Harold to make ready for the fight."

4. He did so very soon. And such a fight King Harold led against that force, that his brother, and the Norwegian king, and every chief of note in all their host, except the Norwegian king's son, Olave, to whom he gave honorable dismissal, were left dead upon the field. The victorious army marched to York. As King Harold sat there at the feast, in the midst of

all his company, a stir was heard at the doors; and messengers all covered with mire from riding far and fast through broken ground, came hurrying in to report that the Normans had landed in England.

5. The intelligence was true. They had been tossed about by contrary winds, and some of their ships had been wrecked. A part of their own shore, to which they had been driven back, was strewn with Norman bodies. But they had once more made sail, led by the duke's own galley, a present from his wife, upon the prow whereof the figure of a golden boy stood pointing toward England. By day, the banner of the three lions of Normandy, the diverse-colored sails, the gilded vanes, the many decorations of this gorgeous ship had glittered in the sun and sunny water; by night, a light had sparkled like a star at her masthead.

6. And now, encamped near Hastings, with their leader lying in the old Roman castle of Pevensey, the English retiring in all directions, the land for miles around scorched and smoking, fired and pillaged, was the whole Norman power, hopeful and strong on English ground. Harold broke up the feast and hurried to London. Within a week his army was ready. He sent out spies to ascertain the Norman strength. William took them, caused them to be led through his whole camp, and then dismissed them.

7. "The Normans," said these spies to Harold, "are not bearded on the upper lip as we English are, but are shorn. They are priests." "My men," replied Harold, with a laugh, "will find these priests good soldiers!" "The Saxons," reported Duke William's outposts of Norman soldiers, who were instructed to retire as King Harold's army advanced, "rush on us through their pillaged country with the fury of madmen." "Let them come and come soon!" said Duke William.

8. Some proposals for a reconciliation were made, but were soon abandoned. In the middle of the month of October, in the year one thousand and sixty-six, the Normans and the English came front to front. All night the armies lay encamped before each other, in a part of the country then called

Senlac, now called (in remembrance of them) Battle. With the first dawn of day they arose. There, in the faint light, were the English on a hill, a wood behind them, in their midst the royal banner, representing a fighting warrior, woven in gold thread, adorned with precious stones.

9. Beneath the banner, as it rustled in the wind, stood King Harold on foot, with two of his remaining brothers by his side; around them, still and silent as the dead, clustered the whole English army—every soldier covered by his shield, and bearing in his hand his dreaded English battle-axe. On an opposite hill, in three lines—archers, foot-soldiers, horsemen—was the Norman force. Of a sudden, a great battle-cry, "God help us!" burst from the Norman lines. The English answered with their own battle-cry, "God's Rood! Holy Rood!" The Normans then came sweeping down the hill to attack the English.

10. There was one tall Norman knight who rode before the Norman army on a prancing horse, throwing up his heavy sword and catching it, and singing of the bravery of his countrymen. An English knight who rode out from the English force to meet him, fell by this knight's hand. Another English knight rode out, and he fell too. But then a third rode out, and killed the Norman. This was in the first beginning of the fight. It soon raged everywhere.

11. The English, keeping side by side in a great mass, cared no more for the showers of Norman arrows than if they had been showers of Norman rain. When the Norman horsemen rode against them, with their battle-axes they cut men and horses down. The Normans gave way. The English pressed forward. A cry went forth among the Norman troops that Duke William was killed. Duke William took off his helmet, in order that his face might be distinctly seen, and rode along the line before his men. This gave them courage.

12. As they turned again to face the English, some of their Norman horse divided the pursuing body of the English from the rest, and thus all that foremost portion of the English army fell, fighting bravely. The main body still remaining firm,

heedless of the Norman arrows, and with their battle-axes cutting down the crowds of horsemen when they rode up, like forests of young trees, Duke William pretended to retreat. The eager English followed. The Norman army closed again, and fell upon them with great slaughter.

13. "Still," said Duke William, "there are thousands of the English firm as rocks around their king. Shoot upward, Norman archers, that your arrows may fall down upon their faces!" The sun rose high and sank; and the battle still raged. Through all the wild October day, the clash and din resounded in the air. In the red sunset, and in the white moonlight, heaps upon heaps of dead men lay strewn, a dreadful spectacle, all over the ground.

14. King Harold, wounded with an arrow in the eye, was nearly blind. His brothers were already killed. Twenty Norman knights, whose battered armor had flashed fiery and golden in the sunshine all day long, and now looked silvery in the moonlight, dashed forward to seize the royal banner from the English knights and soldiers, still faithfully collected round their blinded king. The king received a mortal wound and dropped. The English broke and fled. The Normans rallied, and the day was lost.

15. O what a sight beneath the moon and stars, when lights were shining in the tent of the victorious Duke William, which was pitched near the spot where Harold fell—and he and his knights were carousing within—and soldiers with torches, going slowly to and fro, without, sought for the corpse of Harold among piles of dead—and the Warrior, worked in golden thread and precious stones, lay low, all torn and soiled with blood—and the three Norman Lions kept watch over the field!

[Such was the famous Battle of Hastings, the result of which was the termination of the Saxon rule in England about six centuries after its commencement, and the transfer of the government to the Normans, Harold being succeeded by William, surnamed "The Conqueror." Three Norman kings, in direct line, succeeded him; namely, William Rufus, Henry I., and Stephen, after whom Henry II., the first of the Plantagenets, ascended the throne (1154). During his reign flourished Thomas à Becket, an account of whose death is given in the following extract.]

Death of Thomas à Becket.—*Lingard.*

[Thomas à Becket was appointed chancellor shortly after the accession of Henry II., by whom he was treated with the most unbounded confidence and favor. The pomp of his retinue, the sumptuousness of his furniture and apparel, and the luxury of his table, were scarcely surpassed by those of the king himself; and he exercised very great influence in all affairs of state. Being made archbishop of Canterbury, he changed his whole course of life, and became as distinguished for austerity and piety as he had been previously for his luxury and splendor. The king, desiring to bring the Church into a greater subservience to the royal power, was violently opposed by the archbishop, who determined to defend to the last the privileges of his order. The king, however, succeeded in carrying his measures for a time, and Becket fled to France. The remainder of his history is told in the following narrative, taken from the "History of England," by John Lingard, D.D.]

1. BECKET, after an absence of six years, returned to England, accompanied by John, Bishop of Oxford. He carried with him letters of excommunication against three prelates, for having officiated at the coronation of the son of Henry, and otherwise abetting the king. These prelates sent soldiers to seize the letters; but Becket, hearing of their intention, gave them to a messenger, who handed them publicly to the bishops, at which circumstance they were so indignant, that they went to Henry, in France, and endeavored as much as possible to rekindle discord between him and à Becket.

2. Under the protection of his conductor, the primate reached Canterbury, where he was joyfully received by the clergy and people. Thence he prepared to visit Woodstock, the residence of the young Henry, to pay his respects to the prince, and to justify his late conduct; but the courtiers, who dreaded his influence over the mind of his former pupil, procured a peremptory order for him to return, and confine himself to his own diocese. He obeyed, and spent the following days in prayer and the functions of his station.

3. Yet they were days of distress and anxiety. The menaces of his enemies seemed to derive importance from each succeeding event. His provisions were hourly intercepted; his property was plundered; his servants were beaten and insulted. On Christmas-day he ascended the pulpit; his sermon was distinguished by the earnestness and animation with which he

spoke. At the conclusion, he observed that those who thirsted for his blood would soon be satisfied, but that he would first avenge the wrongs of his church by excommunicating Ranulph and Robert de Broc, who for seven years had not ceased to inflict every injury in their power on him, on his clergy, and on his monks.

4. On the following Tuesday, four knights, Reginald Fitzurse, William Tracy, Hugh de Moreville, and Richard Brito, arrived secretly in the neighborhood. They had been present in Normandy, when the king, irritated by the representations of the three bishops, had exclaimed, "Of the cowards who eat my bread, is there not one who will free me from this turbulent priest?" and mistaking this passionate expression for the royal license, had bound themselves by oath to return to England, and either carry off or murder the primate. They assembled at Saltwood, the residence of the Brocs, to arrange their operations.

5. The next day, after dinner, when the archbishop was transacting business in a private apartment, it was announced that four knights wished to speak with him from the king. He ordered them to be admitted, and at the same time sent for the principal persons in his household to be present. The knights entered very unceremoniously, and seated themselves apart on the floor. Becket, who pretended at first not to notice their entrance, casting his eyes upon them, saw that three of the four were well known to him, having been formerly in his service and done homage to him.

6. He saluted them, but the salute was returned with insult. They ordered him, as if they had such a commission from the king, to absolve the excommunicated prelates, and to make satisfaction to the young Henry, whom he had traitorously attempted to deprive of the crown. He replied with firmness, and occasionally with warmth, that if he had published the papal letters, it had been with the permission of his sovereign; that the case of the Archbishop of York had been reserved to the pontiff; that with respect to the other bishops, he was willing to absolve them, whenever they should take the accus-

tomed oath of submission to the determination of the Church; and that, so far from wishing to take the crown from his former pupil, the young king, he called God to witness that he would, if it were in his power, heap additional crowns upon his head.

7. They then declared that if such were his resolve, he must quit England forever. Neither he nor his could have peace in the king's dominions. "No," exclaimed the archbishop; "never again shall the sea lie between me and my Church. Here I am. If I am permitted to perform my duties, it is well; if not, I submit to the will of God. But how comes it that you, knowing what was heretofore between us, dare to threaten me in my own house?" "We shall do more than threaten," was the reply. Fitzurse then called upon the archbishop's men to give him back their homage; and ordered all present, in the king's name, to keep watch over him, that he did not escape. "Have no fear of that," he exclaimed, following them to the door; "come when you may, you will find me here."

8. The knights withdrew to a large house immediately opposite, where they armed themselves and their followers; and, to prevent a rescue, sent an order, in the king's name, to the mayor and his brethren, to preserve the peace in the city. At the departure of the knight, the archbishop returned to his seat, apparently cool and collected. Neither in tone nor gesture did he betray the slightest apprehension, though consternation and despair were depicted on every countenance around him.

9. It was the hour of evening service, and at the sound of the psalmody in the choir, a voice exclaimed, "To the church—it will afford protection." But Becket had said that he would wait them there, and refused to remove from the place. Word was now brought that the knights had forced their way through the garden, and made an entrance by the windows. A few moments later they were heard, at no great distance, breaking down with axes a strong partition of oak, which impeded their progress. In a paroxysm of terror, the archbishop's attendants closed around him, and notwithstanding his resistance, bore him with pious violence through the cloister into

the church. The door was immediately closed and barred against the assassins, who were already in sight.

10. Becket walked leisurely along the transept[v], and was ascending the steps which led to his favorite altar, when he heard the cries of the knights, demanding admission at the door. Without hesitation, he ordered it to be thrown open, saying that the house of God should not be made a military fortress. Immediately his attendants, monks, and clergy, dispersed to conceal themselves, some behind the columns, others under the altars. Had he followed their example, he might have saved his life; for it was growing dark, and both the crypts[v] and the staircase before him, which led to the roof, offered places of concealment. But he turned to meet his enemies; and stationing himself, with his back against a column, between the altars of St. Mary and St. Bennet, waited their approach.

11. The four knights and their twelve companions rushed into the church, with drawn swords and loud cries. "To me, ye king's men," shouted their leader. "Where is the traitor?" exclaimed Hugh of Horsey, a military sub-deacon, known by the characteristic surname of Manclerc. No answer was returned; but to the question, "Where is the archbishop?" Becket replied, "Here I am, the archbishop, but no traitor. What is your will?" They turned to him and insisted that he should immediately absolve all whom he had placed under ecclesiastical censures; to which he replied that, until they had promised satisfaction, he could not. "Then die," exclaimed a voice. "I am ready," returned the prelate, "to die for the cause of God and the Church. But I forbid you, in the name of the Almighty God, to touch any one of my household, clerk or layman."

12. There seems to have been some hesitation on the part of the murderers. They would rather have shed his blood without the church than within its walls. An attempt was made by some of them to drag him away; but he resisted it with success, through the aid of a clergyman called Edward Grim, who threw his arms round the archbishop's waist. "Reginald,"

said Becket to Fitzurse, "how dare you do this? Remember, that you have been my man." "I am now the king's man," replied the assassin, aiming a blow at the primate's head. Grim interposed his arm, which was broken and severed in two; still the sword passed through Becket's cap and wounded him on the crown.

13. As he felt the blood trickling down his cheek, he wiped it away with his sleeve, and having joined his hands and bent his head in the attitude of prayer, said, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." In this posture, with his face to his murderers, and without shrinking or speaking, he awaited a second stroke, which threw him on his knees and elbows. The third stroke was given by Richard Brito, with such violence that he cut off the upper part of the archbishop's head and broke his own sword on the pavement. The murderers were retiring, when Hugh of Horsey, turning back, set his foot on the neck of the corpse, and drawing the brain out of the skull with the point of his sword, scattered it around. "Fear not," he said, "the man will never rise again." They returned to the palace, which they rifled, taking away with them spoil, as it was estimated, to the value of two thousand marks (1170).

14. Thus, at the age of fifty-three, perished this extraordinary man, a martyr to what he deemed his duty—the preservation of the immunities of the Church. The moment of his death was the triumph of his cause. His personal virtues and exalted station, the dignity and composure with which he met his fate, the sacredness of the place where the murder was perpetrated—all contributed to inspire men with horror for his enemies and veneration for his character.

[The king was thrown into the greatest consternation on hearing of the murder of the archbishop. He expressed the deepest sorrow for the words he had hastily uttered, and evinced the sincerity of his repentance by acts of the severest penance, consenting, a short time afterward, to go as a pilgrim to the tomb of the murdered prelate, already canonized as a saint and martyr, and for miles of the way walked barefoot over the flinty road, marking his steps with blood. The anniversary of Becket's death was set apart as the yearly festival of St. Thomas of Canterbury. In 1220 his bones were exhumed by order of Henry III., and deposited in a splendid shrine, which for three centuries continued to be the object of one of the great pilgrimages of Christendom. At the Reformation, Henry VIII. caused the shrine to be despoiled, erased Becket's name from the calendar, and ordered his remains to be burnt and scattered to the winds.]

Sir William Wallace.—*Scott.*

[Alexander III., King of Scotland, was an excellent sovereign and much beloved by his people. His death was very sudden; for as he was riding, in the dusk of the evening, along the sea-coast of Fife, he approached too near the brink of the precipice; and, his horse stumbling, he was precipitated down the cliffs and instantly killed. There being no heirs, disputes arose as to the succession; and the question was referred to Edward I., of England. This monarch was ambitious and energetic, and taking advantage of the circumstance, imposed upon the candidate in whose favor he decided, the condition of vassalage to himself. John Baliol was thus placed upon the Scottish throne, but in a short time revolted, but was defeated at Dunbar (1296) and dethroned. Edward thus acquired, and determined to keep, possession of the Kingdom of Scotland. The Scots were greatly exasperated at this, especially as the English rule was very oppressive; and soon began to look out for a leader under whom they might shake off the invader's yoke. The following extract is from "Tales of a Grandfather," by Sir Walter Scott.]

1. SUCH a leader arose in the person of WILLIAM WALLACE, whose name is still so often mentioned in Scotland. It is a great pity we do not know exactly the history of this brave man; for at the time when he lived every one was so busy fighting, that there was no person to write down the history of what took place; and afterward, when there was more leisure for composition, the truths that were collected were greatly mingled with falsehood. What I shall tell you of him is generally believed to be true.

2. William Wallace was none of the high nobles of Scotland, but the son of a private gentleman, called Wallace of Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire, near Paisley. He was very tall and handsome, and one of the strongest and bravest men who ever lived. He had a very fine countenance, with a quantity of fair hair, and was particularly dexterous in the use of all weapons which were then used. Wallace, like all the Scotchmen of high spirit, had looked with great indignation upon the usurpation of the crown by Edward, and upon the insolences which the English soldiers committed upon his countrymen.

3. It is said, that when he was very young, he went a-fishing for sport in the river of Irvine, near Ayr (*air*). He had caught a good many trouts, which were carried by a boy, who attended him with a fishing-basket, as is usual with anglers. Two or three soldiers, who belonged to the garrison of Ayr, came up

to Wallace, and insisted, with their usual insolence, on taking the fish from the boy. Wallace was contented to allow them a part of the trouts, but he refused to part with the whole basketful. The soldiers insisted, and from words came to blows. Wallace had no better weapon than the butt-end of his fishing-rod; but he struck the foremost of the Englishmen so hard under the ear with it, that he killed him on the spot; and getting possession of his sword, he fought with such fury that he put the others to flight, and brought home his fish safe and sound.

4. The English governor of Ayr sought for him, to punish him with death for this action; but Wallace lay concealed among the hills and great woods till the matter was forgotten, and then appeared in another part of the country. He is said to have had other adventures of the same kind, in which he gallantly defended himself, sometimes when alone, sometimes with very few companions, against superior numbers of English, until at last his name became generally known as a terror to them.

5. But the action which occasioned his finally rising in arms, is believed to have happened in the town of Lanark. Wallace was at this time married to a lady of that place, and residing there with his wife. It chanced, as he walked in the market-place, dressed in a green garment, with a rich dagger by his side, that an Englishman came up and insulted him on account of his finery, saying, a Scotchman had no business to wear so gay a dress, or carry so handsome a weapon.

6. It soon came to a quarrel, as on many former occasions; and Wallace having killed the Englishman, fled to his own house, which was speedily assaulted by all the English soldiers. While they were endeavoring to force their way in at the front of the house, Wallace escaped at a back door, and got in safety to a rugged and rocky glen, called the Cartland Crags, all covered with bushes and trees, and full of high precipices, in the vicinity of Lanark, where he knew he should be safe from the pursuit of the English soldiers.

7. In the mean time, the governor of Lanark, whose name

was Hazelrigg, burned Wallace's house, and put his wife and servants to death; and by doing this, increased to the highest pitch, as you may believe, the hatred which Wallace had always borne against the English. Hazelrigg also proclaimed him an outlaw, and offered a reward to any one who should bring him to an English garrison, alive or dead.

8. On the other hand, Wallace soon collected a body of men, outlawed like himself, or willing to become so, rather than any longer to endure the oppression of the English. One of his earliest expeditions was directed against Hazelrigg, whom he killed, and thus avenged the death of his wife. He fought skirmishes with the soldiers who were sent against him, often defeated them, and at length became so well known and so formidable, that multitudes began to resort to his standard, until he was at the head of an army, with which he proposed to restore his country to independence.

9. About this time is said to have taken place a memorable event, which the Scottish people call the *Barns of Ayr*. It is said, the English governor of Ayr had invited the greatest part of the Scottish nobility and gentry in the western parts, to meet him in some large buildings called the Barns of Ayr, for the purpose of friendly conference upon the affairs of the nation. But the English earl entertained the treacherous purpose of putting the Scottish gentlemen to death.

10. The English soldiers had halters with running nooses ready prepared, and hung upon the beams which supported the roof, and as the Scottish gentlemen were admitted by two and two at a time, the nooses were thrown over their heads, and they were pulled up by the necks, and thus hanged or strangled to death. Among those who were slain in this base and treacherous manner, was, it is said, Sir Ranald Crawford, sheriff of the County of Ayr, and uncle to William Wallace.

11. When Wallace heard of what had befallen, he was dreadfully enraged, and, collecting his men in a wood near to the town of Ayr, he resolved to be revenged on the authors of this great crime. The English in the meanwhile made much feasting, and when they had eaten and drank plentifully they lay

down to sleep in the same large barns in which they had murdered the Scottish gentlemen.

12. But Wallace, learning that they kept no guard or watch, not suspecting that there were any enemies so near them, directed a woman, who knew the place, to mark with chalk the doors of the lodgings where the Englishmen lay. Then he sent a party of men, with strong ropes, made all the doors so fast on the outside that those within could not open them. On the outside the Scots had prepared heaps of straw, to which they set fire, and the Barns of Ayr, being themselves made of wood, were soon burning in a bright flame.

13. Then the English were soon awakened, and endeavored to get out to save their lives. But the doors were secured on the outside, and bound fast with ropes; and, besides, the blazing houses were surrounded by the Scotch, who forced those who got out to run back into the fire, or else put them to death on the spot; and thus, great numbers perished miserably. Many of the English were lodged in a convent, but they had no better fortune than the others; for the prior, as he was called, of the convent, caused all the friars to arm themselves, and attacking their English guests, they put most of them to the sword. This was called the Friar of Ayr's blessing. We cannot tell if this story of the *Barns of Ayr* be exactly true; but it is probable there is some foundation for it, as it is universally believed in that country.

14. Thus Wallace's party grew daily stronger and stronger, and many of the Scottish nobles joined with him. Amongst those was Sir William Douglas, the lord of Douglasdale, and the head of a great family often mentioned in Scottish history. There was also Sir John the Grahame, who became Wallace's bosom friend and greatest confidant. Many of these great noblemen, however, deserted the cause of the country on the approach of the Earl of Surrey, the English governor, at the head of a numerous and well-appointed army.

15. They thought that Wallace would be unable to withstand the attack of so many disciplined soldiers, and hastened to submit themselves to the English, for fear of losing their

estates. Wallace, however, remained undismayed, and at the head of a considerable army, he had taken up his camp upon the northern side of the river Forth, near the town of Stirling. The river was there crossed by a long wooden bridge, about a mile above the spot where the present bridge is situated.

16. The English general approached the banks of the river on the southern side. He sent two clergymen to offer a pardon to Wallace and his followers, on condition that they would lay down their arms. But such was not the purpose of the high-minded champion of Scotland. "Go back to the Earl of Warren," said Wallace, "and tell him we value not the pardon of the King of England. We are not here for the purpose of treating of peace, but of abiding battle, and restoring freedom to our country. Let the English come on;—we defy them to their very beards."

17. The English, upon hearing this haughty answer, called loudly to be led to the attack. The Earl of Warren hesitated, for he was a skillful soldier, and he saw that to approach the Scottish army his troops must pass over the long, narrow, wooden bridge; so that those who should get over first might be attacked by Wallace with all his forces, before those who remained behind could possibly come to their assistance. He therefore inclined to delay the battle. But Cressingham, the treasurer, who was ignorant and presumptuous, insisted that it was their duty to fight, and put an end to the war at once; and Warren gave way to his opinion, although Cressingham, being a churchman, could not be so good a judge of what was fitting as he himself, an experienced officer.

18. The English army began to cross the bridge, Cressingham leading the van, or foremost division of the army; for, in those military days, even clergymen wore armor and fought in battle. The danger took place which Warren had foreseen. Wallace suffered a considerable part of the English army to pass the bridge without offering any opposition; but when about one-half were over, and the bridge was crowded with those who were following, he charged them who had crossed

with his whole army, slew a very great number, and drove the rest into the River Forth, where the greater part were drowned.

19. The rest of the English, who remained on the southern bank of the river, fled in great confusion, having first set fire to the wooden bridge, that the Scots might not pursue them. Cressingham was killed in the very beginning of the battle, and the Scots detested him so much, that they flayed the skin from his dead body, and kept pieces of it, in memory of the revenge they had taken upon the English treasurer. Some say they made saddle-girths of this same skin,—a purpose for which I do not think it could be very fit. It must be owned to have been a dishonorable thing of the Scots to insult the dead body of their enemy, and shows that they must have been then a ferocious and barbarous people.

20. The remains of Warren's great army fled out of Scotland after this defeat; and the Scots taking arms on all sides, attacked the castles in which the English soldiers continued to shelter themselves, and took most of them by force or stratagem. Wallace even marched into England, and laid Cumberland and Northumberland waste, when the Scottish soldiers, in revenge for the mischief which the English had done in their country, committed great cruelties. He remained in England more than three weeks, and did a great deal of mischief to the country.

21. Edward I. was in Flanders when all these events took place. You may suppose he was very angry when he learned that Scotland, which he thought completely subdued, had risen into a great insurrection against him, defeated his armies, killed his treasurer, chased his soldiers out of the country, and invaded England with a great force. He came back from Flanders in a great rage, and determined not to leave Scotland till he had finally conquered that kingdom; so he assembled a very fine army, and marched into Scotland.

22. In the mean time, the Scots prepared to defend themselves, and chose Wallace to be governor or protector of the kingdom, because they had no king at the time. He was now

titled Sir William Wallace, Protector or Governor of the Scottish nation. But although Wallace, as we have seen, was the best soldier and bravest man in Scotland, and therefore the most fit to be placed in command at this critical period, when the King of England was coming against them with such great forces, yet the nobles of Scotland envied him this important situation, because he was not a man born in high rank, or enjoying a large estate.

23. So great was their jealousy of Sir William Wallace, that they did not seem very willing to bring forward their forces, or fight against the English, because they would not have him to be general. This was base and mean conduct, and it was attended with great disasters to Scotland. Yet, notwithstanding this unwillingness of the great nobility to support him, Wallace assembled a large army; for the middling, but especially the lower classes, were very much attached to him. He marched boldly against the King of England, and met him near the town of Falkirk [1298].

24. Most of his army were on foot, because, in those days only the nobility and great men of Scotland fought on horseback. The English king, on the contrary, had a very large body of the finest cavalry in the world, Normans and English, all armed in complete armor. He had also the celebrated archers of England, who were said to carry twelve Scotsmen's lives under their girdles; because they carried each of them twelve arrows stuck into their belt, and they were expected to kill a man with every arrow.

25. The Scotch had some good archers from the Forest of Ettrick, who fought under command of Sir John Stewart of Bonkill; but they were not nearly equal in number to the English. Far the greater part of the Scottish army were on foot, armed with long spears; they were placed thick and close together, and laid all their spears so close, point over point, that it seemed as difficult to break through them, as through the wall of a strong castle. When the two armies were drawn up facing each other, Wallace said to his soldiers, "I have brought you to the ring, let me see how you can dance;"

meaning, I have brought you to the decisive field of battle, let me see how bravely you can fight.

26. The English made the attack. King Edward, though he saw the close ranks and undaunted appearance of the Scottish infantry, resolved nevertheless to try whether he could not ride them down with his fine cavalry. Accordingly, he gave his horsemen orders to advance. They charged, accordingly, at the full gallop. It must have been a terrible thing to have seen these fine horses riding as hard as they could against the long lances, which were held out by the Scots to keep them back; and a dreadful cry arose when they came against each other.

27. However, the Scots stood their ground, with their long spears; many of the foremost of the English horses were thrown down, and the riders were killed as they lay rolling, unable to rise, owing to the weight of their heavy armor. But the Scottish horse did not come to the assistance of their infantry, but fled away from the battle. It is supposed that this was owing to the treachery or ill-will of the nobility, who were jealous of Wallace. But it must be considered that the Scots' cavalry were very few in number; and that they had much worse arms, and weaker horses, than their enemies.

28. The English cavalry attempted again and again to disperse the deep and solid ranks in which Wallace had stationed his foot-soldiers; but they were repeatedly beaten off with loss, nor could they make their way through that wood of spears, as it is called by one of the English historians. King Edward then commanded his archers to advance; and these approaching within arrow-shot of the Scottish ranks, poured on them such close and dreadful volleys of arrows, that it was impossible to sustain them. It happened, at the same time, that Sir John Stewart was killed by a fall from his horse; and the archers of Ettrick Forest, whom he was bringing forward to oppose those of King Edward, were killed in great numbers around him. Their bodies were afterward distinguished among the slain, as being the tallest and handsomest men of the army.

29. The spearmen of the Scottish army being thus thrown

into some degree of confusion, by the loss of those who were slain by the arrows of the English, the heavy cavalry of Edward again charged and broke through the ranks, which were already disordered. Sir John Grahame, Wallace's great friend and companion, was slain, with many other brave soldiers; and the Scots, having lost a very great number of men, were at length obliged to take to flight. This fatal battle was fought upon the 22d July, 1298.

* * * * *

30. Sir William Wallace continued to maintain himself among the woods and mountains of his native country for no less than seven years after his defeat at Falkirk, and for more than one year after all the other defenders of Scottish liberty had laid down their arms. Many proclamations were sent out against him by the English, and a great reward was set upon his head; for Edward did not think he could have any secure possession of his usurped kingdom of Scotland while Wallace lived.

31. At length he was taken prisoner; and shame it is to say, a Scotchman, called Sir John Menteith, was the person by whom he was seized and delivered to the English. It is generally said that he was made prisoner at Robroyston, near Glasgow; and the tradition of the country bears, that the signal made for rushing upon him unawares, was, when one of his pretended friends, who betrayed him, should turn a loaf, which was placed on the table, with its bottom or flat side uppermost. And in after-times it was reckoned ill-breeding to turn a loaf in that manner, if there was a person named Menteith in the company; since it was as much as to remind him that his namesake had betrayed Sir William Wallace, the Champion of Scotland.

32. Edward having thus obtained possession of the person whom he considered as the greatest obstacle to his complete conquest of Scotland, resolved to make Wallace an example to all Scottish patriots who should in future venture to oppose his ambitious projects. He caused Wallace to be brought to trial in Westminster Hall, before the English judges, and produced

him there, crowned, in mockery, with a green garland, because they said he had been king of outlaws and robbers among the Scottish woods. He was accused of having been a traitor to the English crown; to which he answered, "I could not be a traitor to Edward, for I was never his subject." He was then accused of having killed many men, and done much evil. He replied, with the same calm resolution, "that it was true, he had killed very many Englishmen, but it was because they had come to subdue and oppress his native country of Scotland; and far from repenting what he had done, he declared he was only sorry that he had not put to death many more of them."

33. Notwithstanding that Wallace's defence was a good one, both in law and in common sense (for surely every one has not only a right to fight in defence of his native country, but is bound in duty to do so), the English judges condemned him to be executed. So this brave patriot was dragged upon a sledge to the place of execution, where his head was struck off and his body divided into four quarters, which, according to the cruel custom of the time, were exposed upon pikes of iron, upon London Bridge, and were termed the limbs of a traitor.

34. No doubt King Edward thought that by exercising this great severity toward so distinguished a patriot as Sir William Wallace, he would terrify all the Scots into obedience, and so be able in future to reign over their country without resistance. But though Edward was a powerful, a brave, and a wise king, and though he took the most cautious, as well as the most strict measures to preserve the obedience of Scotland, yet his claim being founded in injustice and usurpation, was not permitted by Providence to be established in security or peace. Sir William Wallace, that immortal supporter of the independence of his country, was no sooner deprived of his life in the cruel and unjust manner I have told you, than other patriots arose to assert the cause of Scottish liberty.

The Battle of Bannockburn.—*Campbell.*

[The people of Scotland made another effort to regain their liberties under *Robert Bruce*, son of one of the competitors of Baliol, at the time the case was referred to Edward I. Bruce was very popular, and was generally acknowledged King of Scotland, since by his efforts the English experienced several disastrous defeats. Edward II., the son and successor of Edward I., in 1314, invaded Scotland with an army of one hundred thousand men, but was signally defeated by Bruce, with about thirty thousand, at Bannockburn. The following spirited lines describe the chief incidents of this interesting and important battle,—the most glorious in Scottish history.]

WIDE o'er Bannock's heathy wold
Scotland's deathful banners roll'd,
And spread their wings of sprinkled gold
To the purpling east.
Freedom beamed in every eye;
Devotion breathed in every sigh;
Freedom heaved their souls on high,
And steeled each hero's breast.

Charging then the coursers sprang,
Sword and helmet clashing rang,
Steel-clad warriors' mixing clang
Echoed round the field.
Deathful see their eyeballs glare!
See the nerves of battle bare!
Arrowy tempests cloud the air,
And glance from every shield.

Hark, the bowmen's quivering strings!
Death on gray-goose pinions springs!
Deep they dip their dappled wings,
Drunk in heroes' gore.
Lo! Edward, springing on the rear,
Plies his Caledonian spear:
Ruin marks his dread career,
And sweeps them from the shore.

See how red the streamlets flow!
See the reeling, yielding foe,
How they melt at every blow!
Yet we shall be free!
Darker yet the strife appears;
Forest dread of flaming spears!
Hark! a shout the welkin tears!
Bruce has victory.

The Black Prince.—*Collier.*

[Edward II., by his indolence and fondness for ignoble favorites, became very unpopular, and finally, through the contrivance of his wicked queen, Isabella, and her paramour Mortimer, was dethroned and imprisoned in Berkeley Castle, where he was put to death in a very barbarous manner. He was succeeded by his son, Edward III., during whose reign there were repeated wars between England and France, in which the son of the king, called the Black Prince, gained very great glory. A sketch of his exploits is given in the following extract from Collier's "Pictures from English History."]

1. Edward Plantagenet, eldest son of King Edward III., and from the color of a suit of armor which he wore to set off the fairness of his skin and hair, commonly called the Black Prince, was born in 1330, at Woodstock. When he was sixteen, he crossed with his warlike father into France, and was knighted on the wet sands of La Hogue, where the expedition had landed. A little later he fought his first fight on the field of Crecy (1346).

2. Having marched toward Paris, King Edward found it necessary to turn off somewhat sharply toward the sea. But he could not get across the River Somme for a long time. At last, when he was almost in despair, a common man told him of a place called the White Spot, where he could carry his army over at low water. Starting from Abbeville at dawn, he reached the place when it was high water, and had to wait some hours, during which he was very anxious lest the King of France, who was chasing him, might come up. And even when his men entered the water, they had a fierce fight with the French cavalry in the very centre of the current.

3. However, they found their way across, and took up a position near the forest of Crecy. There a great battle was fought, in which the Black Prince won his golden spurs. He was placed in command of the foremost of the three battalions into which the English army was divided; and, when the English arrows flew as thick as flakes of snow among the French lines, strewing the ground with dead and wounded men, he was attacked with the full force of the bravest men in the hostile army, who had managed to pass the band of archers.

4. King Edward, who commanded the reserve, was watching the progress of the battle through the narrow window of a windmill, which stood upon a little hill above the field, and must have felt no small anxiety mingling with his pride, when he saw the dangerous position of his fair-haired son. He felt, however, that it would never do to show the slightest fear or doubt; and so, when a gentleman came spurring to the old mill with an eager request for help, the king replied, "Is my son killed, wounded, or thrown to the ground?" "No, sire," said the knight; "but he is hard beset."

5. "Then," said Edward, "return to those who sent you, and tell them not to send again to me to-day, or expect that I shall come as long as my son has life; and say that I command them to let the boy win his spurs." And to this resolve King Edward kept, for during all that bloody day he did not so much as put on his helmet, but sat watching the prowess of his son and the valor of his troops.

6. The Black Prince was also present at a great naval battle, which was fought in the Strait of Dover, between the fleets of England and Spain. One August evening, as King Edward, dressed in black velvet, was sitting on the high deck of his ship, listening to the music of a minstrel, the man who sat in a little sentry-box on the top of the thick mast, called out, "Ho! I spy a sail." Taking a cup of wine to strengthen themselves for the struggle, the English knights put on their helmets. A battle by sea was then almost the same as a battle by land, for after attempting to run each other down, the ships grappled together, and the fighting was performed with arrows and lances.

7. In scenes like these this celebrated warrior learned to use his sword and lance, and to direct the movements of armed men. When he acted as governor of Guienne, in the south of France, he penetrated central France almost to the Loire (*lwahr*), and defeated the French king in a movement which that monarch made to cut him off from the place he was retreating to. The battle of Poictiers was gained by ten thousand English over sixty thousand French, owing to the

remarkable skill displayed in the choice of ground by the Black Prince.

8. Placing his men among hedges and rows of vines, he prevented them from suffering from the full force of the charges made by the French cavalry; and by directing the operations of the archers, who in their green coats formed a great part of every English army then, he produced confusion in the enemy's ranks, and at last scattered them in flight (1356). King John of France was made prisoner in this battle; and, when the Black Prince made a triumphal entry into London, some time later, he paid this royal captive a graceful compliment by mounting a little black pony and riding as a page after the cream-colored charger on which John paced solemnly along.

9. The last days of the Black Prince were days of sorrow and gloom. His expedition into Spain may be looked upon as the point at which his path of life turned downward to the grave. He went across the Pyrenees to aid the cause of a man called Peter the Cruel, from whom a step-brother had taken the crown of Castile. In the two battles of Najarra (*nah-yah'rah*) and Navarete (*nah-vah-ra'ta*), fought not far from the Ebro, the English were victorious, and their triumphs replaced Pedro upon the throne he had lost.

10. The ungrateful Spaniard then refused to pay his English soldiers, and Prince Edward was obliged to meet all the expenses of a campaign, which brought him nothing but empty glory. His only method of raising money then was to lay a hearth-tax on his French dominions, a proceeding which raised a cry of discontent from every cottage and every castle in the wide valley of the Garonne (*gah-ron'*). But worse than debt resulted to the Black Prince from this ill-fated expedition. He caught a sickness in Spain which ended in his death; and he never wore the English crown at all.

[King Edward III. survived his illustrious son only one year, expiring in the sixty-fifth year of his age, after a reign of more than fifty years (1377).]

Taking of Calais by Edward III.—*Hume.*

[After the battle of Crecy, Edward III. marched to Calais, which, after a siege of nearly twelve months, he succeeded in taking. The following extract, from Hume's "History of England," contains some interesting incidents connected with its surrender.]

1. THE town of Calais had been defended with remarkable vigilance, constancy, and bravery by the townsmen, during a siege of unusual length; but Philip (King of France,) informed of their distressed condition, determined at last to attempt their relief; and he approached the English with an immense army, which the writers of that age make amount to two hundred thousand men. But he found Edward so surrounded with morasses, and secured by intrenchments, that, without running on inevitable destruction, he concluded it impossible to make an attempt on the English camp. He had no other resource than to send his rival a vain challenge to meet him in the open field; which being refused, he was obliged to decamp with his army, and disperse them into their several provinces.

2. John of Vienne, Governor of Calais, now saw the necessity of surrendering his fortress, which was reduced to the last extremity by famine and the fatigue of the inhabitants. He appeared on the walls, and made a signal to the English sentinels that he desired a parley. Sir Walter Manny was sent to him by Edward. "Brave knight," cried the governor, "I have been intrusted by my sovereign with the command of this town; it is almost a year since you besieged me; and I have endeavored, as well as those under me, to do our duty. But you are acquainted with our present condition; we have no hopes of relief; we are perishing with hunger; I am willing therefore to surrender, and desire, as the sole condition, to insure the lives and liberties of these brave men, who have so long shared with me every danger and fatigue."

3. Manny replied that he was well acquainted with the intentions of the King of England; that that prince was incensed against the townsmen of Calais for their pertinacious resistance, and for the evils which they had made him and

his subjects suffer; that he was determined to take exemplary vengeance on them, and would not receive the town on any condition which should confine him in the punishment of these offenders.

4. "Consider," replied Vienne, "that this is not the treatment to which brave men are entitled; if any English knight had been in my situation, your king would have expected the same conduct from him. The inhabitants of Calais have done for their sovereign what merits the esteem of every prince, much more of so gallant a prince as Edward. But I inform you, that, if we must perish, we shall not perish unavenged; and that we are not yet so reduced but we can sell our lives at a high price to the victors. It is the interest of both sides to prevent these desperate extremities; and I expect that you yourself, brave knight, will interpose your good offices with your prince in our behalf."

5. Manny was struck with the justness of these sentiments, and represented to the king the danger of reprisals if he should give such treatment to the inhabitants of Calais. Edward was at last persuaded to mitigate the rigor of the conditions demanded: he only insisted, that six of the most considerable citizens should be sent to him to be disposed of as he thought proper; that they should come to his camp carrying the keys of the city in their hands, bareheaded and barefooted, with ropes about their necks; and on these conditions he promised to spare the lives of all the remainder.

6. When this intelligence was conveyed to Calais, it struck the inhabitants with new consternation. To sacrifice six of their fellow-citizens to certain destruction for signalizing their valor in a common cause, appeared to them even more severe than that general punishment with which they were before threatened; and they found themselves incapable of coming to any resolution in so cruel and distressful a situation. At last one of the principal inhabitants, called Eustace de St. Pierre, whose name deserves to be recorded, stepped forth, and declared himself willing to encounter death for the safety of his friends and companions; another, animated by the example,

made a like generous offer; a third and a fourth presented themselves to the same fate; and the whole number was soon completed.

7. These six heroic burgesses appeared before Edward in the guise of malefactors, laid at his feet the keys of their city, and were ordered to be led to execution. It is surprising that so generous a prince should ever have entertained such a barbarous purpose against such men; and still more that he should seriously persist in the resolution of executing it. But the entreaties of his queen saved his memory from that infamy; she threw herself on her knees before him, and with tears in her eyes, begged the lives of these citizens. Having obtained her request, she carried them into her tent, ordered a repast to be set before them, and, after making them a present of money and clothes, dismissed them in safety.

Insurrection under Wat Tyler.—*Dickens.*

[Edward III. was succeeded by his grandson, the son of the Black Prince, who ascended the throne with the title of Richard II. (1377). The first part of this reign is noted for an insurrection of the lower orders of the people, the immediate occasion of which was the imposition of a tax on every person above fifteen years of age. The following extract from Dickens's "Child's History of England," gives the particulars of this event.]

1. THE common people of England had long been suffering under great oppression. They were still the mere slaves of the lords of the land on which they lived, and were on most occasions harshly and unjustly treated. But they had begun by this time to think very seriously of not bearing quite so much; and, probably, were emboldened by the French insurrection which had occurred a short time before.

2. The people of Essex rose against the Poll-tax, and being severely handled by the government officers, killed some of them. At this very time one of the collectors, going his rounds from house to house, at Dartford in Kent, came to the cottage of one WAT, a tiler by trade, and claimed the tax upon his daughter. Her mother, who was at home, declared that she was under the age of fourteen; upon that the collector (as other collectors had already done in different parts of England)

behaved in a savage way, and brutally insulted Wat Tyler's daughter. The daughter screamed, the mother screamed. Wat the Tiler, who was at work not far off, ran to the spot, and did what any honest father under such provocation might have done—struck the collector dead at a blow.

3. Instantly the people of that town uprose as one man. They made Wat Tyler their leader; they joined with the people of Essex, who were in arms under a priest called JACK STRAW; they took out of Maidstone prison another priest named JOHN BALL; and gathering in numbers as they went along, advanced, in a great confused army of poor men to Blackheath. It is said that they wanted to abolish all property, and to declare all men equal. I do not think this very likely; because they stopped the travellers on the roads, and made them swear to be true to King Richard and the people.

4. Nor were they at all disposed to injure those who had done them no harm, merely because they were of high station; for the king's mother, who had to pass through their camp at Blackheath, on her way to her young son, lying for safety in the Tower of London, had merely to kiss a few dirty-faced, rough-bearded men, who were noisily fond of royalty, and so got away in perfect safety. Next day the whole mass marched on to London Bridge. There was a drawbridge in the middle, which William Walworth, the Mayor, caused to be raised to prevent their coming into the city; but they soon terrified the citizens into lowering it again, and spread themselves, with great uproar, over the streets.

5. They broke open the prisons; they burned the papers in Lambeth Palace; they destroyed the Duke of Lancaster's palace, the Savoy, in the Strand, said to be the most beautiful and splendid in England; they set fire to the books and documents in the Temple; and made a great riot. Many of these outrages were committed in drunkenness; since those citizens who had well-filled cellars were only too glad to throw them open to save the rest of their property; but even the drunken rioters were very careful to steal nothing. They were so angry with one man, who was seen to take a silver cup at the Savoy

Palace, and put it in his breast, that they drowned him in the river, cup and all.

6. The young king had been taken out to treat with them before they committed these excesses; but he and the people about him were so frightened by the riotous shouts, that they got back to the Tower in the best way they could. This made the insurgents bolder; so they went on rioting away, striking off the heads of those who did not, at a moment's notice, declare for King Richard and the people; and killing as many of the unpopular persons whom they supposed to be their enemies as they could by any means lay hold of. In this manner they passed one very violent day, and then proclamation was made that the king would meet them at Mile-end, and grant their requests.

7. The rioters went to Mile-end, to the number of sixty thousand, and the king met them there; and to the king the rioters peaceably proposed four conditions. First, that neither they nor their children, nor any coming after them, should be made slaves any more. Secondly, that the rent of land should be fixed at a certain price in money, instead of being paid in service. Thirdly, that they should have liberty to buy and sell in all markets and public places, like other free men. Fourthly, that they should be pardoned for past offenses. Heaven knows there was nothing very unreasonable in these proposals. The young king deceitfully pretended to think so, and kept thirty clerks up all night writing out a charter accordingly.

8. Now, Wat Tyler himself wanted more than this. He wanted the entire abolition of the forest laws. He was not at Mile-end with the rest, but, while that meeting was being held, broke into the Tower of London and slew the archbishop and the treasurer, for whose heads the people had cried out loudly the day before. He and his men even thrust their swords into the bed of the Princess of Wales while the princess was in it, to make certain that none of their enemies were concealed there.

9. So Wat and his men still continued armed, and rode about the city. Next morning the king, with a small train of

sixty gentlemen—among whom was WALWORTH, the Mayor,—rode into Smithfield, and saw Wat and his people at a little distance. Says Wat to his men, "There is the king. I will go speak with him, and tell him what we want." Straightway Wat rode up to him, and began to talk. "King," says Wat, "dost thou see all my men there?" "Ah," says the king. "Why?"

10. "Because," says Wat, "they are all at my command, and have sworn to do whatever I bid them." Some declared afterward that as Wat said this, he laid his hand on the king's bridle. Others declared that he was seen to play with his own dagger. I think, myself, that he just spoke to the king like a rough, angry man as he was, and did nothing more. At any rate, he was expecting no attack, and preparing for no resistance, when Walworth, the Mayor, did the not very valiant deed of drawing a short sword, and stabbing him in the throat. He dropped from his horse, and one of the king's people speedily finished him.

11. So fell Wat Tyler. Fawners and flatterers made a mighty triumph of it, and set up a cry which will occasionally find an echo to this day. But Wat was a hard-working man, who had suffered much, and had been foully outraged; and it is probable that he was a man of a much higher nature and a much braver spirit than any of the parasites who exulted then, or have exulted since, over his defeat.

12. Seeing Wat down, his men immediately bent their bows to avenge his fall. If the young king had not had presence of mind at that dangerous moment, both he, and the mayor to boot, might have followed Tyler pretty fast. But the king, riding up to the crowd, cried out that Tyler was a traitor, and that he would be their leader. They were so taken by surprise that they set up a great shouting, and followed the boy until he was met at Islington by a large body of soldiers.

13. The end of this rising was the then usual end. As soon as the king found himself safe, he unsaid all he had said, and undid all he had done; some fifteen hundred of the rioters were tried (mostly in Essex) with great rigor, and executed

with great cruelty. Many of them were hanged on gibbets, and left there as a terror to the country people; and because their miserable friends took some of the bodies down to bury, the king ordered the rest to be chained up—which was the beginning of the barbarous custom of hanging in chains.

Extract from the Drama of Wat Tyler.—***Southey.***

ACT II., SCENE III.—*Smithfield.*

WAT TYLER, JOHN BALL, HOB CARTER, PIERS, *etc.* *Mob.*

Piers. So far triumphant are we. How these nobles,
These petty tyrants, who so long oppress'd us,
Shrink at the first resistance!
Hob. They were powerful
Only because we fondly thought them so.
Where is Jack Straw?
Tyler. Jack Straw is gone to the Tower
To seize the king, and so to end resistance. [ding
John Ball. It was well judged; fain would I spare the shed-
Of human blood: gain we that royal puppet,
And all will follow fairly; deprived of him,
The nobles lose their pretext, nor will dare
Rebel against the people's majesty.

Enter HERALD.

Herald. Richard the Second, by the grace of God,
Of England, Ireland, France, and Scotland, king,
Would parley with Wat Tyler.
Tyler. Let him know
Wat Tyler is in Smithfield. [*Exit* HERALD.] I will parley
With this young monarch: as he comes to me,
Trusting my honor, on your lives, I charge you,
Let none attempt to harm him.
John Ball. The faith of courts
Is but a weak dependence. You are honest—
And better is it even to die the victim
Of credulous honesty, than live preserved
By the cold policy that still suspects.

Enter KING, WALWORTH, PHILPOT, *etc.*

King. I would speak to thee, Wat Tyler: bid the mob
Retire awhile.

Piers. Nay, do not go alone—
Let me attend you.

Tyler. Wherefore should I fear?
Am I not arm'd with a just cause? Retire,
And I will boldly plead the cause of Freedom.

[*Advances.*

King. Tyler, why have you killed my officer,
And led my honest subjects from their homes,
Thus to rebel against the Lord's anointed?

Tyler. Because they were oppress'd.

King. Was this the way
To remedy the ill? You should have tried
By milder means—petition'd at the throne—
The throne will always listen to petitions.

Tyler. King of England,
Petitioning for pity is most weak—
The sovereign people ought to demand justice.
I kill'd your officer, for his lewd hand
Insulted a maid's modesty. Your subjects
I lead to rebel against the Lord's anointed,
Because his ministers have made him odious;
His yoke is heavy, and his burden grievous.
Why do we carry on this fatal war,
To force upon the French a king they hate,
Tearing our young men from their peaceful homes,
Forcing his hard-earn'd fruits from the honest peasant,
Distressing us to desolate our neighbors?
Why is this ruinous poll-tax imposed,
But to support your court's extravagance,
And your mad title to the crown of France?
Shall we sit tamely down beneath these evils
Petitioning for pity? King of England,
Why are we sold like cattle in your markets—
Deprived of every privilege of man?

Must we lie tamely at our tyrant's feet,
And, like your spaniels, lick the hand that beats us?
You sit at ease in your gay palaces!
The costly banquet courts your appetite;
Sweet music soothes your slumbers: we, the while,
Scarce by hard toil can earn a little food,
And sleep scarce shelter'd from the cold night wind;
Whilst your wild projects wrest the little from us
Which might have cheer'd the wintry hour of age.
The Parliament forever asks more money;
We toil and sweat for money for your taxes:
Where is the benefit, what good reap we
From all the counsels of your government?
Think you that we should quarrel with the French?
What boots to us your victories, your glory?
We pay, we fight, you profit at your ease.
Do you not claim the country as your own?
Do you not call the venison of the forest,
The birds of heaven, your own?—prohibiting us,
Even though in want of food, to seize the prey
Which nature offers. King! is all this just?
Think you we do not feel the wrongs we suffer?
The hour of retribution is at hand,
And tyrants tremble—mark me, King of England!

Walworth (comes behind him, and stabs him).

Insolent rebel, threatening the king!

Piers. Vengeance! Vengeance!

Hob. Seize the king.

King. I must be bold (*advancing*).
My friends and loving subjects,
I will grant you all you ask; you shall be free—
The tax shall be repeal'd—all, all you wish.
Your leader menaced me; he deserved his fate;
Quiet your angers; on my royal word,
Your grievances shall all be done away;
Your vassalage abolish'd. A free pardon
Allow'd to all: So help me God, it shall be.

John Ball. Revenge, my brethren, beseems not Christains;
Send us these terms, sign'd with your seal of state.
We will await in peace. Deceive us not—
Act justly, so to excuse your late foul deed.

King. The charter shall be drawn out; on mine honor
All shall be justly done.

Joan of Arc.—*Lingard.*

[Henry V., the successor of Henry IV., King of England, taking advantage of the lunacy of the French king, Charles VI., and the distracted condition of affairs in France occasioned by it, invaded that country, and gained a great victory over the French army at Ag'in-court (1415). This was soon followed by the treaty of Troyes (*trwah*), by which Henry was to succeed to the French throne on the death of Charles. He died, however, before the French king, and was succeeded by his infant son, Henry VI. On the death of Charles VI., his son, Charles VII., brave and energetic, determined to resist the claim of the English monarch to the succession. A war ensued, during which appeared that wonderful heroine, Joan of Arc. Her interesting but mournful history is contained in the following extract from Lingard's "History of England."]

1. THE fall of Orleans was confidently anticipated; and the most gloomy apprehensions prevailed in the councils of the French monarch, when the French throne was saved from ruin by Joan d'Arc, the daughter of a small farmer at Domremy, a hamlet in Champagne, situated between Neufchâteau and Vancouleur. This interesting female was born about the year 1412. Her education did not differ from that of the other poor girls in the neighborhood; but she was distinguished above them all by her diligence, modesty, and piety.

2. Near Domremy was a solitary chapel, called the Hermitage of the Virgin. Joan was accustomed to visit this hermitage every Saturday, and to hang up a garland of flowers, or burn a taper of wax in honor of the mother of Christ. These, her early habits, are worthy of notice, as they probably served to impress on her mind that romantic character which it afterward exhibited. The child was fond of solitude; whatever interested her became the subject of long and serious thought; and in these day-dreams the young enthusiast learned to invest with visible forms the creations of her own fancy.

3. Besides religion, there was another sentiment which sprang up in the breast of Joan. Young as she was, she had heard

enough of the calamities which oppressed her country, to bewail the hard fate of her sovereign, driven from the throne of his fathers. It chanced that in May, 1428, a marauding party of Burgundians compelled the inhabitants of Domremy to seek an asylum in Neufchâteau. The village was plundered, and the church reduced to a heap of ruins.

4. On their departure the fugitives returned, and the sight wound up the enthusiasm of Joan to the highest pitch. She escaped from her parents, prevailed on an uncle to accompany her, and announced her mission to Baudricourt, one of the French generals, who, though he treated her with ridicule, deemed it his duty to communicate her history to the dauphin, and received an order to forward her to the French court. To travel a distance of one hundred and fifty leagues, through a long tract of country, of which one portion was possessed by hostile garrisons, and the other perpetually infested by parties of plunderers, was a perilous and almost hopeless attempt.

5. But Joan was confident of success; on horseback, and in male attire, with an escort of seven persons, she passed without meeting an enemy; and on the tenth day at Fierbois (*feer'bwah*), a few miles from Chinon (*she-nong'*), announced to Charles her arrival and object. An hour was fixed for her admission to the royal presence; and the poor maiden of Domremy was ushered into a spacious hall, lighted up with fifty torches, and filled with some hundreds of knights, among whom Charles himself had mixed unnoted, and in plain attire.

6. Joan entered without embarrassment; the glare of the lights, the gaze of the spectators did not disconcert her. Singling out the dauphin at the first glance, she walked up to him with a firm step, bent her knee, and said, "God give you good life, gentle king." He was surprised, but replied, "I am not the king, he is there," pointing at the same time to a different part of the hall. "In the name of God," she exclaimed, "it is not they, but you are the king. Most noble lord dauphin, I am Joan the maid, sent on the part of God to aid you and the kingdom; and by his order I announce to you that you will be crowned in the city of Rheims (*reemz*)."

7. The following day she made her appearance in public, and on horseback. From her look she was thought to be in her sixteenth or seventeenth year; her figure was slender and graceful, and her long black locks fell in ringlets on her shoulders. She ran a course with the lance, and managed her horse with ease and dexterity. The crowd burst into shouts of admiration; they saw in her something more than human; she was, they thought, a knight descended from heaven, for the salvation of France. Men of every rank caught the enthusiasm, and thousands offered their services to follow her to battle.

8. Sixty bastiles or forts, erected in a circle round Orleans, had effectually intercepted the communication with the country; and the horrors of famine were already felt within the walls, when it was resolved by the French cabinet to make a desperate effort to throw a supply of provisions into the city. A strong body of men, under some of the bravest officers in France, assembled at Blois (*blwah*), and Joan solicited and obtained permission not only to join, but also to direct, the expedition.

9. To the English commanders she sent orders, in the name of God, to withdraw from France, and return to their native country. Dunois (*doo-nwah'*), the Governor of Orleans, led her secretly into that city, where she was received by the citizens, with lighted torches and acclamations of joy. Her presence created in the soldiers a spirit of daring, and a confidence of success. Day after day sallies were made, and the strongest of the English forts successively fell into the hands of the assailants.

10. One day, while she was in the act of planting a ladder, an arrow passed through an opening in her corslet, and fixed itself between the chest and the shoulder. Her companions conveyed her out of the crowd, the wound was dressed, and the heroine, after a few minutes spent in prayer, rejoined the combatants. At her appearance the assailants redoubled their efforts, and the fort was soon won.

11. Suffolk, disconcerted by repeated losses, determined to

raise the siege; and the soldiers, with feelings of shame and regret, turned their backs to the city. The Earl of Suffolk was soon besieged in a neighboring town, and the place was carried by storm. More than three hundred of the garrison perished; and Suffolk, with the remainder, fell into the hands of the enemy.

12. Joan had always declared that the object of her mission was twofold: the liberation of Orleans, and the coronation of the king at Rheims. Of these the first had been accomplished; and she vehemently urged the execution of the second. Though to penetrate as far as Rheims was an enterprise of difficulty and danger, for every intermediate fortress was in the possession of the enemy, Charles determined to trust to his own fortune and the predictions of his inspired deliverer.

13. Having sent a strong division of troops to alarm the frontiers of Normandy, and another to insult those of Guienne, he commenced his march with an army of ten thousand cavalry. The citizens of Rheims having expelled the Burgundian garrison, received him with the most flattering testimonies of joy. The coronation was performed in the usual manner; but as none of the peers of France attended, Charles appointed proxies to perform their duties. During the ceremony, Joan, with her banner unfurled, stood by the king's side; as soon as it was over, she threw herself on her knees, embraced his feet, declared her mission accomplished, and with tears solicited his leave to return to her former station.

14. But the king was unwilling to lose the services of one who had hitherto proved so useful; and at his earnest request she consented to remain with the army, and to strengthen that throne which she had in a great measure established. Bedford obtained fresh assurances of fidelity from the Duke of Burgundy, withdrew five thousand men from his Norman garrisons, and received an equal number from his uncle Beaufort. With these he went in pursuit of Charles, who was unwilling to stake his crown on the uncertain event of a battle.

15. In the neighborhood of Senlis, however, the two armies undesignedly came in sight of each other. The English, in-

ferior in numbers, prepared for the fight after their usual manner; the French officers, flushed with success, impatiently demanded the signal for battle. But the defeats of Agincourt and Verneuil led Charles not to rely on mere superiority of number. The armies separated as if it had been by mutual consent. The regent hastened into Normandy, and Charles, at the solicitation of his female companion, took advantage of the duke's absence to make an attempt on the capital. Soissons, Senlis, Beauvais, and St. Denis opened their gates. He advanced to Montmartre, published an amnesty, and directed assault on the Fauxbourg of St. Honoré.

16. The action lasted four hours. At its very commencement Joan received a dangerous wound, was thrown into the ditch, and lay there unnoticed till she was discovered in the evening, and carried off by a party sent in search after her. Charles, mortified by the obstinate resistance of the Parisians, retired to Bourges; while the maid, looking on her wound as an admonition from heaven that her commission had ceased with the coronation at Rheims, consecrated her armor to God in the church at St. Denis. Her services, however, were still wanted. At the solicitation of her sovereign, she consented to resume the profession of arms, and accepted a patent of nobility for herself and her family, accompanied with a grant of income equal to that of an earl.

17. At the commencement of spring, the Duke of Burgundy undertook to reduce the city of Compeigne (*com-pe-ain'*); and the maid was selected to raise the siege. Her troops were defeated, however; she was taken prisoner, and was handed over to the regent, Bedford. The unfortunate maid was treated with neglect by her friends, with cruelty by her enemies. If ever prince had been indebted to a subject, Charles VII. was indebted to Joan d'Arc; yet from the moment of her captivity she appears to have been forgotten. We read not of any sum offered for her ransom, or attempt made to alleviate the rigor of her confinement, or notice taken of her trial and execution.

18. The Bishop of Beauvais (*bo-va'*), in whose diocese she had been taken, claimed the right of trying her in his court on an ac-

cusation of sorcery and imposture. It is generally supposed that this claim was made at the suggestion of the Duke of Bedford. The inquiry was opened at Rouen (*roo'en*); on sixteen different days she was brought to the bar; the questions, with her answers, were laid before the University of Paris; and the opinion of that body concurred with the judgment of the court. Still the sentence was delayed from day to day; and repeated attempts were made to save her from the punishment of death, by inducing her to make a frank and explicit confession.

19. But the spirit of the heroine continued undaunted; she proudly maintained that she had been the inspired minister of the Almighty. The fatal day, however, arrived; and the captive was placed at the bar; but when the judge had prepared to pronounce sentence, she yielded to a sudden impulse of terror, subscribed an act of abjuration, and, having promised upon oath never more to wear male attire, was remanded to her former place of confinement.

20. Her enthusiasm, however, revived in the solitude of a prison, and her judges condemned her, on the charge of having relapsed into her former errors. She was led sobbing and struggling to the stake; but the expectation of a heavenly deliverer did not forsake her though she saw the fire kindled at her feet. She then burst into loud exclamations, protesting her innocence, and invoking the aid of the Almighty; and just before the flames enveloped her, was seen embracing a crucifix, and calling on Christ for mercy. This cruel and unjustifiable tragedy was acted in the market-place of Rouen, before an immense concourse of spectators, about twelve months after her capture (1431).

[Nothing was gained by this ruthless execution of the "Maid of Orleans." The Duke of Bedford died (1435), and Charles was enabled to re-enter his capital, after having been excluded from it for twenty years (1437). The English continued to suffer defeat until, finally, this long war was interrupted by a truce (1444); and subsequently the French gained all their possessions except Calais (1451).]

The War of the Roses.—*Henry Reed.*

[Henry VI., on arriving at the age of majority, showed neither the capacity nor disposition to take control of the government; and the disorders which this occasioned induced many of the people to favor the claims of Richard, Duke of York, to the throne, in right of his descent from the third son of Edward III. Thus was brought on that great conflict, styled the "War of the Roses" (from the badges worn by the respective parties, the Lancastrians wearing a red rose and the Yorkists a white rose),—a war which lasted thirty years, and was signalized by twelve pitched battles; which deluged England with blood, and in which the ancient nobility of the kingdom were almost annihilated. The following is extracted from "Lectures on English History," by Henry Reed.]

1. THE national vanity of the English, which had been so highly stimulated by the victory of Agincourt, and the short-lived conquest of French territory, was now exasperated by the reverses of the war in France, and the loss of their continental dominions. The glory of the Plantagenets was waning, and the King of France was getting his own again; fortress after fortress was given up by the English; and when the nation found themselves deprived of all that lately they so proudly held of French soil, save a mere foothold on the sea-shore, they turned, in the maddened passion of disappointed pride, to take vengeance upon some one who might be made answerable for the disasters of the government.

2. The national fury fell upon the Duke of Suffolk, as chief minister of Henry's government. He was impeached and tried; and the king, probably to save his life from the frenzy of faction, banished him from the kingdom. On his passage to France, the vessel that carried him was captured by a ship of the royal navy; he was ordered on board, received with the ominous salutation—"Welcome, traitor!" A mock trial was held, sentence of death pronounced; he was lowered into a small boat, which bore an executioner, a block, and a rusty sword; his head was hacked off, and his corpse cast ashore upon the Dover sands. This much is known, and then comes the cloud over the history, and we are all in the dark again.

3. The murder of Suffolk seems to have been one of those deeds which are perpetrated by lawlessness usurping the place of law—the wild spirit of revenge claiming the power of justice.

We know just enough of it to regard it as one of the ominous signs of perturbed times. It is a symptom of misgovernment and of domestic discord; and quickly there appears, in the shape of popular insurrection, another sign of approaching anarchy.

4. You begin to hear the first sounds that give signal of the coming convulsion that is to shake the whole fabric of the realm; you discover the premonitions of the political pestilence that is to devastate England. Popular tumult is the first eruption of the disease, and just such an insurrection as that which was headed by Jack Cade, is the form the tumult is apt to take. It is licentiousness proclaiming freedom by the destruction of all rule and order; it is ruffian ignorance taking advantage of popular discontent by promising absurd and impracticable reformations.

5. Wat Tyler's rebellion, some seventy years before, seems to me to have been a much more reputable insurrection than Cade's. Then the populace rose, because the power of government was oppressive upon them, and now, because they felt that the authority of law was too feeble to preserve subordination. The people were estranged from the sovereign; they had, in their discontent, a restless desire for change—they knew not what it should be; and a low demagogue started them—to flatter them with promises. "There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pots shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer; all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass."

6. Whether or no Cade's rebellion was fomented by the Duke of York, for the purpose of promoting his own aggrandizement out of the increased confusion, is one of the multitude of uncertainties of the history. York's claim to the crown is not yet made; but the troubles of the reign next take the form of the feud between York and the Lancastrian chief, the Duke of Somerset. It is a dispute between them, that Shakspeare has made the subject of the scene in the Temple garden, in which the origin of the adoption of the

respective badges of the two great parties is accounted for.

7. The scene,* however, is a purely dramatic creation, without historic authority, as far as is known; and I am not aware that history gives any explanation of the adoption of the white and red roses as the emblems of the Yorkists and Lancastrians respectively. In that scene York, being unable to obtain an oral expression of opinion respecting his hereditary rights, is represented saying:

"Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me."

8. Somerset adds:

"Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the purity of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn, with me."

The angry scene closes with Warwick's prediction:

"This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

9. Before the claim of the Duke of York to the throne was openly asserted, the thoughts of the nation were, during some years, habituated to look to him as the future sovereign in due course of inheritance, he being the heir presumptive, and Henry the Sixth being then childless. The Duke of York came still more prominent in connection with royalty, by ominc held, sel made protector during the disability of the king. To small boa of the nation, and to his own, the crown was visible sword; his ire possession, until the birth of the Prince of Wales, upon the Do Henry the Sixth, changed the prospect, and the the cloud over t be reached by the family of York only by a revo-

3. The murder o St. Albans, which is regarded as the begin- deeds which are perpe of law—the wild spirit of

* King Henry VI.," *Act II., Scene IV.*

ning of the civil war, appears to have been an unpremeditated conflict. The Yorkists gained the battle, and the king fell into their power. The fact of the battle is quite intelligible; but immediately after it, all that the triumphant Yorkists ask, is *pardon;* they renew their oaths of fealty to King Henry, and appear perfectly satisfied, simply because Somerset was killed in the battle.

11. Soon afterward the gentle king reconciled the contending parties, and a solemn procession to St. Paul's Cathedral took place, in which the leaders of the two parties made a beautiful show of concord by walking hand-in-hand with each other. It was a very fine spectacle, but it was nothing more than a spectacle. The royal ambition in the soul of York was never quenched; and besides that, it was not forgotten, that in the conflict at St. Albans, Somerset, and Clifford, and Northumberland had fallen by the sword of their Yorkist foes; and now there was burning in the bosoms of their sons and retainers a lust for vengeance, which years did not extinguish.

12. Moreover, there was the queen, the indomitable Margaret of Anjou, of whose character I shall speak presently. She was naturally suspicious of the adverse influences which she saw gathering round her husband's throne; and the Yorkists strongly reciprocated the feeling of jealousy, as they came to know the might of that strong-willed woman. The reconciliation endured but a little while, and then came another battle, the Yorkists again victorious; but to the great perplexity of the historical student, the victory is scarcely completed before the fortunes of the conquerors are suddenly depressed, one can hardly tell how or why: the Yorkist army disbands itself, and the leaders flee away to their strongholds.

13. It was then that the fortunes of the faction were retrieved by perhaps the most remarkable personage in this war —Richard Nevil, Earl of Warwick, "the king-maker," as his successful prowess well entitled him to be styled. Warwick returned, rallied the disbanded army of the Yorkists, gained the battle of Northampton, drove the queen into exile, and brought his sovereign, helpless King Henry, captive to Lon-

don, the victorious nobleman all the while paying the show of respectful homage to his prisoner-king.

14. Professions of allegiance were still studiously continued. It was a civil war, and not yet a war of succession. But now another change comes over the character of the contest, for while the Parliament was in session for the purpose of harmonizing the dissensions, the Duke of York walked into Westminster Hall, and moving on to the throne, he placed his hand upon it and stood silent in that attitude. Every voice was hushed. The Primate of England, after a short pause, inquired whether he would visit the king, and the answer was, "I know of no one in this realm who ought not to rather visit me." These words, and the significant gesture, proclaimed for the first time, and in the presence of the assembled Parliament, that Richard Plantagenet laid claim to the throne of England.

15. The claim was soon formally submitted to Parliament; and then was presented, for the first and the last time in English history, the extraordinary spectacle of a king reigning and a king claiming confronted, as it were, and maintaining their rights in the presence of the great council of the realm. When the subject was first stated to King Henry, he said, with a simplicity and earnestness that were impressive, "My father was king, his father was also king; I have worn the crown forty years from my cradle; you have all sworn fealty to me as your sovereign, and your fathers have done the like to my fathers. How, then, can my right be disputed?"

16. The decision of the lords in Parliament was the timid and unsatisfactory result of compromise—that process by which men, in their dread of encountering either one of two dangers, bring both upon themselves. Henry's possession of the crown was confirmed; but, on his death, to the exclusion of his son, the Duke of York and his heirs were to succeed. This wretched bargain was the occasion of another solemn procession of amity to St. Paul's.

17. It is at this crisis of the war that we may best turn to the character of Queen Margaret; for upon her was the cause

of the Lancastrian succession now dependent. From Shakspeare and the chroniclers we receive a very harsh impression of the character of Margaret of Anjou, for they present her in repulsive, if not hideous, colors. She is portrayed unfeminine, arbitrary, revengeful, licentious; and even her energy and fortitude are distorted into unnatural ferocity and obduracy.

18. I greatly distrust this representation, not because I am able to find historical authority for a different and better character, but because there was so much that would almost irresistibly render the English judgment on her memory prejudicial and unjust. The marriage contract between her and Henry the Sixth, stipulated for the cession of territory to her father, René of Anjou, that amiable but, perhaps, somewhat fantastic person, who was happy in the pompous possession of three regal titles, without a rood of land in either of his kingdoms, Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem; and who spent his days in a sort of pleasant dream of the innocent play of chivalry, and the songs of troubadours[v].

19. Margaret came to England a Frenchwoman, to be the Queen of England, just at the time when English pride was exasperated by French victories; and, moreover, she was soon placed in the unnatural attitude of supplying, by her character, the feebleness of her husband's rule. The almost feminine gentleness of Henry's disposition gives an offensively masculine character to Margaret's life. She could not but see that the throne was environed with dangers, the perils of false friends and open enemies. She could not but see the helplessness of her royal husband; and she ought not to be judged too severely, when we consider that, if her natural temper led to it, so also did the necessity of the case constrain her to do one of the worst things a woman can do—make a man of herself.

20. And this was done, not as by her illustrious countrywoman, the Maid of Orleans, under religious influences, but for the purposes of worldly policy. Still these purposes were the defense of her king and husband, the possession of the throne, and the maintenance of the hereditary[v] rights of her son. She may have been all that the English chroniclers and

the English dramatist represent; but I do distrust it because she was in the very position—the relation to a divided and misgoverned people—that would inevitably cause a great deal to be attributed to her, for which she may not have been rightfully responsible. Considering all the circumstances—more than I can stop to treat of—how natural, and yet how unjust would it be for the adverse party to trace every obnoxious measure of the government, and many an atrocity in the war, to the Frenchwoman on the throne, the strong and determined wife of an irresolute and unregarded king.

21. I dare say that, in her way of life, there may have been much that is revolting to our sense of female character; indeed, it could not be otherwise; for a woman can hardly play a man's part in the work of the world without grievous detriment to her own nature. But one is still entitled to contemplate Queen Margaret, not as a vulgar and hideous Amazon, but as a woman under the dire necessity of mingling in scenes of war.

22. After the parliamentary compromise, in which the succession of her son was sacrificed, we can behold her as an heroic matron warring for the rights of her child, when the father's feeble hand could not defend them. She gathers an army, which the Duke of York, contemptuously encountering, pays a bloody penalty for the folly of rashly despising an enemy. He was slain at the battle of Wakefield; and in as short a time as two months after he had walked in procession to St. Paul's, as the newly-declared heir-apparent, his gory head, insulted with a paper crown, was set upon the gates of York.

23. After such a catastrophe, the reader of history naturally looks for the establishment of Lancastrian supremacy; but no—the rights of the Duke of York, and the feudal inheritance of vengeance for his death, pass to his son, the Earl of March, a youth of nineteen years of age; and from this time the war becomes more ferocious than ever, and with a deeper thirst for revenge. The warlike queen pursues her success by the rescue of her husband from captivity; but the young Duke of York enters London, and is proclaimed King Edward the Fourth.

24. The coronation of the new monarch was postponed until further hostilities should give him stronger possession of the throne. There were now two kings in the land, Henry the Sixth and Edward the Fourth; and the battle that soon followed between the two royal armies, shows, more impressively, perhaps, than any other in the war, to what fearful issues of carnage and bloodshed the passions of faction and civil war can drive men of the same kindred and the same homes. No foreigner shared in the strife; there were none but Englishmen present, and of them more than one hundred thousand were drawn up, in no very unequal divisions, in hostile array on the field of Towton.

25. Both sovereigns were present, King Edward and King Henry, or, perhaps we had better say, Queen Margaret. Proclamation had been made that no quarter should be given; and faithfully and fiercely was the order obeyed, so that it proved probably the bloodiest battle in British history. The desperate conflict lasted more than a day; and some idea may be formed of the slaughter, when it is said the number of the Englishmen slain exceeded the sum of those who fell at Vimeira (*ve-ma'e-rah*), Talave'ra, Albuera (*al-bwa'rah*), Salaman'ca, Vitto'ria—five great battles of the Peninsular War—and at Waterloo, combined. This enormous shedding of English blood was by English hands. The battle ended in the total rout of the Lancastrians, and the crown was firmly placed on the brow of Edward the Fourth.

26. So decided a victory, one would imagine, must have closed the contest; but no—for ten perilous years was the struggle continued, chiefly by the indomitable energy of Queen Margaret. Poor King Henry took refuge in the secluded regions of the north of England, but was betrayed and committed prisoner in the Tower of London; while his queen, eluding her enemies, is with difficulty followed in her rapid and unwearied movements, at one time rallying her English partisans and risking battle, again seeking alliance and help from the King of France. Perils by land and perils by sea making up the wild story of her adventures, we hear of her at one time ship-

wrecked, and, at another, falling into the hands of a band of roving banditti. She struggled to the last—as long as she had a husband or a child whose rights were to be contended for.

27. The later years of the war are no less perplexed than the beginning; and I do not know that, in the events that follow, there is to be discovered anything especially characteristic of the age or expressive of the spirit of the times, except the conduct of that great feudal lord, the Earl of Warwick. It was chiefly by him that Edward the Fourth had been helped to the throne; and, when the king-maker found cause of quarrel with the monarch, he turned his allegiance away, and the greatest of the Yorkist chieftains was afterward an adherent of the Lancastrians.

28. King Edward became the prisoner of the proud nobleman, and one of the extraordinary spectacles which England exhibited in this war, was that of two rival kings, each confined in prison and at the same time. The king-maker was strong enough to lift up the prostrate Lancaster. Edward the Fourth fled from the palace and the kingdom; and his imprisoned rival was led forth from the Tower to hear the streets of London resounding once more with the name of King Henry. This surprising restoration gave, however, but a brief respite to the Lancastrian family before its final overthrow. The fugitive Edward returned to recover the crown, and, as it proved, to extinguish the opposing dynasty.

29. He landed at Ravenspurg—the very place, as has been observed, where Bolingbroke, the Lancastrian progenitor, landed, when he came to deprive Richard the Second of the crown and to usurp it for himself; so fatal was that spot for the Plantagenets, first of the one and then of the other line. The landing of Edward at Ravenspurg has been compared to the return of Napoleon from Elba, when he came to shake the Bourbons again from the throne so lately restored to them. The comparison holds good as to the boldness and rapidity of the exploits; for, in about forty days, the counter-revolution of Edward was completed.

30. In regard to the first reception and the first results, the

parallel fails. When Edward landed, he found that none durst speak in his favor for dread of Warwick; and he could advance into the country only, as Bolingbroke had done, under the crafty plea that he came to claim no more than his duchy. The disguise was, ere long, thrown off; he fought and gained a battle in which his chief adversary, the king-maker Warwick, was left dead on the field. He entered London in triumph, was king again, and poor King Henry, of whom we never hear anything, except when something is done to him, was remanded to the Tower, never again to leave it alive.

31. The last convulsive effort of Queen Margaret was made at Tewkesbury, where the Lancastrian party met with its final defeat. The misery of the hapless queen was completed by the barbarous murder of her only child, the young Prince of Wales, who was stabbed to death, it is supposed, by King Edward's brothers, Clarence and Gloster—the horrid deed which Shakspeare has fitly made one of the phantoms that haunted the death-dream of Clarence:

> "Then came wandering by,
> A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
> Dabbled in blood;—and he shriek'd out aloud,
> 'Clarence is come—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
> That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury;—
> Seize on him, furies,—take him to your torments.'"

32. The murder of the old king, the harmless Henry, soon followed, the bloody release to his grieved spirit being given by the dagger of the Duke of Gloster—if popular belief has rightly rested on that, one of the dark deeds which belong to the history of the Tower of London. The Lancastrian king and the Lancastrian heir having been destroyed, their great champion, the queen, Margaret of Anjou, is left alone; and, so far as the story of her life is connected with the annals of England, the last image which we have of her is, as she stands in the tragic sublimity of woe, discrowned, widowed, childless, captive, and desolate.

33. For sixteen years had the War of the Roses lasted, and eleven fierce and bloody battles had been fought by English

with English alone within the narrow limits of England. Children had grown up with no other spectacle of their native land than as a battle-ground on which their countrymen were shedding one another's blood; and now that the war was at an end—at least so far as the undisturbed occupation of the throne of England was affected by it—the question naturally presents itself—what meaning had this war?

34. Can it be possible that all this ferocity and havoc was significant of nothing more than the contest for the throne? Can it be that the mere question, which of two cousins should fill the throne—whether Henry Plantagenet or Edward Plantagenet should wear the crown—drove the multitudes of men to such fierce extremities of civil strife? Was all the misery and bloodshed of this war expended for no other consequence than a dubious settlement of succession? We should, indeed, study history very superficially if we thought so.

35. In the progress of constitutional freedom there was a great and permanent consequence of this civil war, which outweighs a thousand-fold the importance of any right of York or Lancaster. It was a result which the combatants on neither side contended for, and, indeed, they could not have dreamed of it. It was this: the devastation of the war wrought the downfall of English feudalism, and thus effected a great revolution in the aristocratic element of the Constitution.

36. The war was the unconscious death-struggle of the martial power of the nobility. It would seem as if feudalism was to display its greatest splendor immediately before it was extinguished—as if it were to rise to its highest powers immediately before it fell into irretrievable exhaustion. As the sun of feudal power in England went down, it blazed forth with the light of a larger and redder orb through the clouds of war that gathered round its setting.

37. During the whole extent of England's history, under the Saxon, Dane, or Norman, the mightiest of her barons was the king-maker, Warwick. It was his power that made Edward king, and his that unmade him. It was his power that dethroned King Henry, and it was his that restored him.

Each monarch in turn became the captive and prisoner of this great earl. With princely revenues and estates, Warwick's vassals were an army; and some notion may be formed of the force he could, at will, bring armed into the field, from the fact that he is said to have daily feasted, at his numerous manors and castles, upward of thirty thousand persons.

38. The other nobles possessed, in their degree, the power of an armed feudal retinue, ready to follow their lord to battle in any cause of his choosing; and thus there was a baronial power of which modern England shows only the shadow. As the traveller now beholds the stately walls of Warwick Castle, or wanders amid the ruins of Kenilworth—

> "Where battlement and moated gate
> Are objects only for the hand
> Of hoary Time to decorate"—

he can scarce, with all the impulse given to his imagination, call up the vision of the armed hosts which, some three hundred years ago, could, at a moment's summons, be gathered there in battle array.

39. The war of York and Lancaster was a self-exhausting contest of the nobles. At the battle of Northampton the order was given through the field to strike at the lords, knights, and esquires, rather than at the common people. In the course of the war eighty princes of the blood were killed, and the ancient nobility nearly annihilated. Every individual of two generations of the families of Somerset and Warwick fell on the field or on the scaffold.

40. Many of those who escaped the carnage were impoverished and outcast from their homes. "I myself saw," says Philip de Comines, "the Duke of Exeter, the King of England's brother-in-law, walking barefoot after the Duke of Burgundy's train, and earning his bread by begging from door to door." The martial fierceness of a feudal nobility was tamed, and, with the decline of the force which feudalism armed them with, the way was prepared for converting them into the pacific aristocracy of more modern times.

The Battle of Towton.—*Shakspeare.*

[The following extract is from the Third Part of "King Henry VI.," in which Shakspeare dramatically represents some of the terrible incidents of the tremendous battle of Towton—a conflict in which the nearest relatives and friends were arrayed against one another. The peaceful character of the king is also graphically depicted.]

SCENE V.—*Part of the Field of Towton.*

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea,
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind;
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then the wind;
Now, one the better; then, another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquer'd;
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
O God! methinks, it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.

When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece;
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And, to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold, thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couch'd in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a SON, *that has killed his father dragging in the dead body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody,—
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possess'd with some store of crowns:
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!

From London by the king was I press'd forth,
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master,
And I, who at his hands received my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a FATHER, *who has killed his son, with the body in his arms.*

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with a hundred blows.—
But let me see:—is this our foeman's face?
Ah; no, no, no, it is mine only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
O, boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen. Wo above wo! grief more than common grief!
O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!—
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
The red rose and white are on his face,

The fatal colors of our striving houses;
The one, his purple blood right well resembles;
The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, presents!
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!

Son. Was ever son, so rued a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father, so bemoan'd a son?

K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' wo?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[*Exit with the body.*

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.
[*Exit with the body.*

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE OF WALES, *and* EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafèd bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord, toward Berwick post amain,
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,

With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel, grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.
Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them;
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else come after, I'll away before.
K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!

[*Exeunt.*

The First English Printer.—*D'Israeli.*

[From "Amenities of Literature," by Isaac D'Israeli.]

1. THE ambitious wars of a potent aristocracy inflicted on this country half a century of misery. Our fields were a soil of blood; and maternal England long mourned for victories she obtained over her own children—lord against lord, brother against brother, and the son against the father. Rival administrations alternately dispossess each other by sanguinary conflict; a new monarch attaints the friends of his predecessor; conspiracy rises against conspiracy—scaffold against scaffold; the king is re-enthroned—the king perished in the Tower; York is triumphant—and York is annihilated.

2. During this dread interval, all things about us were thrown back into a state of the rudest infancy; the illiteracy of the age approached to barbarism; the evidences of history were destroyed; there was such a paucity of readers that no writers were found to commemorate contemporary events. Indeed, had there been any, who could have ventured to arbitrate between such contradictory accounts, when every party had to tell their own tale? Oblivion, not history, seemed to be the consolation of those miserable times.

3. It was at such an unhappy era that the new-found art of printing was introduced into England by an English trader, who, for thirty years, had passed his life in Flanders, conversant with no other languages than were used in those countries. Our literature was interested in the intellectual character of

our first English printer. A powerful mind might, by the novel and mighty instrument of thought, have created a national taste, or have sown that seed of curiosity, without which no knowledge can be reared. Such a genius might have anticipated, by a whole century, that general passion for sound literature which was afterward to distinguish our country. But neither the times nor the man were equal to such a glorious advancement.

4. The first printed book in the English language was not printed in England. It is a translation of Raoul de Fevre's "*Recueil des Histoires de Troye*" [Collection of the Histories of Troy], famed in its own day as the most romantic history, and in ours, for the honor of bibliography, romantically valued at the cost of a thousand guineas. This first monument of English printing issued from the press at Cologne, in 1471, where Caxton first became initiated in "the noble mystery and craft" of printing, when printing was yet truly a "mystery;" and Caxton himself did not import the art which was to effect such an intellectual revolution, till a year or two afterward, on his return home. The first printer, it is evident, had no other conception of the machine he was about to give the nation, than as an ingenious contrivance, or a cheap substitute for costly manuscripts—possibly he might, in his calculating prudence, even be doubtful of its success.

5. Caxton did not extend his views beyond those of a mercantile printer and an indifferent translator. As a writer, he had reason to speak with humility of the style of his vernacular versions. His patroness, the Lady Margaret, sister to Edward the Fourth, and Duchess of Burgundy, after inspecting some quires of the translation of the "History of Troy," returned them, finding, as Caxton ingenuously acknowledges, "some default in his English, which she commanded him to amend."

6. The "curious" prices now given among the connoisseurs of our earliest typography, for their "Caxtons," as his Gothic works are thus honorably distinguished, have induced some, conforming to traditional prejudice, to appreciate by the same

fanciful value "the Caxtonian style." But though we are not acquainted with the "defaults" which offended the Lady Margaret, nor with the "terms which were not easily understood," nor with "the sentences improperly Englished," as a later printer declared, we shall not, I suspect, fall short of the mark if we conclude that the style of a writer destitute of a literary education, a prolix genius with a lax verbosity, and almost a foreigner in his native idiom, could not attain to any skill of felicity in the maternal tongue.

7. As a printer without erudition, Caxton would naturally accommodate himself to the tastes of his age, and it was therefore a consequence that no great author appears among the "Caxtons." The most glorious issues of his press were a Chaucer and a Gower, wherein he was simply a printer. The rest of his works are translations of fabulous histories, and those spurious writings of the monkish ages ascribed by ignorant transcribers to some ancient sage. He appears frequently to have been at a loss what book to print, and to have accidentally chosen the work in hand.

8. The trivial productions from Caxton's press, romantic or religious legends, and treatises on hunting and hawking, and the moralities of the game of chess, with Reynard the Fox, were more amusing to the ignorant readers of his country; but the national genius was little advanced by a succession of "merveillous workes;" nor would the crude unformed tastes of the readers be matured by stimulating their inordinate appetites. The first printing-press in England did not serve to raise the national taste out of its barbarous infancy. Caxton was not a genius to soar beyond his age, but he had the industry to keep pace with it, and with little judgment and less learning, he found no impediment in his selection of authors or his progress in translation.

[The earliest work printed in England by Caxton is that entitled "*The Game and Playe of the Chesse, translated out of the French, fynyssshed the last day of Marche.* 1474." A second edition of this work was the first English book illustrated with woodcuts. Sixty-five works, chiefly translations, are assigned to the pen and the press of Caxton, who, during seventeen years, and until nearly fourscore years of age, continued to work at his press, inking the types and working the lever himself. His death occurred in 1491.]

Battle of Flodden Field.—*Scott.*

[A short time after his accession, Henry VIII. commenced war against Louis XII., King of France, and invading the country, gained a decided victory over the French in a brief conflict styled the "Battle of the Spurs." In the mean time, King James of Scotland, who had formed an alliance with Louis, made an invasion into England with a brave but tumultuous army of above fifty thousand men; but was met at Flodden, near the Cheviot Hills, by the Earl of Surrey, with an army of about half that number of men, and totally defeated (1513). The battle was long and bloody, and at its close the king and the flower of the Scottish nobility lay dead on the field. The Scots would not believe that their king was slain, asserting that the body which was taken to London and interred as his, was in reality that of one Elphinston, who, to deceive the English, was arrayed in arms resembling the king's during the battle. Hence, the populace entertained the opinion that James was still alive, having secretly gone on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and that he would return and take possession of the throne. To this fond conceit they clung for many years.

The following spirited description of the battle is extracted from Sir Walter Scott's poem, entitled "Marmion, a Tale of Flodden."]

NEXT morn the baron climbed the tower,
To view afar the Scottish power,
Encamped on Flodden edge:
The white pavilions made a show,
Like remnants of the winter snow,
Along the dusky ridge.
Long Marmion looked:—at length his eye
Unusual movement might descry
Amid the shifting lines:
The Scottish host drawn out appears,
For, flashing on the edge of spears,
The eastern sunbeam shines.
Their front now deepening, now extending,
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,
Now drawing back, and now descending,
The skillful Marmion well could know
They watched the motion of some foe,
Who traversed on the plain below.

Even so it was;—From Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
And heedful watched them as they crossed
The Till* by Twisel Bridge.

* The *Till*, a branch of the Tweed, divided the two armies before the battle. On the morning of September 9, 1513, Surrey crossed this river, at a place called Twisel Bridge, near the confluence of the river with the Tweed.

High sight it is, and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile;
Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall.
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,
Troop after troop are disappearing;
Troop after troop their banners rearing
Upon the eastern bank you see.
Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the sullen Till,
And rising from the dim wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,
And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
To gain the opposing hill.
That morn, to many a trumpet-clang,
Twisel! thy rocks' deep echo rang;
And many a chief of birth and rank,
St. Helen! at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see,
In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching columns room.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile?
What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead?
What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand!—
O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the right,
And cry—"Saint Andrew and our right!"
Another sight had seen that morn,
From fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockbourne!—

The precious hour has passed in vain,
And England's host has gained the plain;
Wheeling their march, and circling still,
Around the base of Flodden-hill.

* * * * *

"But, see! look up—on Flodden bent,
The Scottish foe has fired his tent,"
And sudden as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke;
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.—
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air;
O! life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness naught descry.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,

And plumèd crest of chieftains brave
Floating like foam upon the wave.
But naught distinct they see;
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.
Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight;
Although against them come
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn highlandman,
And many a rugged border clan,
With Huntley and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied:
'Twas vain:—But fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,—
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell.
The border slogan rent the sky!
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry;
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered 'mid the foes.

* * * * *

By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,

For still the Scots around their king,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where's now their victor va'ward wing,
Where Huntley, and where Home?
O for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin[v] and peer,
On Roncesvalles* died!
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
While yet on Flodden side,
Afar the royal standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,
Our Caledonian pride!
In vain the wish—for, far away,
While spoil and havoc mark their way,
Near Sibyl's cross the plunderers stray.—

* * * * *

And now upon the darkening heath
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;—
Linked in the serried[v] phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;

* Charlemagne invaded Spain and made some important conquests from the Saracens in that country. On his return through the Pyrenees, the rear-guard of his army was surprised at *Roncesvalles* and defeated, its brave commander, Roland, nephew of Charlemagne, being slain.

Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skillful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.

Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest, low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong;
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

Day dawns upon the mountain side:—
There, Scotland! lay thy bravest pride,
Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one,
The sad survivors all are gone.
View not that corpse distrustfully,
Defaced and mangled though it be;
Nor to yon border castle high
Look northward with upbraiding eye;
Nor cherish hope in vain,
That, journeying far on foreign strand,
The royal pilgrim to his land
May yet return again.
He saw the wreck his rashness wrought;
Reckless of life, he desperate fought,
And fell on Flodden plain:

And well in death his trusty brand,
Firm clenched within his manly hand,
Beseemed the monarch slain.*

Fall of Cardinal Wolsey.—*Hume.*

[Thomas Wolsey, it is said, was of very humble origin, being the son of a butcher of Ipswich. He, however, received a learned education, and his extraordinary capacity became known to Henry VII., who employed him in some important negotiations. On the accession of Henry VIII. he acquired great influence over the young monarch, by promoting all his plans for pleasure and gayety, so that he soon obtained for himself the management and control of the most important affairs of the kingdom. The attempt of the king, subsequently, to divorce his queen, Catharine of Arragon, in order that he might marry Anne Boleyn, with whom he had become enamored, led to the cardinal's fall; for to him had been entrusted the obtaining from the Pope the decree dissolving the king's marriage, and he failed to accomplish this. The incidents connected with this event are related in the following extract from Hume's "History of England."]

1. Wolsey had long foreseen this measure† as the sure forerunner of his ruin. Though he had at first desired that the king should rather marry a French princess than Anne Boleyn (*bul'en*), he had employed himself with the utmost assiduity and earnestness to bring the affair to a happy issue: he was not, therefore, to be blamed for the unprosperous event which Clement's partiality had produced. But he had sufficient experience of the extreme ardor and impatience of Henry's temper, who would bear no contradiction, and was wont, without examination or distinction, to make his ministers answerable for the success of those transactions with which they were intrusted.

2. Anne Boleyn also, who was prepossessed against him, had imputed to him the failure of her hopes; and as she was newly returned to court, whence she had been removed, from a regard to decency, during the trial before the legates, she had naturally acquired an additional influence on Henry, and she served much to fortify his prejudices against the cardinal. Even the

* As an evidence of the king's death, the English produced his sword and dagger, which, Scott remarks, are still preserved in the Herald's College, London. An unhewn column marks the spot where King James fell, still called the "King's Stone."

† That is, the removal of the trial of the legality of the king's marriage from England to Rome.

queen and her partisans, judging of Wolsey by the part which he had openly acted, had expressed great animosity against him; and the most opposite factions seemed now to combine in the ruin of this haughty minister.

3. The high opinion itself, which Henry had entertained for the cardinal's capacity, tended to hasten his downfall; while he imputed the bad success of that minister's undertakings, not to ill-fortune or to mistake, but to the malignity or infidelity of his intentions. The blow, however, fell not instantly on his head. The king, who probably could not justify by any good reason his alienation from his ancient favorite, seems to have remained some time in suspense; and he received him, if not with all his former kindness, at least with the appearance of trust and regard.

4. But constant experience evinces how rarely a high confidence and affection receive the least diminution without sinking into absolute indifference, or even running into the opposite extreme. The king now determined to bring on the ruin of the cardinal with a motion almost as precipitate as he had formerly employed in his elevation. The Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk were sent to require the great seal from him; and on his scrupling to deliver it without a more express warrant, Henry wrote him a letter, upon which it was surrendered; and it was delivered by the king to Sir Thomas More, a man, who, besides the ornaments of an elegant literature, possessed the highest virtue, integrity, and capacity.

5. Wolsey was ordered to depart from York Place, a palace which he had built in London, and which, though it really belonged to the see of York, was seized by Henry, and became afterward the residence of the kings of England, by the title of Whitehall. All his furniture and plate were also seized: their riches and splendor befitted rather a royal than a private fortune. The walls of his palace were covered with cloth of gold, or cloth of silver; he had a cupboard of plate of massy gold; there were found a thousand pieces of fine Holland belonging to him. The rest of his riches and furniture was in

proportion; and his opulence was, probably, no small inducement to this violent persecution against him.

6. The cardinal was ordered to retire to Asher, a country-seat which he possessed near Hampton Court. The world, that had paid him such abject court during his prosperity, now entirely deserted him on this fatal reverse of all his fortunes. He himself was much dejected with the change; and from the same turn of mind which had made him be so vainly elated with his grandeur, he felt the stroke of adversity with double rigor. The smallest appearance of his return to favor threw him into transports of joy unbecoming a man.

7. The king had seemed willing, during some time, to intermit the blows which overwhelmed him. He granted him his protection, and left him in possession of the sees of York and Winchester. He even sent him a gracious message, accompanied with a ring, as a testimony of his affection. Wolsey, who was on horseback when the messenger met him, immediately alighted; and, throwing himself on his knees in the mire, received in that humble attitude these marks of his majesty's gracious disposition toward him.

8. But his enemies, who dreaded his return to court, never ceased plying the king with accounts of his several offences; and Anne Boleyn, in particular, contributed her endeavors, in conjunction with her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, to exclude him from all hopes of ever being reinstated in his former authority. He dismissed, therefore, his numerous retinue; and, as he was a kind and beneficent master, the separation passed not without a plentiful effusion of tears on both sides. The king's heart, notwithstanding some gleams of kindness, seemed totally hardened against his old favorite. He ordered him to be indicted in the star-chamber, where a sentence was passed against him. And, not content with this severity, he abandoned him to all the rigor of the Parliament, which now, after a long interval, was again assembled.

9. The House of Lords voted a long charge against Wolsey, consisting of forty-four articles; and accompanied it with an application to the king for his punishment, and his removal

from all authority. Little opposition was made to this charge in the upper house: no evidence of any part of it was so much as called for, and, as it chiefly consists of general accusations, it was scarcely susceptible of any. The articles were sent down to the House of Commons, where Thomas Cromwell, formerly a servant of the cardinal, and who had been raised by him from a very low station, defended his unfortunate patron with such spirit, generosity, and courage, as acquired him great honor, and laid the foundation of that favor which he afterward enjoyed with the king.

10. Wolsey's enemies, finding that either his innocence or his caution prevented them from having any just ground of accusing him, had recourse to a very extraordinary expedient. An indictment was laid against him, that, contrary to a statute of Richard II., commonly called the Statute of Provisors, he had procured bulls from Rome, particularly one investing him with the legatine power, which he had exercised with very extensive authority. He confessed the indictment, pleaded ignorance of the statute, and threw himself on the king's mercy. He was perhaps within reach of the law; but, besides that this statute had fallen into disuse, nothing could be more rigorous and severe than to impute to him as a crime what he had openly, during the course of so many years, practised with the consent and approbation of the king, and the acquiescence of the Parliament and kingdom.

11. Not to mention what he had always asserted, and what we can scarcely doubt of, that he had obtained the royal license in the most formal manner, which, had he not been apprehensive of the dangers attending any opposition to Henry's lawless will, he might have pleaded in his own defence before the judges. Sentence, however, was pronounced against him, "That he was out of the king's protection; his lands and goods forfeited; and that his person might be committed to custody." But this prosecution of Wolsey was carried no further. Henry even granted him a pardon for all offences; restored him part of his plate and furniture; and still continued, from time to

time, to drop expressions of favor and compassion toward him.

12. After Wolsey had remained some time at Asher, he was allowed to remove to Richmond, a palace which he had received as a present from Henry, in return for Hampton Court; but the courtiers, dreading still his vicinity to the king, procured an order for him to remove to his see of York. The cardinal knew it was in vain to resist; he took up his residence at Cawood, in Yorkshire, where he rendered himself extremely popular in the neighborhood by his affability and hospitality; but he was not allowed to remain long unmolested in this retreat. The Earl of Northumberland received orders, without regard to Wolsey's ecclesiastical character, to arrest him for high treason, and to conduct him to London, in order to his trial.

13. The cardinal, partly from the fatigues of his journey, partly from the agitations of his anxious mind, was seized with a disorder which turned into a dysentery; and he was able, with some difficulty, to reach Leicester Abbey. When the abbot and the monks advanced to receive him, with much respect and reverence, he told them that he was come to lay his bones among them; and he immediately took to his bed, whence he never rose more. A little before he expired, he addressed himself in the following words to Sir William Kingston, Constable of the Tower, who had him in custody: "I pray you have me heartily recommended unto his royal majesty, and beseech him, on my behalf, to call to his remembrance all matters that have passed between us from the beginning, especially with regard to his business with the queen, and then will he know in his conscience whether I have offended him.

14. "He is a prince of a most royal carriage, and hath a princely heart; and rather than he will miss or want any part of his will, he will endanger the one-half of his kingdom. I do assure you, that I have often kneeled before him, sometimes three hours together, to persuade him from his will and appetite, but could not prevail; had I but served God as diligent-

ly as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs. But this is the just reward that I must receive for my indulgent pains and study, not regarding my service to God, but only to my prince. Therefore, let me advise you, if you be one of the privy council, as by your wisdom you are fit, take care what you put into the king's head; for you can never put it out again."

15. Thus died this famous cardinal, whose character seems to have contained as singular a variety as the fortune to which he was exposed. The obstinacy and violence of the king's temper may alleviate much of the blame which some of his favorite's measures have undergone; and when we consider, that the subsequent part of Henry's reign was much more criminal than that which had been directed by Wolsey's counsels, we shall be inclined to suspect those historians of partiality, who have endeavored to load the memory of this minister with such violent reproaches.

16. If, in foreign politics, he sometimes employed his influence over the king for his private purposes, rather than his master's service, which, he boasted, he had solely at heart, we must remember that he had in view the papal throne,—a dignity which, had he attained it, would have enabled him to make Henry a suitable return for all his favors. We have reason to think that Henry was well acquainted with the views by which his m nister was influenced, and took a pride in promoting them. He much regretted his death, when informed of it, and always spoke favorably of his memory; a proof that humor, more than treason, or any discovery of treachery, had occasioned the last persecutions against him.

[The following lines are from Shakespeare's drama of *Henry VIII.* They are represented as the dying words of Wolsey to his servant Cromwell.]

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far, hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee;

Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,—
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Prithee, lead me in;
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

[Not having succeeded in his application to the Pope for a divorce, Henry caused a court to be opened under Archbishop Cranmer; and by this court his marriage with Catharine was formally annulled. His marriage with Anne Boleyn, which had privately taken place the year previous, was then publicly announced, and her coronation was celebrated with every circumstance of pomp and splendor (1533).

"When all was ready, preceded by the peers in their robes of parliament, the Knights of the Garter in the dress of the order, she swept out under her canopy, the bishops and the monks 'solemnly singing.' The train was borne by the old Duchess of Norfolk, her aunt, the Bishops of London and Winchester on either side 'bearing up the lappets of her robe.' The Earl of Oxford carried the crown on its cushion immediately before her. She was dressed in purple velvet furred with ermine, her hair escaping loose, as she usually wore it, under a wreath of diamonds. On entering the abbey, she was led to the coronation chair, where she sat while the train fell into their places, and the preliminaries of the ceremonial were dispatched. Then she was conducted up to the high altar, and anointed Queen of England, and she received from the hands of Cranmer, fresh come in haste from Dunstable, with the last words of his sentence upon Catharine scarcely silent upon his lips, the golden sceptre, and Saint Edward's Crown." *Froude.*

About three years after her marriage with the king, Anne Boleyn was brought to trial on a charge of being unfaithful to her royal husband; and, being pronounced guilty, was sentenced to death, and subsequently beheaded. The account of her execution, given in the following selection, is extracted from Agnes Strickland's "Queens of England."]

Execution of Anne Boleyn.—*Strickland.*

1. THE queen was ordered for execution on the 19th of May, and it was decreed by Henry that she should be beheaded on the green within the Tower. It was a case without precedent in the annals of England, for never before had female blood been shed on the scaffold; even in the Norman reigns of terror, woman's life had been held sacred, and the most merciless of the Plantagenet sovereigns had been too manly, under any provocation or pretense, to butcher ladies.

2. On Friday, the 19th of May [1536], the last sad morning of her life, Anne rose two hours after midnight, and resumed her devotions with her almoner. When she was about to receive the sacrament, she sent for Sir William Kingston, that he might be a witness of her last solemn protestation of innocence of the crimes for which she was sentenced to die, before she became partaker of the holy rite. It is difficult to imagine any person wantonly provoking the wrath of God by incurring the crime of perjury at such a moment. She had evidently no hope of prolonging her life, and appeared not only resigned to die, but impatient of the unexpected delay of an hour or two before the closing scene was to take place. This delay was caused by the misgivings of Henry; for Kingston had advised Cromwell not to fix the hour for the execution, so that it could be exactly known when it was to take place, lest it should draw an influx of spectators from the city.

3. It does not appear that Anne condescended to implore the mercy of the king. She knew his pitiless nature too well, even to make the attempt to touch his feelings after the horrible imputations with which he had branded her; and this lofty spirit looks like the pride of innocence, and the bitterness of a deeply-wounded mind. While Kingston was writing his last report to Cromwell of her preparations for the awful change that awaited her, she sent for him, and said, "Mr. Kingston, I hear that I shall not die afore noon, and I am very sorry therefor, for I thought to be dead by this time, and past my

pain." "I told her," said Kingston, "that the pain should be little, it was so subtle."

4. And then she said, "I have heard say the executioner is very good, and I have a little neck," and put her hands about it, laughing heartily. "I have seen men and also women executed, and they have been in great sorrow," continues the Lieutenant of the Tower; "but, to my knowledge, this lady hath much joy and pleasure in death. Sir, her almoner is continually with her, and hath been since two o'clock after midnight." Just before she went to execution, she sent this message to the king: "Commend me to his majesty, and tell him he hath been ever constant in his career of advancing me. From a private gentlewoman he made me a marchioness, from a marchioness a queen; and, now he hath left no higher degree of honor, he gives my innocency the crown of martyrdom."

5. The scaffold prepared for the decapitation of the unfortunate queen was erected on the green before the church of St. Peter-ad-Vincula. The hour appointed by her ruthless consort for her execution having been kept a profound mystery, only a few privileged spectators were assembled to witness the dreadful, yet strangely exciting pageant. A few minutes before twelve o'clock, the portals through which she was to pass for the last time were thrown open, and the royal victim appeared, led by the Lieutenant of the Tower, who acted as her lord-chamberlain at this last fatal ceremonial. Anne was dressed in a robe of black damask, with a deep white cape falling over it on her neck. Instead of the pointed black velvet hood edged with pearls, which is familiar to us in her portraits, she wore a small hat with ornamented coifs under it.

6. The high resolve with which she had nerved herself to go through the awful scene that awaited her, as became a queen, had doubtless recalled the lustre to her eyes, and flushed her faded cheek with hues of feverish brightness; for she came forth in fearful beauty. "Never," says an eye-witness of the tragedy, "had the queen looked so beautiful before." She was attended by the four maids of honor who had waited upon her in prison. Having been assisted by Sir William Kingston to

ascend the steps of the scaffold, she then saw assembled the lord-mayor and some of the civic dignitaries, and her great enemy, the Duke of Suffolk, with Henry's natural son, the Duke of Richmond, who had, in defiance of all decency and humanity, come hither to disturb her last moments with their unfriendly espionage[v].

7. There also was the ungrateful blacksmith—Secretary of State Cromwell; who, though he had been chiefly indebted to the patronage of Anne Boleyn for his present greatness, had shown no disposition to succor her in her adversity. The fact was, he meant to make alliance offensive and defensive with the family of Henry's bride-elect, Jane Seymour. Anne accorded him the mercy of her silence, when she met him on the scaffold. She came there, as she with true dignity observed, "to die and not to accuse her enemies." When she looked round, she turned to Kingston, and entreated him "not to hasten the signal for her death till she had spoken that which was on her mind to say;" to which he consented, and then she spoke—"Good Christian people, I am come hither to die according to law, for by the law I am judged to die, and therefore I will speak nothing against it. I am come hither to accuse no man, nor to speak anything of that whereof I am accused, as I know full well that aught I could say in my defense doth not appertain unto you, and that I could draw no hope of life from the same.

8. "But I come here only to die, and thus to yield myself humbly unto the will of my lord the king. I pray God to save the king, and send him long to reign over you, for a gentler or more merciful prince was there never. To me he was ever a good and gentle sovereign lord. If any persons will meddle with my cause, I require them to judge the best. Thus I take my leave of the world and of you, and I heartily desire you all to pray for me." She then with her own hands removed her hat and collar, which might impede the action of the sword, and taking the coifs from her head, delivered them to one of her ladies. Then covering her hair with a little linen cap (for it seems as if her ladies were too much overpowered

with grief and terror to assist her, and that she was the only person who retained her composure), she said, "Alas, poor head! in a very brief space thou wilt roll in the dust on the scaffold; and as in life thou didst not merit to wear the crown of a queen, so in death thou deserveth no better doom than this."

9. All present were then in tears, save the base court sycophants who came to flatter the evil passions of the sovereign. Anne took leave of her weeping ladies in these pathetic words: "And ye, my damsels, who, while I lived, ever showed yourselves so diligent in my service, and who are now to be present at my last hour and mortal agony, as in good fortune ye were faithful to me, so even at this my miserable death ye do not forsake me. And as I can not reward you for your true service to me, I pray you take comfort for my loss; howbeit, forget me not, and be always faithful to the king's grace, and to her whom, with happier fortune, ye may have as your queen and mistress. And esteem your honor far beyond your life; and, in your prayers to the Lord Jesu, forget not to pray for my soul."

10. Among these true-hearted adherents of the fallen queen was the companion of her childhood, Mary Wyatt, Sir Thomas Wyatt's sister, who, faithful through every reverse, attended her on the scaffold. To this tried friend Anne Boleyn gave, as a parting gift, her last possession—a little book of devotions, bound in gold, and enamelled black, which she had held in her hand from the time she left her apartment in the Tower till she commenced her preparations for the block. Mary always wore this precious relic in her bosom. Some mysterious last words, supposed to be a message to Sir Thomas Wyatt, the queen was observed to whisper very earnestly to Mary Wyatt before she knelt down.

11. One of her ladies covered her eyes with a bandage; and then they withdrew themselves some little space, and knelt down over against the scaffold, bewailing bitterly and shedding many tears. And thus, and without more to say or do, was her head struck off; she making no confession of her fault, but

saying, "O Lord God, have pity on my soul!" She died with great resolution. Her eyes and lips were observed to move when the head was held up by the executioner. It is also said that before those beautiful eyes sunk in the dimness of death, they seemed for an instant mournfully to regard her bleeding body as it fell on the scaffold.

[Henry's third wife, Jane Seymour, died a short time after her marriage; and the king then contracted a matrimonial alliance with *Anne of Cleves*; but on seeing her was so disappointed with her appearance, that he refused to fulfill his contract, and shortly afterward divorced her. His next choice was *Catharine Howard*, who, like Anne Boleyn, was beheaded on a charge of adultery. *Catharine Parr*, his sixth and last wife, survived him. On the death of Henry VIII., he was succeeded by Edward VI., his son by Jane Seymour.]

The First English Voyage to the Arctic Seas.—*Anon.*

[The expedition described in the following narrative, was fitted out under the direction of the celebrated navigator, Sebastian Cabot.]

1. In the month of May, 1553, three vessels lay at anchor at Greenwich, ready to set sail on a voyage of discovery to the Northern Seas. So great was the interest excited in the expedition, that the court, and, as it were, the nation, assembled to witness its departure. The young king himself (Edward VI.) was confined by illness, but the principal courtiers stood at the palace windows, the rest of the household mounted the towers, while the people lined the shore. The ships fired their guns, and the hardy seamen rent the air with their cheers, as the vessels dropped down the river. The thought of the distant and unknown seas to which they were bound was either forgotten in the moment of exultation, or served but to heighten the enthusiasm.

2. The vessels, after stopping a few days at Blackwall, sailed down to Gravesend, and thence to the coast of Essex, where contrary winds unfortunately detained them for several days. Then, with a favoring gale, they quitted England, and shaped their course for the open expanse of the German Sea. The sailors fixed their eyes on their native land as it gradually receded; and many, unaccustomed to distant voyages, grew sad

at the thought that they were looking at it perhaps for the last time.

3. This was the first English expedition that ever sailed to the Arctic Seas. It was fitted out by the merchants of London, and placed under the command of Sir Hugh Willoughby. Its object was to discover a passage by the North to the golden realms of the East. By the middle of July, the expedition had reached the North Cape in Norway, and saw before them the abyss of the Arctic Ocean stretching toward the Pole. Soon afterward, amid the thick mist of a stormy night, one of the principal ships, commanded by Richard Chancellor, separated from the others, and never rejoined them. Willoughby's ship, however, and the remaining vessel, named the *Confidence*, continued the voyage.

4. The imperfect maps of those days seem not to have shown the true line of coast, and Willoughby was astonished at not discovering any appearance of a shore. Instead of finding, as he had expected, a continuation of the coast of Norway, he was plunging deeper and deeper into the Northern Ocean. As he groped his way through these vast and stormy seas, land at length appeared; but it was high, desolate, and covered with snow, while no sound was wafted to him over the waves except the crash of its falling ice, and the hungry roar of its monsters. This was the coast of Nova Zembla; but he found no point at which a landing could be effected. Turning to the southwest, the expedition at last came in sight of Russian Lapland; and then sailing westward, they reached a point where they resolved to spend the winter. The coast was naked and uninhabited; but yet, as the rigors of the northern winter had already set in, they determined to take up their quarters in the haven they had reached, till the ensuing spring. They were surprised by the appearance of reindeer, foxes, polar bears, and "divers beasts to them unknown, and therefore wonderful."

5. The narrative here closes, and the darkest gloom involves the fate of this first English expedition; for neither the commander nor any of his brave companions ever returned to their native land. After long suspense and anxiety, tidings at last

reached home that some Russian sailors, while wandering along those dreary tracts, had been astonished by the view of two large ships, which they entered, and found the gallant crew all lifeless. There was found on board the journal of the voyage, with a note written in January, showing that at that date they were still alive. What was the immediate cause of a catastrophe so dismal and so complete,—whether it was the extremity of cold, of famine, or of disease, or whether all these ills had united at once to assail them,—can now only be a matter of conjecture. Thomson thus pathetically laments their fate:

"Miserable they,
Who here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun;
While full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's fate,
As with first prow (what have not Britons dared!)
He for the passage sought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the stormy deep his idle ship
Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
Each full exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm."

[During the succeeding century no less than eight expeditions were undertaken by the English and Dutch with the object of discovering a *northeast passage* to the Pacific Ocean. Two of these were commanded by the celebrated Henry Hudson; and it was only after having failed in attaining the object of these voyages, that, the next year (1609), he turned his vessel's prow to the northwest, in hopes of reaching the Pacific in that direction. Though failing in this, his discovery of the river to which he has given his name, has rendered that name illustrious. The Russian government also took up the search; and during one of the expeditions sent out by it the great navigator Behring, being wrecked on a desert island, perished (1741). In a previous voyage Behring had discovered the strait which bears his name. The practicability of discovering such a passage was not abandoned till a final sledge expedition in 1830-3, under the Russians, conclusively proved that these seas cannot be navigated on account of the constant presence of vast fields of ice.]

Character and Fate of Lady Jane Grey.—*Hume.*

[The Duke of Northumberland had married his son, Lord Guilford Dudley, to Lady Jane Grey, grand-daughter of Henry VII.; and persuaded Edward VI. to set aside the claims of his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, on the ground of illegitimacy, and to settle the succession upon the Lady Jane. Accordingly, on the king's death, arrangements were made to proclaim her queen (1553). The following narrative of the consequences is taken from Hume's "History of England."]

1. NORTHUMBERLAND found that further dissimulation was fruitless: he went to Sion House, accompanied by the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Pembroke, and others of the nobility; and he approached the Lady Jane, who resided there, with all the respect usually paid to the sovereign. Jane was in a great measure ignorant of these transactions; and it was with equal grief and surprise that she received intelligence of them. She was a lady of an amiable person, an engaging disposition, and accomplished parts; and being of an equal age with the late king, she had received all her education with him, and seemed even to possess greater facility in acquiring every part of manly and polite literature.

2. She had attained a familiar knowledge of the Roman and Greek languages, besides modern tongues; had passed most of her time in an application to learning; and expressed a great indifference for other occupations and amusements usual with her sex and station. Roger Ascham, tutor to the Lady Elizabeth, having one day paid her a visit, found her employed in reading Plato, while the rest of the family were engaged in a party of hunting in the park; and on his admiring the singularity of her choice, she told him that she received more pleasure from that author than the others could reap from all their sport and gayety.

3. Her heart, full of this passion for literature and the elegant arts, and of tenderness toward her husband, who was deserving of her affections, had never opened itself to the flattering allurements of ambition; and the intelligence of her elevation to the throne was nowise agreeable to her. She even refused to accept of the present; pleaded the preferable title of the two princesses; expressed her dread of the consequences

attending an enterprise so dangerous, not to say criminal; and desired to remain in the private station in which she was born. Overcome at last by the entreaties, rather than the reasons, of her father and father-in-law, and above all, of her husband, she submitted to their will, and was prevailed on to relinquish her own judgment.

4. It was then usual for the kings of England, after their accession, to pass the first days in the Tower; and Northumberland immediately conveyed thither the new sovereign. All the counsellors were obliged to attend her to that fortress; and by this means became, in reality, prisoners in the hands of Northumberland, whose will they were necessitated to obey. Orders were given by the council to proclaim Jane throughout the kingdom; but these orders were executed only in London and the neighborhood. No applause ensued; the people heard the proclamation with silence and concern; some even expressed their scorn and contempt; and one Pot, a vintner's apprentice, was severely punished for this offense. The Protestant teachers themselves, who were employed to convince the people of Jane's title, found their eloquence fruitless; and Ridley, Bishop of London, who preached a sermon to that purpose, wrought no effect upon his audience.

[Mary, daughter of Henry VIII., by Catharine of Aragon, having asserted her right to the throne, was on her entrance into London proclaimed queen. Northumberland and two of his accomplices were tried and executed for treason; but Lady Jane and her husband, although also convicted, and sentenced to death, were kept some time in prison, the queen being reluctant to carry the sentence into execution. A rebellion, however, under Sir Thomas Wyatt, broke out the next year, and unfortunately for the hapless pair, some of their friends were concerned in it. The narrative is thus continued by the historian Hume.]

5. This rebellion proved fatal to the Lady Jane as well as to her husband; the Duke of Suffolk's guilt was imputed to her, and though the rebels and malcontents seemed chiefly to rest their hopes on the Lady Elizabeth and the Earl of Devonshire, the queen, incapable of generosity or clemency, determined to remove every person from whom the least danger could be apprehended. Warning was given the Lady Jane to prepare for death; a doom which she had long expected, and which the innocence of her life, as well as the misfortunes to which she

had been exposed, rendered nowise unwelcome to her. The queen's zeal, under color of tender mercy to the prisoner's soul, induced her to send divines, who harassed her with perpetual disputation; and even a reprieve for three days was granted her, in hopes that she would be persuaded during that time to pay, by a timely conversion, some regard to her eternal welfare.

6. The Lady Jane had presence of mind, in those melancholy circumstances, not only to defend her religion by all the topics then in use, but also to write a letter to a sister in the Greek language; in which, besides sending her a copy of the Scriptures in that tongue, she exhorted her to maintain, in every fortune, a like steady perseverance. On the day of her execution her husband, Lord Guilford, desired permission to see her; but she refused her consent, and informed him, by a message, that the tenderness of their parting would overcome the fortitude of both, and would too much unbend their minds from that constancy which their approaching end required of them. Their separation, she said, would be only for a moment; and they would soon rejoin each other in a scene where their affections would be forever united, and where death, disappointment, and misfortunes could no longer have access to them, or disturb their eternal felicity.

7. It had been intended to execute the Lady Jane and Lord Guilford together on the same scaffold, at Tower Hill; but the council, dreading the compassion of the people for their youth, beauty, innocence, and noble birth, changed their orders, and gave directions that she should be beheaded within the verge of the Tower. She saw her husband led to execution, and, having given him from the window some token of her remembrance, she waited with tranquillity till her own appointed hour should bring her to a like fate. She even saw his headless body carried back in a cart, and found herself more confirmed by the reports which she heard of the constancy of his end, than shaken by so tender and melancholy a spectacle.

8. Sir John Gage, Constable of the Tower, when he led her to execution, desired her to bestow on him some small present,

which he might keep as a perpetual memorial of her. She gave him her table-book, in which she had just written three sentences on seeing her husband's dead body—one in Greek, another in Latin, a third in English. The purport of them was, that human justice was against his body, but divine mercy would be favorable to his soul; that if her fault deserved punishment, her youth, at least, and her imprudence, were worthy of excuse; and that God and posterity, she trusted, would show her favor. On the scaffold she made a speech to the bystanders, in which the mildness of her disposition led her to take the blame wholly on herself, without uttering one complaint against the severity with which she had been treated.

9. She said that her offense was not the having laid her hand upon the crown, but the not rejecting it with sufficient constancy; that she had less erred through ambition than through reverence to her parents, whom she had been taught to respect and obey; that she willingly received death, as the only satisfaction which she could now make to the injured state; and though her infringement of the laws had been constrained, she would show, by her voluntary submission to their sentence, that she was desirous to atone for that disobedience into which too much filial piety had betrayed her; that she had justly deserved this punishment for being made the instrument, though the unwilling instrument, of the ambition of others; and that the story of her life, she hoped, might at least be useful, by proving that innocence excuses not great misdeeds, if they tend anywise to the destruction of the commonwealth. After uttering these words, she caused herself to be disrobed by her women, and, with a steady, serene countenance, submitted herself to the executioner.

[Queen Mary filled the Tower and other prisons with the numerous objects of her suspicion, many of them among the most distinguished of the nobility and gentry. The Princess Elizabeth was also imprisoned, but made so good a defense that she was soon released. Queen Mary was succeeded by Elizabeth in 1558.]

Execution of Mary Queen of Scots.—*Lingard.*

[Mary Queen of Scots having given great offense to her subjects was deprived of her throne and imprisoned in Lochleven Castle. Escaping thence she took refuge in England, supposing that she would be kindly treated by her cousin Elizabeth, then the reigning queen. She had, however, offended the Queen of England by setting up a claim to the English throne on the ground of the alleged illegitimacy of Elizabeth, who was the daughter of Anne Boleyn. Instead, therefore, of finding protection and hospitality, she was made a prisoner, and continued in captivity during nineteen years. In 1587, she was beheaded at Fotheringay Castle, on a charge of being concerned in a conspiracy, the object of which was to take the life of Elizabeth. The following account of the execution is taken from Lingard's "History of England."]

1. MARY heard the announcement of her sentence with a serenity of countenance and dignity of manner, which awed and affected the beholders; but her attendants burst into tears and lamentations. After long and fervent prayer, the queen was called to supper. She ate sparingly; and before she rose from table, drank to all her servants; asking, at the same time, forgiveness of them, if she had ever spoken or acted toward them unkindly.

2. The last night of Mary's life was spent in the arrangement of her domestic affairs, the writing of her will and of three letters, and in exercises of devotion. In the retirement of her closet, with her two maids, she prayed and read alternately; and sought for support and comfort in reading the passion of Christ. About four she retired to rest; but it was observed that she did not sleep. Her lips were in constant motion, and her mind seemed absorbed in prayer. At the first break of day her household assembled around her. She read to them her will, distributed among them her clothes and money, and bade them adieu, kissing the women and giving her hand to kiss to the men. Weeping, they followed her into her oratory, where she took her place in front of the altar; they knelt down and prayed behind her.

3. In the midst of the great hall of the castle had been raised a scaffold covered with black serge, and surrounded with a low railing. Before eight, a message was sent to the queen, who replied that she would be ready in half an hour. At that time the sheriff entered the oratory, and Mary arose,

taking the crucifix from the altar in her right, and carrying her prayer-book in her left hand. Her servants were forbidden to follow; they insisted; but the queen bade them be content; and turning, gave them her blessing. They received it on their knees, some kissing her hands, others her mantle. The door closed; and the burst of lamentation from those within resounded through the hall.

4. Mary was now joined by the earls and her keepers, and descending the staircase, found at the foot, Melville, the steward of her household, who, for several weeks had been excluded from her presence. "Good Melville," said Mary, "I pray thee report that I die a true woman to my religion, to Scotland, and to France. May God forgive them that have long thirsted for my blood as the hart doth for the brook of water. Commend me to my son; and tell him that I have done nothing prejudicial to the dignity or independence of his crown." She made a last request, that her servants might be present at her death; but the Earl of Kent objected. When she asked with vehemence, "Am I not the cousin to your queen, a descendant of the blood royal of Henry VII., a named queen of France, and the anointed Queen of Scotland?"

5. It was then resolved to admit four of her men and two of her women servants. She selected her steward, physician, apothecary, and surgeon, with her two maids. Mary wore the richest of her dresses, that which was appropriate to the rank of a queen-dowager. Her step was firm, and her countenance cheerful. She bore without shrinking the gaze of the spectators, and the sight of the scaffold, the block, and the executioner; and advanced into the hall with that grace and majesty which she had so often displayed in her happier days, and in the palace of her fathers. To aid her, as she mounted the scaffold, Paulet offered his arm. "I thank you, sir," said Mary; "it is the last trouble I shall give you, and the most acceptable service you have ever rendered me."

6. The queen seated herself on a stool which was prepared for her; and in an audible voice addressed the assembly. She said that she pardoned from her heart all her enemies. She

then repeated with a loud voice, and in the Latin language, passages from the Book of Psalms; and a prayer in French, in which she begged of God to pardon her sins, declared that she forgave her enemies, and protested that she was ignorant of ever consenting in wish or deed to the death of her English sister. She then prayed in English for Christ's afflicted church, for her son James, and for Queen Elizabeth, and in conclusion, holding up the crucifix, exclaimed, "As thy arms, O God, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive me unto the arms of thy mercy, and forgive my sins."

7. "Madam," said the Earl of Kent, "you had better leave such popish trumperies, and bear him in your heart." She replied, "I cannot hold in my hand the representation of his sufferings, but I must at the same time bear him in my heart." When her maids, bathed in tears, began to disrobe their mistress, the executioners, fearing the loss of their usual perquisites, hastily interfered. The queen remonstrated; but instantly submitted to their rudeness, observing to the earls, with a smile, that she was not accustomed to employ such grooms, or to undress in the presence of so numerous a company. Her servants, at the sight of their sovereign in this lamentable state, could not suppress their feelings; but Mary, putting her finger to her lips, commanded silence, gave them her blessing, and solicited their prayers.

8. One of her maids, taking from her a handkerchief edged with gold, pinned it over her eyes; the executioners, holding her by the arms, led her to the block; and the queen, kneeling down, said repeatedly, with a firm voice, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." But the sobs and groans of the spectators disconcerted the headsman. He trembled, missed his aim, and inflicted a deep wound in the lower part of the skull. The queen remained motionless; and at the third stroke her head was severed from her body. The executioner held it up, and cried as usual, "God save Queen Elizabeth." "So perish all her enemies!" subjoined the Dean of Peterborough. "So perish all the enemies of the gospel!" exclaimed, in a still louder tone, the fanatical Earl of Kent. Not a voice was heard to cry Amen. Party feeling was absorbed in pity.

Mary Stuart and her Mourner.—*Bulwer.*

["Mary Stuart perished at the age of forty-four years and two months. Her remains were taken from her weeping servants, and a green cloth, torn in haste from an old billiard-table, was flung over her once beautiful form. Thus it remained unwatched and unattended, except by a poor little lap-dog, which could not be induced to quit the body of its mistress. This faithful little animal was found dead two days afterward; and the circumstances made such an impression even on the hard-hearted minister of Elizabeth, that it was mentioned in the official dispatches."—*Mrs. Jamieson's* "*Female Sovereigns.*"]

THE axe its bloody work had done;
The corpse neglected lay;
This peopled world could spare not one
To watch beside the clay.

The fairest work from Nature's hand
That e'er on mortals shone,—
A sunbeam stray'd from fairy land
To fade upon a throne;—

The Venus of the Tomb whose form
Was destiny and death;
The Siren's voice that stirr'd a storm
In each melodious breath;—

Such *was*, what now by fate is hurl'd
To rot, unwept, away.
A star has vanish'd from the world;
And none to miss the ray!

Stern Knox, that loneliness forlorn
A harsher truth might teach
To royal pomps, than priestly scorn
To royal sins can preach!

No victims now that lip can make!
That hand, how powerless now!
O God! and what a king—but take
A bauble from the brow?

The world is full of life and love;
The world, methinks, might spare
From millions, one to watch above
The dust of monarchs there.

And not one human eye!—yet, lo!
What stirs the funeral pall?
What sound—it is not human woe—
Wails moaning through the hall?

Close by the form mankind desert,
One thing a vigil keeps;
More near and near to that still heart
It wistful, wondering creeps.

It gazes on those glazèd eyes,
It hearkens for a breath—
It does not know that kindness dies,
And love departs from death.

It fawns as fondly as before
Upon that icy hand;
And hears from lips that speak no more
The voice that can command.

To that poor fool, alone on earth,
No matter what had been
The pomp, the fall, the guilt, the worth,
The Dead was still a Queen.

With eyes that horror could not scare,
It watch'd the senseless clay;—
Crouch'd on the breast of Death, and there
Moan'd its fond life away.

And when the bolts discordant clash'd,
And human steps drew nigh,
The human pity shrunk abash'd
Before that faithful eye;

It seem'd to gaze with such rebuke
On those who could forsake;
Then turn'd to watch once more the look,
And strive the sleep to wake.

They raised the pall—they touch'd the dead,
A cry, and *both* were still'd,—
Alike the soul that Hate had sped,
The life that Love had kill'd.

Semiramis of England, hail!
Thy crime secures thy sway;
But when thine eyes shall scan the tale,
Those hireling scribes convey;

When thou shalt read, with late remorse,
How one poor slave was found
Beside thy butcher'd rival's corse,
The headless and discrown'd;

Shall not thy soul foretell thine own
Unloved, expiring hour,
When those who kneel around the throne
Shall fly the falling tower;

When thy great heart shall silent break,
When thy sad eyes shall strain
Through vacant space, one thing to seek—
One thing that loved—in vain?

Though round thy parting pangs of pride
Shall priest and noble crowd;
More worth the grief, that mourn'd beside
Thy victim's gory shroud!

Character of Mary Queen of Scots.—*Robertson.*

[From the "History of Scotland."]

1. To all the charms of beauty and the utmost elegance of external form, she added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspicious. Impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation, which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government.

2. Not insensible of flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her

own beauty. Formed with the qualities which we love, not with the talents that we admire, she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befell her; we must likewise add that she was often imprudent.

3. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality, yet neither these nor Bothwell's artful address and important services can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it, with less abhorrence.

4. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character, which it cannot approve; and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation more than to her disposition, and to lament the unhappiness of the former, rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has figured to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties; we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

5. With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance and elegance of shape of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colors. Her eyes were of dark gray, her

complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and color.

6. Her stature was of a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode, with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Toward the end of her life she began to grow fat; and her long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she had been imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism, which deprived her of the use of her limbs. "No man," says Brantome, "ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow."

Death and Character of Queen Elizabeth.—*Hume.*

[The Earl of Essex was a young nobleman who, by his merit and accomplishments, had gained very high favor with the queen; but he afterward fell into disgrace, in consequence of misconduct during an expedition against the revolted Irish (1599). Disappointed in obtaining a pardon from the queen, he entered into a plot to raise an insurrection against her, but failed in this, and, with his accomplices, was arrested and tried for treason, convicted, and finally beheaded (1601).]

1. Some incidents happened which revived the queen's tenderness for Essex, and filled her with sorrow for the consent which she had unwarily given to his execution. The Earl of Essex, after his return from the fortunate expedition against Cadiz, observing the increase of the queen's fond attachment toward him, took occasion to regret that the necessities of her service required him often to be absent from her person, and exposed him to all those ill offices which his enemies, more assiduous in their attendance, could employ against him.

2. She was moved with this tender jealousy, and, making him the present of a ring, desired him to keep that pledge of her affection, and assured him that into whatever disgrace he should fall, whatever prejudices she might be induced to entertain against him, yet if he sent her that ring, she should immediately upon sight of it recall her former tenderness, would afford him a patient hearing, and would lend a favorable ear to his apology. Essex, notwithstanding all his mis-

fortunes, reserved this precious gift to the last extremity; but after his trial and condemnation, he resolved to try the experiment, and he committed the ring to the Countess of Nottingham, whom he requested to deliver it to the queen.

3. The countess was prevailed on by her husband, the mortal enemy of Essex, not to execute the commission; and Elizabeth, who still expected that her favorite would make this last appeal to her tenderness, and who ascribed the neglect of it to his invincible obstinacy, was, after much delay and many internal combats, pushed by resentment and policy to sign the warrant for his execution. The Countess of Nottingham falling into sickness, and affected with the near approach of death, was seized with remorse for her conduct; and having obtained a visit from the queen, she craved her pardon, and revealed to her the fatal secret.

4. The queen, astonished with this incident, burst into a furious passion; she shook the dying countess in her bed, and, crying to her that God might pardon her, but she never could, she broke from her, and thenceforth resigned herself over to the deepest and most incurable melancholy. She rejected all consolation; she even refused food and sustenance; and, throwing herself on the floor, she remained sullen and immovable, feeding her thoughts on her afflictions, and declaring life and existence an insufferable burden to her. Few words she uttered, and they were all expressive of some inward grief which she cared not to reveal; but sighs and groans were the chief vent which she gave to her despondency, and which, though they discovered her sorrows, were never able to ease or assuage them.

5. Ten days and nights she lay upon the carpet, leaning on cushions which her maids brought her; and her physicians could not persuade her to allow herself to be put to bed, much less to make trial of any remedies which they prescribed to her. Her anxious mind at last had so long preyed on her frail body, that her end was visibly approaching, and the council, being assembled, sent the keeper, admiral, and secretary to know her will with regard to her successor. She answered,

with a faint voice, that as she had held a regal sceptre, she desired no other than a royal successor.

6. Cecil requesting her to explain herself more particularly, she subjoined that she would have a king to succeed her; and who should that be but her nearest kinsman, the King of Scots? Being then advised by the Archbishop of Canterbury to fix her thoughts upon God, she replied that she did so, nor did her mind in the least wander from him. Her voice soon after left her, her senses failed, she fell into a lethargic slumber, which continued some hours, and she expired gently, without farther struggle or convulsion (March 24, 1603), in the seventieth year of her age, and the forty-fifth of her reign.

7. So dark a cloud overcast the evening of that day which had shone out with a mighty lustre in the eyes of all Europe. There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies and the adulation of friends than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarcely any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices, and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct.

8. Her vigor, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person that ever filled a throne; a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running to excess; her heroism was exempt from temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active temper from turbulency and vain ambition; she guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities; the rivalship of

beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

9. Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affections by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration—the true secret for managing religious factions—she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighboring nations; and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigor to make deep impressions on their states; her own greatness meanwhile remaining untouched and unimpaired.

10. The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourished under her reign, share the praise of her success; but instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy, and with all their abilities, they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress; the force of the tender passion was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

11. The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable, because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is

founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is to lay aside all those considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife or a mistress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

"On mortal brows those halos longest last
Which blend for one the rays that verge from all.
Few reign, few triumph; millions love and grieve:
Of grief and love let some high memory have
One mute appeal to life, upon the stone—
That tomb from Time shall votive rites receive
When History doubts what ghost once fill'd a throne.
So,—indistinct while back'd by sunlit skies—
But large and clear against the midnight pall,
Thy human outline awes our human eyes.
Place, place, ye meaner royalties below,
For Nature's holiest—Womanhood and Woe!"*

Bulwer Lytton.

[Contemporaneous with Queen Elizabeth were the religious wars in France, during which the dreadful "Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day" occurred (1572). In 1576, the Catholic party formed the "Holy League," against the Huguenots, or Protestants, who had for their leaders Henry of Navarre and the Prince of Condé. Henry III., the last king of the House of Valois (*val-wah'*), was assassinated in 1589, and the throne passed to Henry of Navarre, who assumed the title of Henry IV., promising to give security to the Catholics and their religion, and to abide the decision of the States-General. This was not satisfactory to the Leaguers, who, under the Duke of Mayenne, endeavored to deprive him of the throne; but their army was defeated in the famous battle of Ivry (*ee'vre*), described in the following spirited verses by Macaulay.]

* From "Last Days of Elizabeth."

The Battle of Ivry.—*Macaulay.*

["Before the battle, Henry thus addressed his troops: 'My children, if you lose sight of your colors, rally to my white plume—you will always find it in the path to honor and glory.' His conduct was answerable to his promise. Nothing could resist his impetuous valor, and the Leaguers underwent a total and bloody defeat. In the midst of the rout, Henry followed, crying, 'Save the French!' This clemency added a number of the enemies to his own army."—*Aikin's* "*Biographical Dictionary.*"]

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle,* our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls' annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's† stout infantry, and Egmont's‡ Flemish spears,
There rode the blood of false Lorraine,§ the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's‖ hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest;
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as we rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our lord, the king!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—

* Rochelle (*ro-shel'*) was a noted city in the possession of the Protestants, having been placed in their power, with three others, during the reign of Charles IX.

† *Appenzel'* is the name of a Canton of Switzerland noted for its dense population. A portion of the Leaguers' army consisted of troops from this canton.

‡ Count of Egmont, who commanded the auxiliaries sent by Philip II. of Spain, which partly consisted of Flemish soldiers.

§ The Cardinal of Lorraine, and his brother, the Duke of Guise (*gweez*).

‖ Coligni (*co-lee'nye*), Admiral of France, a noted Protestant leader, was one of the victims of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day.

Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme,* to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now; upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And on they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding-star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein—
D'Aumale† hath cried for quarter—the Flemish count is slain—
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail;
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry then, "No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner; but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return;
Ho! Philip,‡ send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

[The war was not ended by this battle; for, notwithstanding his defeat, the Duke of Mayenne entered Paris in triumph. During its continuance Henry received assistance from the English queen, Elizabeth, Essex being sent with troops to France to aid the cause of the Protestants. At last, the States-General were called, and, to satisfy the prevailing party, Henry abjured his Protestant faith, and thus secured a general recognition of his right to the throne (1593). He reigned until 1610, and was much beloved by the French people for his zeal in promoting their interests, and the many reforms and improvements which he effected in the government and the internal condition of the kingdom.]

* The *oriflamme* is the royal French standard, pronounced *o're-flam*.
† Pronounced *do-male'*. ‡ Philip II. of Spain.

Death and Character of John Hampden.—*Macaulay.*

[The great civil war which broke out in England in 1642 was brought on by the determined policy of Charles I. to obtain supplies from his people without regard to their wishes or consent. Being thwarted by Parliament, he conducted the government for more than ten years without calling any, resorting to various arbitrary and illegal measures to raise money. Obliged at last to assemble Parliament (1640), he and his ministers were called to a strict account for what had been done in the interim, and Strafford, his chief counsellor, was tried, convicted of treason, and beheaded. Parliament going to an extreme length in their demands, the king and his friends resolved on armed resistance; and the war was begun at Edgehill with no decisive result. Among all who had resisted the tyrannical measures of the king, John Hampden was probably the most illustrious, from the unsullied purity of his character and the boldness with which from the first he had withstood the attacks of royal power upon the constitution of his country. The following account of his death and character is taken from a brilliant essay published first in the "Edinburgh Review," by T. B. Macaulay.]

1. In the early part of 1643, the shires lying in the neighborhood of London, which were devoted to the cause of the Parliament, were incessantly annoyed by Rupert and his cavalry. Essex had extended his lines so far, that almost every point was vulnerable. The young prince, who, though not a great general, was an active and enterprising partisan, frequently surprised posts, burned villages, swept away cattle, and was again at Oxford, before a force sufficient to encounter him could be assembled.

2. The languid proceedings of Essex were loudly condemned by the troops. All the ardent and daring spirits in the Parliamentary party were eager to have Hampden at their head. Had his life been prolonged, there is every reason to believe that the supreme command would have been intrusted to him. But it was decreed that, at this conjuncture, England should lose the only man who united perfect disinterestedness to eminent talents—the only man who, being capable of gaining the victory for her, was incapable of abusing that victory when gained.

3. In the evening of the 17th of June, Rupert darted out of Oxford with his cavalry on a predatory expedition. At three in the morning of the following day, he attacked and dispersed a few Parliamentary soldiers who were quartered at Postcombe. He then flew to Chinnor, burned the village, killed or took all the

troops who were posted there, and prepared to hurry back with his booty and his prisoners to Oxford. Hampden had, on the preceding day, strongly represented to Essex the danger to which this part of the line was exposed. As soon as he received intelligence of Rupert's incursions, he sent off a horseman with a message to the general. The Cavaliers, he said, could return only by Chiselhampton Bridge. A force ought to be instantly dispatched in that direction, for the purpose of intercepting them.

4. In the mean time, he resolved to set out with all the cavalry that he could muster, for the purpose of impeding the march of the enemy, till Essex could take measures for cutting off their retreat. A considerable body of horse and dragoons volunteered to follow him. He was not their commander. He did not even belong to their branch of the service. But "he was," says Lord Clarendon, "second to none but the general himself in the observance and application of all men." On the field of Chalgrove he came up with Rupert. A fierce skirmish ensued. In the first charge Hampden was struck in the shoulder by two bullets, which broke the bone, and lodged in his body. The troops of the Parliament lost heart and gave way. Rupert, after pursuing them for a short time, hastened to cross the bridge, and made his retreat unmolested to Oxford.

5. Hampden, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle. The mansion which had been inhabited by his father-in-law, and from which in his youth he had carried home his bride, Elizabeth, was in sight. There still remains an affecting tradition, that he looked for a moment toward that beloved house, and made an effort to go thither to die. But the enemy lay in that direction. He turned his horse toward Thame, where he arrived almost fainting with agony. The surgeons dressed his wounds. But there was no hope. The pain which he suffered was most excruciating. But he endured it with admirable firmness and resignation. His first care was for his country. He wrote from his bed several letters to London concerning public affairs, and sent a last pressing message to the headquarters, recommending

that the dispersed forces should be concentrated. When his last public duties were performed, he calmly prepared himself to die. He was attended by a clergyman of the Church of England, with whom he had lived in habits of intimacy, and by the chaplain of the Buckingham Green-coats, Dr. Spurton, whom Baxter describes as a famous and excellent divine.

6. A short time before his death the sacrament was administered to him. He declared that, though he disliked the government of the Church of England, he yet agreed with that Church as to all essential matters of doctrine. His intellect remained unclouded. When all was nearly over, he lay murmuring faint prayers for himself and for the cause in which he died. "Lord Jesus," he exclaimed, in the moment of the last agony, "receive my soul.—O Lord, save my country.—O Lord, be merciful to—." In that broken ejaculation passed away his noble and fearless spirit.

7. He was buried in the parish church of Hampden. His soldiers, bareheaded, with reversed arms and muffled drums and colors, escorted his body to the grave, singing, as they marched, that lofty and melancholy psalm, in which the fragility of human life is contrasted with the immutability of Him, in whose sight a thousand years are but as yesterday, when it is passed, and as a watch in the night.

8. The news of Hampden's death produced as great a consternation in his party, according to Clarendon, as if their whole army had been cut off. The journals of the time amply prove that the Parliament and all its friends were filled with grief and dismay. Lord Nugent has quoted a remarkable passage from the next *Weekly Intelligencer*. "The loss of Colonel Hampden goeth near the heart of every man that loves the good of his king and country; and makes some conceive little content to be at the army now that he has gone. The memory of this deceased colonel is such that in no age to come but it will more and more be had in honor and esteem;—a man so religious, and of that prudence, judgment, temper, valor, and integrity, that he hath left few his like behind him."

9. He had, indeed, left none his like behind him. There still remained, indeed, in his party many acute intellects, many brave and honest hearts. There still remained a rugged and clownish soldier, half fanatic half buffoon, whose talents, discerned as yet only by one penetrating eye, were equal to all the highest duties of the soldier and the prince. But in Hampden, and in Hampden alone, were united all the qualities which, at such a crisis, were necessary to save the State—the valor and energy of Cromwell, the discernment and eloquence of Vane, the humanity and moderation of Manchester, the stern integrity of Hale, the ardent public spirit of Sidney.

10. Others might possess the qualities which were necessary to the popular party in the crisis of danger; he alone had both the power and the inclination to restrain its excesses in the hour of triumph. Others could conquer; he alone could reconcile. A heart as bold as his brought up the cuirassiers[*] who turned the tide of battle on Marston Moor. As skillful an eye as his watched the Scotch army descending from the heights over Dunbar. But it was when to the sullen tyranny of Laud and Charles, had succeeded the fierce conflict of sects and factions, ambitious of ascendency and burning for revenge; it was when the vices and ignorance which the old tyranny had generated threatened the new freedom with destruction, that England missed that sobriety, that self-command, that perfect soundness of judgment, that perfect rectitude of intention, to which the history of revolutions furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone.

[During the same year the royalists under Prince Rupert gained some advantages in the west, and a general engagement took place at Newbury, but with no decided result. In 1644 the king's forces were defeated at Marston Moor, where Cromwell greatly distinguished himself, routing Prince Rupert and capturing his cavalry. This was followed by a change in the army, the chief command being given to Sir Thomas Fairfax, with Cromwell as lieutenant; soon after which the royal forces were disastrously defeated at Naseby.]

The Battle of Naseby.

By Obadiah Bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron, Sergeant in Ireton's regiment.

(*Macaulay.*)

[The battle of Naseby may be said to have decided the fate of Charles I. It was fought June 14th, 1645. The royal forces were commanded by Lord Astley, aided by Prince Rupert and Sir Marmaduke Langdale, the king himself having the command of the reserve corps. The Parliamentary army was commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax, aided by Oliver Cromwell and Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law. It was chiefly through the skill and energy of Cromwell that the victory was gained.]

Oh! wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the North,
With your hands and your feet and your raiment all red?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June
That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine;
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astley and Sir Marmaduke and Rupert of the Rhine!

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The general rode along us to form us for the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout,
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line!—
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks:—grasp your pikes;—close your ranks:—
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here;—they rush on! We are broken—we are gone;—
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound;—the centre hath given ground;—
Hark! hark! What means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys?—'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys!
Bear up another minute. Brave Oliver is here!

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple-Bar.
And he—he turns, he flies!—shame to those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

Ho! comrades, scour the plain; and, ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your guest secure;
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and lockets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold
When ye kissed your lily hands to your lemans[v] to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell and fate,
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades;
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades?

Down, down, forever down with the mitre and the crown,
With Belial of the Court, and the Mammon of the Pope:
There is woe in Oxford Halls; there is wail in Durham's stalls;
The Jesuit smites his bosom; the Bishop rends his cope.*

* The hostility of the Puritans to the Established Church of England was very bitter, as it was also toward the Church of Rome; hence, the writer has represented Obadiah, the supposed fanatical author of this piece, using terms of opprobrium against the representatives of both those churches.

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword;
And the kings of earth in fear, shall shudder when they hear,
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the word.

Trial and Execution of Charles I.—*Goldsmith.*

[After Cromwell had by violence expelled from Parliament all who were hostile to his own views and those of his party, the remainder, including about fifty members, ordered that the king should be tried on a charge of treason against the people. A court was accordingly arranged for the purpose, consisting of one hundred and thirty-three members, among whom were the chief officers of the army, including Cromwell. It was presided over by John Bradshaw, and held its sessions at Westminster Hall. The following account is taken from Goldsmith's "History of England."]

1. THE king was now conducted from Windsor to St. James's, and the next day was brought before the high court to take his trial. When he was brought forward, he was conducted by the mace-bearer to a chair placed within the bar. Though long detained a prisoner, and now produced as a criminal, he still sustained the dignity of a king; surveyed the members of the court with a stern and haughty air; and, without moving his hat, sat down, while the members also were covered. The charge was then read by the solicitor, accusing him of having been the cause of all the bloodshed which followed since the commencement of the war. At that part of the charge he could not suppress a smile of contempt and indignation. After the charge was finished, Bradshaw directed his discourse to the king, and told him that the court expected his answer.

2. The king, with great temper, entered upon his defense, by denying the authority of the court. He represented that, having been engaged in a treaty with his two Houses of Parliament, and having finished almost every article, he expected a different treatment from that which he now received. He perceived, he said, no appearance of an Upper House, which was necessary to constitute a just tribunal. That he was himself the king and the fountain of law, and consequently, could not be tried by laws to which he had never given his assent; that having been intrusted with the liberties of the people, he would not now betray them, by recognizing a power founded in usur-

pation; that he was willing, before a proper tribunal, to enter into the particulars of his defense; but that before them he must decline any apology or plea of innocence, lest he should be considered as the betrayer of, and not a martyr for, the constitution.

3. Bradshaw, in order to support the authority of the court, insisted that they had received their power from the people, the source of all right. He pressed the prisoner not to decline the authority of the court, which was delegated by the Commons of England; and he interrupted and overruled the king in his attempts to reply. In this manner the king was three times produced before the court, and as often he persisted in declining its jurisdiction. The fourth and last time he was brought before the self-created tribunal. As he was proceeding thither he was insulted by the soldiers and the mob, who exclaimed, "Justice! justice! execution! execution!" but he continued undaunted. (His judges, having now examined some witnesses, by whom it was proved that the king had appeared in arms against the forces commissioned by Parliament, pronounced sentence against him.)

4. The conduct of the king, under all these instances of low-bred malice, was great, firm, and equal: in going through the hall the soldiers and the rabble were again instigated to cry out, "Justice and execution!" They reviled him with the most bitter reproaches. Among other insults, one miscreant presumed to spit in the face of his sovereign. He patiently bore their insolence. "Poor souls," cried he, "they would treat their generals in the same manner for sixpence." Those of the populace who still retained the feelings of humanity, expressed their sorrow in sighs and tears. (A soldier, more compassionate than the rest, could not help) imploring a blessing on his royal head. An officer, overhearing him, struck the honest sentinel to the ground, before the king, who could not help saying that the punishment exceeded the offense.

5. After returning from this solemn mockery of justice, the unhappy monarch petitioned the House for permission to see

his children, and desired the attendance of Dr. Juxon, Bishop of London, to assist in his private devotions. Both requests were immediately granted, and three days were allowed to prepare for the execution of the sentence. This interval was spent by Charles in the exercises of devotion, and in administering consolation to his unhappy family. During the progress of the trial, the French and Dutch ambassadors vainly interceded in his behalf; and the Scots, who had set the first example of resistance to his authority, now remonstrated against the violence offered to his person and dignity. After his condemnation, the queen and the Prince of Wales wrote the most pathetic letters to the Parliament, but nothing could divert the stern regicides from their atrocious design.

6. The king was confined in the palace of St. James's, but the place selected for erecting the scaffold was the street before the palace of Whitehall. On the morning of the execution he rose early, and having spent some time in private devotion, received the sacrament from the hands of Bishop Juxon. He was then conducted on foot through the park to Whitehall, and partook of some slight refreshment. After a brief delay, he advanced to the place of execution, attended still by his friend and servant, Dr. Juxon, who used every exertion to soothe the last moments of his unfortunate master.

7. The scaffold, which was covered with black, was guarded by a regiment of soldiers, under the command of Colonel Tomlinson, and under it were to be seen a block, the axe, and two executioners in masks. The people, in immense crowds, stood at a great distance in dreadful expectation of the event. The king surveyed all these solemn preparations with calm composure; and as he could not expect to be heard by the people at a distance, he addressed himself to the few persons who stood around him.

8. He then justified his own innocence in the late fatal war; and observed that he had not taken arms till after the Parliament had shown the example. That he had no other object in his warlike preparations than to preserve that authority entire, which had been transmitted to him by his ancestors; but,

though innocent toward his people, he acknowledged the equity of his execution in the eyes of his Maker. He owned that he was justly punished for having consented to the execution of an unjust sentence upon the Earl of Strafford. He forgave all his enemies, exhorted the people to return to their obedience, and acknowledged his son as his successor; and signed his attachment to the Protestant religion, as professed in the Church of England. So strong was the impression his dying words made upon the few who could hear him that Colonel Tomlinson himself, to whose care he had been committed, acknowledged himself a convert.

9. While he was preparing himself for the block, Bishop Juxon called out to him, "There is, sir, but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. It will soon carry you a great way. It will carry you from earth to heaven; and then you shall find, to your great joy, the prize to which you hasten, a crown of glory." "I go," replied the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can have place." "You exchange," replied the bishop, "a temporal for an eternal crown; a good exchange!"

10. Charles, having taken off his cloak, delivered his George* to the prelate, pronouncing the word "Remember!" Then he laid his neck on the block, and, stretching out his hands as a signal, one of the executioners severed his head from his body at a blow; while the other, holding it up, exclaimed, "This is the head of a traitor!" The spectators testified their horror of the sad spectacle in sighs, tears, and lamentations; the tide of their duty and affection began to return; and each blamed himself either for active disloyalty to his king, or a passive compliance with his destroyers.

[At the time of his execution, Charles was in the forty-ninth year of his age. He was of middle stature, robust, and well-proportioned. The expression of his countenance was pleasing, but melancholy; due, doubtless, to the troubles which he had endured. As a man, his character was without reproach; but as a king, it has been very generally condemned.]

* A figure of St. George on horseback, worn by the Knights of the Garter.

Character of Oliver Cromwell.—*Clarendon.*

[After the execution of the king, Cromwell soon obtained the undisputed control of the government; and in 1653, he dissolved the "Long Parliament" by force, bidding its members "to be gone and give place to honester men." He then caused himself to be appointed *Lord Protector*, and under this title ruled the country till his death in 1658. The following sketch of his character is from "The History of the Rebellion," by Lord Clarendon, who, as Sir Edward Hyde, had been a prominent royalist in the war, and accompanied Charles II. in exile. On the restoration, he was appointed prime-minister, and received his title. His statements and views are therefore those of a partisan writer.]

1. Oliver Cromwell was one of those men whom his very enemies could not condemn without commending him at the same time; for he could never have done half that mischief without great parts of courage, industry, and judgment. He must have had a wonderful understanding in the nature and humors of men, and as great a dexterity in applying them; who, from a private and obscure birth (though of a good family), without interest or estate, alliance or friendship, could raise himself to such a height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humors, and interests into a consistence, that contributed to his designs, and to their own destruction; whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he had climbed, in the instant they projected to demolish their own building.

2. (What was said of Cinna may very justly be said of him,—"he attempted those things which no good man durst have ventured on, and achieved those in which none but a valiant and great man could have succeeded.") Without doubt, no man with more wickedness ever attempted anything, or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly,—more in the face and contempt of religion and moral honesty. Yet wickedness as great as his could never have accomplished those designs without the assistance of a great spirit, an admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution.

3. When he appeared first in the Parliament, he seemed to have a person in no degree gracious, no ornament of discourse, none of those talents which use to conciliate the affections of the stander-by. Yet, as he grew into place and authority, his

parts seemed to be raised, as if he had had concealed faculties, till he had occasion to use them; and when he was to act the part of a great man, he did it without any indecency, notwithstanding the want of custom.

4. After he was confirmed and invested Protector by humble petition and advice, he consulted with very few upon any action of importance, nor communicated any enterprise he resolved upon with more than those who were to have principal parts in the execution of it; nor with them sooner than was absolutely necessary. What he once resolved, in which he was not rash, he would not be dissuaded from, nor endure any contradiction of his power or authority, but extorted obedience from them who were not willing to yield to it.

5. Thus he subdued a spirit that had been often troublesome to the most sovereign power, and made Westminster Hall as obedient and subservient to his commands as any of the rest of his quarters. In all other matters, which did not concern the life of his jurisdiction, he seemed to have great reverence for the law, rarely interposing between party and party. As he proceeded with this kind of indignation and haughtiness with those who were refractory, and durst contend with his greatness, so toward all who complied with his good pleasure, and courted his protection, he used great civility, generosity, and bounty.

6. To reduce three nations which perfectly hated him to an entire obedience to all his dictates; to awe and govern those nations by an army that was indevoted to him and wished his ruin, was an instance of a very prodigious address. But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most—France, Spain, or the Low Countries, where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it. As they did all sacrifice their honor and their interest to his pleasure, so there is nothing he could have demanded that either of them would have denied him.

7. To conclude his character: Cromwell was not so far a man of blood as to follow Machiavel's (*mak'e-ah-vel*) method,

which prescribes, upon a total alteration of government, as a thing absolutely necessary, to cut off all the heads of those, and extirpate their families, who are friends to the old one. It was confidently reported that in the council of officers it was more than once proposed, "that there might be a general massacre of all the royal party, as the only expedient to secure the government," but that Cromwell would never consent to it; it may be, out of too great a contempt of his enemies. In a word, as he was guilty of many crimes against which damnation is denounced and for which hell-fire is prepared, so he had some good qualities which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated; and he will be looked upon by posterity as a brave, wicked man.

Sonnet on Cromwell.—*Milton.*

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his works pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than War; new foes arise
Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

[This sonnet was written in May, 1652, and, consequently, previous to the dissolution of the Parliament. It was inscribed, "To the Lord General Cromwell; on the proposals of certain ministers at the committee for the propagation of the Gospel."

During the protectorate of Cromwell, Milton acted as his foreign secretary, and the State papers which he prepared bear the impress of his genius and patriotic spirit. In contrast with the portrait of the Protector as presented by the royalist historian, Clarendon, it is instructive to reflect upon the eulogium, in this sonnet, of one to whom every part of the Protector's character must have been familiar, and whose principles and conduct are a sufficient guaranty of his sincerity.]

The Restoration of Charles II.—*Scott.*

[Cromwell's administration of the government abroad was marked with very great success; and England has never, under any of her rulers, been more respected by foreign nations. At home, he had many difficulties to contend with; and toward the end of his career, he was tortured by ceaseless apprehension and anxiety, his assassination having been publicly recommended in a work entitled, "Killing no Murder." His death occurred in 1658. His son Richard succeeded him; but he was entirely incapable of contending with the difficulties of so trying a position, and soon resigned it. A short time after this, through the instrumentality of General Monk (afterward the Duke of Albemarle), Charles II. was restored to the throne (1660). The following account of that event is extracted from "Tales of a Grandfather," by Sir Walter Scott.]

1. WHILE this important revolution had been on the eve of taking place, Charles the Second's affairs seemed to be at a lower ebb than they had almost ever been before. A general insurrection of the Cavaliers had been defeated by Lambert a few months before, and the severe measures which followed had, for a time, totally suppressed the spirit, and almost crushed the party of the royalists. It was in vain that Charles had made advances to Monk while in Scotland, both through the general's own brother, and by means of Sir John Grenville, one of his nearest and most valued relatives and friends.

2. If Monk's mind was then made up concerning the part which he designed to perform, he, at least, was determined to keep his purpose secret in his own bosom, and declined, therefore, though civilly, to hear any proposition on the part of the banished family. The accounts which the little exiled court received concerning Monk's advance into England were equally disconsolate. All intercourse with the Cavaliers had been carefully avoided by the cloudy and mysterious soldier, in whose hands fortune seemed to place the fate of the British kingdoms. The general belief was, that Monk would renew, in his own person, the attempt in which Cromwell had succeeded and Lambert had failed, and again place a military commander at the head of the government; and it seemed confirmed by his harsh treatment of the city.

3. While Charles and his attendants were in this state of despondence, they were suddenly astonished by the arrival from England of a partisan, named Baillie, an Irish royalist, who had

travelled with extreme rapidity to bring the exiled prince the news of Monk's decided breach with the remnant of the Long Parliament, and the temper which had been displayed by the city of London when it became public. They listened to the messenger as they would have done to one speaking in a dream.

4. Overwearied and fatigued by the journey, and strongly excited by the importance of the intelligence which he brought them, the officer seemed rather like one under the influence of temporary derangement or intoxication, than the deliberate bearer of great tidings. His character was, however, known as a gentleman of fidelity and firmness, and they heard with wonder that London was blazing with bonfires, that the universal wish of the people of all sorts, boldly and freely expressed, demanded the restoration of the king to his authority, and that Monk had insisted upon the summoning of a free Parliament, which the junto had no longer the power of opposing. He produced also a copy of Monk's letter to the Parliament, to show that the general had completely broken with that body.

5. Other messengers soon confirmed the joyful tidings, and Sir John Grenville was dispatched to London in all haste, with full powers to offer the general everything which could gratify ambition or love of wealth, on condition of his proving the friend of Charles at this crisis. This faithful and active royalist reached the metropolis, and, cautiously refusing to open his commission to any one, obtained a private interview with the mysterious and reserved general. He boldly communicated his credentials, and remained unappalled when Monk, stepping back in surprise, asked him, with some emotion, how he dared become the bearer of such proposals.

6. Sir John replied boldly, that all danger which might be incurred in obedience to his sovereign's command had become familiar to him from frequent practice, and that the king, from the course which Monk had hitherto pursued, entertained the most confident hope of his loyal service. On this, General Monk either laid aside the mask which he had always worn, or formed a determination upon what had hitherto been undecided

in his own mind. He accepted of the high offers tendered to him by the young prince; and, from that moment, if not earlier, made the interest of Charles the principal object of his thoughts. It has been indeed stated, that he had expressed his ultimate purpose of serving Charles, before leaving Scotland; but whatever may have been his secret intentions, it seems improbable that he made any one his confidant.

7. At the meeting of the new Parliament, the House of Peers, which regained under this new aspect of things the privileges which Cromwell had suspended, again assumed their rank as a branch of the Legislature. As the Royalists and Presbyterians concurred in the same purpose of restoring the king, and possessed the most triumphant majority, if not the whole votes, in the new House of Commons, the Parliament had only to be informed that Grenville awaited without, bearing letters from King Charles, when he was welcomed into the House with shouts and rejoicings; and the British Constitution, by King, Lords, and Commons, after having been suspended for twenty years, was restored at once, and by acclamation.

8. Charles Stuart, instead of being a banished pretender, whose name it was dangerous to pronounce, and whose cause it was death to espouse, became at once a lawful, beloved, almost adored prince, whose absence was mourned by the people, as they might have bemoaned that of the sun itself; and numbers of the great or ambitious hurried to Holland, where Charles now was, some to plead former services, some to excuse ancient delinquencies, some to allege the merit of having staked their lives in the king's cause, others to enrich the monarch by sharing with him the spoils which they had gained by fighting against him.

9. It has been said by historians, that this precipitate and general haste in restoring Charles to the throne, without any conditions for the future, was throwing away all the advantage which the nation might have derived from the civil wars, and that it would have been much better to have re-admitted the king upon a solemn treaty, which should have adjusted the

prerogative of the crown and the rights of the subject, and settled forever those great national questions which had been disputed between Charles the First and his Parliament.

10. This sounds all well in theory; but in practice there are many things, and perhaps the Restoration is one of them, which may be executed easily and safely, if the work is commenced and carried through in the enthusiasm of a favorable moment, but are likely enough to miscarry, if protracted beyond that happy conjuncture. The ardor in favor of monarchy, with which the mass of the English nation was at this time agitated, might probably have abated during such a lengthened treaty, providing for all the delicate questions respecting the settlement of the Church and State, and involving necessarily a renewal of all the discussions which had occasioned the civil war.

11. And supposing that the old discord was not rekindled by raking among its ashes, still it should be remembered that a great part of Cromwell's army were not yet dissolved, and that even Monk's troops were not altogether to be confided in. So that the least appearance of disunion, such as the discussions of the proposed treaty were certain to give rise to, might have afforded these warlike enthusiasts a pretext for again assembling together, and reinstating the military despotism which they were pleased to term the Reign of the Saints.

12. A circumstance occurred which showed how pressing this danger was, and how little wisdom there would have been in postponing the restoration of a legal government to the event of a treaty. Lambert, who had been lodged in the Tower as a dangerous person, made his escape from that state prison, fled to Daventry, and began to assemble forces. The activity of Colonel Ingoldsby, who had been, like Lambert, himself an officer under Cromwell, but was now firmly attached to Monk, stifled a spark which might have raised a mighty conflagration. He succeeded in gaining over and dispersing the troops who had assembled under Lambert, and, making his former commander prisoner with his own hand, brought him back in safety to his old quarters in the Tower of London. But as the

roads were filled with soldiers of the Cromwellian army, hastening to join Lambert, it was clear that only the immediate suppression of his force and the capture of his person prevented the renewal of general hostilities.

13. In so delicate a state of affairs it was of importance that the Restoration, being the measure to which all wise men looked as the only radical cure for the distresses and disorders of the kingdom, should be executed hastily, leaving it in future to the mutual prudence of the king and his subjects to avoid the renewal of those points of quarrel which had given rise to the civil war of 1641; since which time both Royalists and Parliamentarians had suffered such extreme misery as was likely to make them very cautious how the one made unjust attempts to extend the powers of the crown, or the other to resist it while within its constitutional limits. The king landed at Dover on the 29th of May, 1660, and was received by General Monk, now gratified and honored with the dukedom of Albemarle, the Order of the Garter, and the command of the army.

The Plague in London.—*De Foe.*

[The Great Plague made its appearance in London in December, 1664; but it did not reach its extreme virulence till the summer of the following-year. The history of this fearful event was written by Daniel De Foe, with very great minuteness, the particulars being collected by him from the traditions and records of the time. Sir Walter Scott remarked, that "had he not been the author of 'Robinson Crusoe,' De Foe would have deserved immortality for the genius which he has displayed in this work." The following extracts from it will serve to give some idea of the work as well as of the terrible event which it describes.]

1. It was thought [July, 1665] that there were not less than a thousand houses forsaken of the inhabitants, in the city and suburbs, including what was in the out-parishes, and in Surrey, or the side of the water they called Southwark. This was besides the numbers of lodgers and of particular persons who were fled out of other families, so that in all it was computed that about two hundred thousand people were fled and gone in all. But of this I shall speak again; but I mention it here on this account, namely, that it was a rule with those who had thus two houses in their keeping or care, that if anybody was taken sick in a family, before the master of the family let the

examiners or any other officer know of it, he immediately would send all the rest of his family, whether children or servants, as it fell out to be, to such other house which he had not in charge, and then giving notice of the sick person to the examiner, have a nurse or nurses appointed, and having another person to be shut up in the house with them (which many for money would do), so to take charge of the house, in case the person should die.

2. This was in many cases the saving of a whole family, who, if they had been shut up with the sick person, would inevitably have perished; but on the other hand, this was another of the inconveniences of shutting up houses; for the apprehensions and terror of being shut up made many run away with the rest of the family, who, though it was not publicly known, and they were not quite sick, had yet the distemper upon them; and who, by having an uninterrupted liberty to go about, but being obliged still to conceal their circumstances, or, perhaps, not knowing it themselves, gave the distemper to others, and spread the infection in a dreadful manner, as I shall explain further thereafter.

3. I had in my family only an ancient woman, that managed the house, a maid-servant, two apprentices, and myself; and the plague beginning to increase about us, I had many sad thoughts about what course I should take, and how I should act; the many dismal objects which happened everywhere, as I went about the streets, had filled my mind with a great deal of horror, for fear of the distemper itself, which was indeed very horrible itself, and in some more than others; the swellings, which were generally in the neck or groin, when they grew hard and would not break, grew so painful that it was equal to the most exquisite torture; and some, not able to bear the torment, threw themselves out at windows, or shot themselves, or otherwise made themselves away; and I saw several dismal objects of that kind; others, unable to contain themselves, vented their pain by incessant roarings, and such lamentable cries were to be heard, as we walked along the streets, that would pierce the very heart to think of, especially

when it was considered that the same dreadful scourge might be expected every moment to seize upon ourselves.

4. I cannot say but that now I began to faint in my resolutions; my heart failed me very much, and sorely I repented of my rashness, when I had been out and met with such terrible things as these I have talked of; I say, I repented my rashness in venturing to abide in town; and I wished, often, that I had not taken upon me to stay, but had gone away with my brother and his family. Terrified by these frightful objects, I would retire home sometimes, and resolve to go out no more; and perhaps I would keep those resolutions for three or four days, which time I spent in the most serious thankfulness for my preservation, and the preservation of my family, and the constant confession of my sins, giving myself up to God every day, and applying to Him with fasting and humiliation and meditation.

5. Such intervals as I had, I employed in reading books and in writing down my memorandums of what occurred to me every day, and out of which, afterward, I took most of this work, as it relates to my observations without doors; what I wrote of my private meditations I reserve for private use, and desire it may not be made public on any account whatever. I also wrote other meditations upon divine subjects, such as occurred to me at that time, and were profitable to myself but not fit for any other view, and therefore I say no more of that.

6. I had a very good friend, a physician, whose name was Heath, whom I frequently visited during this dismal time, and to whose advice I was very much obliged for many things which he directed me to take by way of preventing the infection when I went out, as he found I frequently did, and to hold in my mouth when I was in the street; he also came very often to see me, and as he was a good Christian, as well as a good physician, his agreeable conversation was a very great support to me, in the worst of this terrible time.

7. It was now the beginning of August, and the plague grew very violent and terrible in the place where I lived; and Dr. Heath coming to visit me, and finding that I ventured so

often out in the streets, earnestly persuaded me to lock myself up and my family, and not to suffer any of us to go out of doors; to keep all our windows fast, shutters and curtains close, and never to open them; but first to make a very strong smoke in the room, when the window or door was to be opened, with rosin and pitch, brimstone and gunpowder, and the like, and we did this for some time; but as I had not laid in a store of provision for such a retreat, it was impossible that we could keep within doors entirely; however, I attempted, though it was very late, to do something toward it; and first, as I had convenience both for brewing and baking, I went and bought two sacks of meal, and for several weeks, having an oven, we baked all our bread; also I bought malt, and brewed as much beer as the cask I had would hold, and which seemed enough to serve my house for five or six weeks; also, I laid in a quantity of salt butter and Cheshire cheese, but I had no flesh meat, and the plague raged so violently among the butchers and slaughter-houses on the other side of the street, where they are known to dwell in great numbers, that it was not advisable so much as to go over the street among them.

8. And here I must observe again, that this necessity of going out of our houses to buy provisions was, in a great measure, the ruin of the whole city; for the people catched the distemper, on these occasions, one of another, and even the provisions themselves were often tainted, at least I had great reason to believe so; and, therefore, I cannot say with satisfaction what I know is repeated with great assurance, that the market-people and such as brought provisions to town were never infected. I am certain the butchers of Whitechapel, where the greatest part of the flesh-meat was killed, were dreadfully visited, and that at least to such a degree, that few of their shops were kept open, and those that remained of them killed their meat at Mile End, and that way, and brought it to market upon horses.

9. However, the poor people could not lay up provisions, and there was a necessity that they must go to market to buy, and others to send servants or their children; and, as this was

a necessity which renewed itself daily, it brought abundance of unsound people to the markets, and a great many that went thither sound, brought death home with them. It is true people used all possible precaution; when any one bought a joint of meat in the market, they would not take it out of the butcher's hand, but took it off the hooks themselves. On the other hand, the butcher would not touch the money, but have it put into a pot full of vinegar, which he kept for that purpose. The buyers carried always small money to make up any odd sum, that they might take no change. They carried bottles for scent and perfumes in their hands, and all the means that could be used were employed; but then the poor could not do even these things, and they went at all hazards.

10. Innumerable dismal stories we heard every day on this very account. Sometimes a man or woman dropped down dead in the very market; for many people that had the plague upon them knew nothing of it till the inward gangrene had affected their vitals, and they died in a few moments; this caused that many died frequently in that manner in the street suddenly, without any warning. Others, perhaps, had time to go to the next bulk or stall, or to any door or porch, and just sit down and die, as I have said before.

11. These objects were so frequent in the streets, that, when the plague grew to be very raging on one side, there was scarce any passing by the streets but that several dead bodies would be lying here and there upon the ground. On the other hand, it is observable, that though, at first, the people would stop as they went along, and call to the neighbors to come out on such an occasion, yet, afterward, no notice was taken of them; but that, if at any time we found a corpse lying, go across the way and not come near it; or, if in a narrow lane or passage, go back again, and seek some other way to go on the business we were upon; and, in those cases, the corpse was always left till the officers had notice to come and take them away, or till night, when the bearers attending the dead-cart would take them up and carry them away. Nor did those undaunted creatures, who performed these offices,

fail to search their pockets, and sometimes strip off their clothes if they were well dressed, as sometimes they were, and carry off what they could get.

12. Much about the same time, I walked out into the fields toward Bow; for I had a great mind to see how things were managed on the river, and among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one's self from the infection to have retired into a ship; and musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields, from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water.

13. Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank or sea-wall, as they call it, by himself. I walked awhile also about, seeing the houses all shut up; at last I fell into some talk, at a distance, with this poor man. First I asked how people did thereabouts. Alas! sir, says he, almost desolate, all dead or sick: here are very few families in this part, or in that village, pointing at Poplar, where half of them are dead already and the rest sick. Then he, pointing to one house, They are all dead, said he, and the house stands open, nobody dares go into it. A poor thief, says he, ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard too, last night.

14. Then he pointed to several other houses. There, says he, they are all dead, the man and his wife and five children. There, says he, they are shut up, you see a watchman at the door; and so of other houses. Why, says I, what do you do here alone? Why, says he, I am a poor desolate man; it hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead. How do you mean then, said I, that you are not visited? Why, says he, that is my house, pointing to a very little, low boarded house, and there my poor wife and two children live, said he, if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I dare not come at them. And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine too, I assure you.

15. But, said I, why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood? Oh, sir, says he, the Lord forbid; I do not abandon them, I work for them as much as I am able; and, blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want. And with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man; and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness, that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want.

16. Well, says I, honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor. But how do you live then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all? Why, sir, says he, I am a waterman, and there is my boat, says he, and the boat serves me for a house; I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night, and what I get I lay it down upon that stone, says he, showing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; and then, says he, I halloo, and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it.

17. Well, friend, says I, but how can you get money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times? Yes, sir, says he, in the way I am employed, there does. Do you see there, says he, five ships lie at anchor, pointing down the river, a good way below the town; and do you see, says he, eight or ten ships lie at the Chain there, and at anchor yonder?—pointing above to the town. All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners and such like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection; and I tend on them to fetch things for them, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ship's boats, and there I sleep by myself, and, blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto.

18. Well, said I, friend, but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been

such a terrible place, and so infected as it is? Why, as to that, said he, I very seldom go up the ship's side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, or lie by the side and they hoist it on board; if I did, I think they are in no danger from me, for I never go into any house on shore, or touch anybody, no, not of my own family; but I fetch provisions for them. Nay, says I, but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other; and since all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with anybody; for the village, said I, is, as it were, the beginning of London, though it be at some distance from it.

19. That is true, added he, but you do not understand me right. I do not buy provisions for them here; I row up to Greenwich and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich and buy there; then I go to single farm-houses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls and eggs and butter, and bring to the ships as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I seldom come on shore here; and I came only now to call my wife, and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money which I received last night.

20. Poor man! said I; and how much hast thou gotten for them? I have gotten four shillings, said he, which is a great sum, as things go now with poor men; but they have given me a bag of bread, too, and a salt fish, and some flesh; so all helps out. Well, said I, and have you given it them yet? No, said he, but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet, but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman! says he, she is brought sadly down; she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die; but it is the Lord!—Here he stopped and wept very much.

21. Well, honest friend, said I, thou hast a sure comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned to the will of God; he is dealing with us all in judgment. Oh, sir, says he, it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared; and who am I to repine? Sayest thou so, said I; and how much less is my faith than

thine? And here my heart smote me, suggesting how much better this poor man's foundation was, on which he stayed in the danger, than mine; that he had nowhere to fly; that he had a family to bind him to attendance, which I had not; and mine was mere presumption, his a true dependence, and a courage resting on God; and yet, that he used all possible caution for his safety. I turned a little way from the man while these thoughts engaged me; for, indeed, I could no more refrain from tears than he.

[During this awful visitation, which lasted till December, 1665, at least one hundred thousand persons perished in London alone. Close upon this calamity followed the Great Fire, which raged for three days, and destroyed thirteen thousand two hundred dwelling-houses, besides ninety churches, including St. Paul's Cathedral. At the death of Charles II., his brother, James II., ascended the throne.]

Capture and Execution of Monmouth.—*Macaulay.*

[A short time after the accession of James II., the Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II., rose in rebellion and assumed the title of king. At the battle of Sedgemoor, his forces were defeated, and he was compelled to flee, being closely pursued by the emissaries of the king, who soon came upon his track (1685). The narrative is continued in the following extract from Macaulay's "History of England."]

1. ATTENTION was soon drawn to a place well fitted to shelter fugitives. It was an extensive tract of land separated by an inclosure from the open country, and divided by numerous hedges into small fields. In some of these fields, the rye, the peas, and the oats were high enough to conceal a man. Others were overgrown with fern and brambles. A poor woman reported that she had seen two strangers lurking in this covert. The near prospect of reward animated the zeal of the troops. It was agreed that every man who did his duty in the search should have a share of the promised five thousand pounds. The outer fence was strictly guarded; the space within was examined with indefatigable diligence; and several dogs of quick scent were turned out among the bushes. The day closed before the work was completed; but careful watch was kept all night. Thirty times the fugitives ventured to look through the outer hedge; but everywhere they found a sentinel on the alert: once they were seen and fired at; they then parated and concealed themselves in different hiding-places.

2. At sunrise the next morning the search recommenced, and Buyse was found. He owned that he had parted from the Duke only a few hours before. The corn and copsewood were now beaten with more care than ever. At length a gaunt figure was discovered hidden in a ditch. The pursuers sprang on their prey. Some of them were about to fire; but Portman forbade all violence. The prisoner's dress was that of a shepherd; his beard, prematurely grey, was of several days' growth. He trembled greatly, and was unable to speak. Even those who had often seen him were at first in doubt whether this were truly the brilliant and graceful Monmouth. His pockets were searched by Portman, and in them were found, among some raw peas, gathered in the rage of hunger, a watch, a purse of gold, a small treatise on fortification, an album filled with songs, receipts, prayers, and charms, and the George with which, many years before, King Charles the Second had decorated his favorite son. Messengers were instantly dispatched to Whitehall with the good news, and with the George as a token that the news was true. The prisoner was conveyed under a strong guard to Ringwood.

3. And all was lost; and nothing remained but that he should prepare to meet death as became one who had thought himself not unworthy to wear the crown of William the Conqueror and of Richard the Lion-hearted, of the hero of Crecy, and of the hero of Agincourt. The captive might easily have called to mind other domestic examples, still better suited to his condition. Within a hundred years two sovereigns whose blood ran in his veins, one of them a delicate woman, had been placed in the same situation in which he now stood. They had shown, in the prison and on the scaffold, virtue of which, in the season of prosperity, they had seemed incapable, and had half redeemed great crimes and errors by enduring with Christian meekness and princely dignity all that victorious enemies could inflict.

4. Of cowardice Monmouth had never been accused; and, even had he been wanting in constitutional courage, it might have been expected that the defect would be supplied by pride and by despair. The eyes of the whole world were upon him.

The latest generations would know how, in that extremity, he had borne himself. To the brave peasants of the West he owed it to show that they had not poured forth their blood for a leader unworthy of their attachment. To her who had sacrificed everything for his sake he owed it so to bear himself that, though she might weep for him, she should not blush for him. It was not for him to lament and supplicate. His reason, too, should have told him that lamentations and supplication would be unavailing. He had done that which could never be forgiven. He was in the grasp of one who never forgave.

5. The hour drew near; all hope was over; and Monmouth had passed from pusillanimous fear to the apathy of despair. His children were brought to his room that he might take leave of them, and were followed by his wife. He spoke to her kindly, but without emotion. Though she was a woman of great strength of mind, and had little cause to love him, her misery was such, that none of the bystanders could refrain from weeping. He alone was unmoved.

6. It was ten o'clock. The coach of the Lieutenant of the Tower was ready. Monmouth requested his spiritual advisers to accompany him to the place of execution, and they consented; but they told him that, in their judgment, he was about to die in a perilous state of mind, and that, if they attended him, it would be their duty to exhort him to the last. As he passed along the ranks of the guards he saluted them with a smile, and mounted the scaffold with a firm tread. Tower Hill was covered up to the chimney-tops with an innumerable multitude of gazers, who, in awful silence, broken only by sighs and the noise of weeping, listened for the last accents of the darling of the people. "I shall say little," he began. "I come here, not to speak, but to die. I die a Protestant of the Church of England."

7. After the execution, many handkerchiefs were dipped in the duke's blood; for by a large part of the multitude he was regarded as a martyr who had died for the Protestant religion. The head and body were placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and were laid privately under the communion-table of

St. Peter's Chapel, in the Tower. Within four years the pavement of the chancel was again disturbed, and hard by the remains of Monmouth were laid the remains of Jeffreys. In truth, there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and Saint Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame.

8. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of jailors, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guilford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset and Protector of the realm, reposes there by the brother whom he murdered. There has mouldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal of Saint Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age, and to have died in a better cause.

9. There are Lord John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral; and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There, too, is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valor, grace, genius, royal favor, popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard—Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there, among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers: Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled.

Westminster Abbey.—*Miller.*

[A church was erected on the site of the present abbey by the East Saxons in the seventeenth century. The abbey afterward built was called *Westminster*, to distinguish it from the cathedral church of St. Paul's, called originally *Eastminster*. The principal portion of the abbey was built by Henry III., who took down the edifice which had previously been constructed by Edward the Confessor. Other parts were built by Richard III. and Henry VII. The upper parts of the two western towers were constructed under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren. The abbey was the burying-place of the English kings, and it is considered a national honor to be interred within its walls. The following beautiful poem by Thomas Miller is inserted for the contrast which it presents between the cemetery described by Macaulay in the preceding selection and that great national burial-place in which the most illustrious of England's sons repose.]

TREAD lightly here! this spot is holy ground,
And every footfall wakes the voice of ages:
These are the mighty dead that hem thee round,—
Names that still cast a halo o'er our pages:
Listen! 'tis Fame's loud voice that now complains,—
"Here sleeps more sacred dust than all the world contains."

Thou mayst bend o'er each marble semblance now:
That was a monarch,—see how mute he lies!
There was a day when, on his crumbling brow,
The golden crown flashed awe on vulgar eyes;
That broken hand did then a sceptre sway,
And thousands round him kneeled, his mandates to obey.

Turn to the time when he thus low was laid
Within this narrow house, in proud array:
Dirges were sung, and solemn masses said,
And high-plumed helms bent o'er him as he lay;
Princes and peers were congregated here,
And all the pomp of Death assembled round his bier.

Then did the midnight torches flaming wave,
And redly flashed athwart the vaulted gloom;
And white-robed boys sang requiems o'er his grave;
And muttering monks kneeled lowly round his tomb;
And lovely women did his loss deplore,
And with their gushing tears bathed the cold marble floor.

See! at his head a rude-carved lion stands,
In the dark niche where never sunbeams beat;
And still he folds his supplicating hands:
A watchful dragon crouches at his feet,—
How oddly blended!—he all humble lies,
While they defiance cast from their fierce, stony eyes.

Here sleeps another, clothed in scaly mail;
Battle's red field was where he loved to be;
Oft has his banner rustled in the gale,
In all the pomp of blazing heraldry!
Where are his bowmen now, his shield and spear,
His steed and battle-axe, and all h once held dear?

His banner wasted on the castle wall;
His lofty turrets sank by slow decay;
His bowmen in the beaten field did fall;
His plated armor rust hath swept away;
His plumes are scattered, and his helmet cleft,
And this slow-crumbling tomb is all he now hath left.

And this is fame! For this he fought and bled!
See his reward!—No matter; let him rest;
Vacant and dark is now his ancient bed,
The dust of ages dims his marble breast;
And in that tomb what thinkest thou remains?
Dust!—'tis the only glory that on earth man gains

And kings and queens here slumber side by side,
Their quarrels hushed in the embrace of Death;
All feelings calmed of jealousy or pride,
Once fanned to flame by Slander's burning breath;
Even the crowns they wore from cares are free,
As those on children's heads who play at royalty.

And awful Silence here does ever linger;
Her dwelling is this many-pillared dome:
On her wan lip she plants her stony finger,
And, breath-hushed, gazes on her voiceless home;
Listening, she stands with half-averted head,
For echoes never heard among the mute-tongued dead.

Character of William III.—*Burnet.*

[William, Prince of Orange, was the son of Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I., and he married his first cousin, Mary, the daughter of James II. Taking advantage of the popular indignation against James, he set sail from Holland, landed in England, and was received with acclamations of joy by the people. James fled to France, and the crown was settled upon William and Mary jointly. After the death of the latter, he reigned with the title of William III. until 1702. The following sketch of his character is given by Bishop Burnet in a work entitled by him the "History of My Own Times."]

1. Thus lived and died William III., King of Great Britain and Prince of Orange. He had a thin and weak body, was brown-haired, and of a clear and delicate complexion. He had a Roman eagle nose, bright and sparkling eyes, a large front, and a countenance composed to gravity and authority. All his senses were critical and exquisite. He was always asthmatical; and the dregs of the small-pox falling on his lungs, he had a constant deep cough. His behavior was solemn and serious, seldom cheerful, and but with a few.

2. He spoke little and very slowly, and most commonly with a disgusting dryness, which was his character at all times, except in a day of battle; for then he was all fire, though without passion; he was then everywhere, and looked to everything. He had no great advantage from his education. De Witt's discourses were of great use to him; and he, being apprehensive of the observation of those who were looking narrowly into everything he said or did, had brought himself under an habitual caution that he could never shake off, though in another scene it proved as hurtful as it was then necessary to his affairs.

3. He spoke Dutch, French, English, and German equally well; and he understood the Latin, Spanish, and Italian, so that he was well fitted to command armies composed of several nations. He had a memory that amazed all about him, for it never failed him. He was an exact observer of men and things. His strength lay rather in a true discerning and a sound judgment than in imagination or invention. His designs were always great and good. But it was thought he trusted too much to that, and that he did not descend enough

to the humors of his people to make himself and his notions more acceptable to them. This, in a government that has so much of freedom in it as ours, was more necessary than he was inclined to believe.

4. His reservedness grew on him, so that it disgusted most of them that served him; but he had observed the errors of too much talking more than those of too cold a silence. He did not like contradiction, nor to have his actions censured; but he loved to employ and favor those who had the art of complaisance, yet he did not love flatterers. His genius lay chiefly in war, in which his courage was more admired than his conduct. Great errors were often committed by him; but his heroical courage set things right, as it inflamed those who were about him. He was too lavish of money on some occasions, both in his buildings and to his favorites, but too sparing in rewarding services, or in encouraging those who brought intelligence.

5. He was apt to take ill impressions of people, and these stuck long with him; but he never carried them to indecent revenges. He gave too much way to his own humor, almost in everything, not excepting that which related to his own health. He knew all foreign affairs well, and understood the state of every court in Europe very particularly. He instructed his own ministers himself, but he did not apply enough to affairs at home. He tried how he could govern us, by balancing the two parties one against another; but he came at last to be persuaded that the Tories were irreconcilable to him, and he was resolved to try and trust them no more.

6. He believed the truth of the Christian religion very firmly, and he expressed a horror at atheism and blasphemy; and though there was much of both in his court, yet it was always denied to him, and kept out of sight. He was most exemplarily decent and devout in the public exercises of the worship of God; only on week-days he came too seldom to them. He was an attentive hearer of sermons, and was constant in his private prayers, and in reading the Scriptures; and when he spoke of religious matters, which he did not often, it was with

a becoming gravity. He was much possessed with the belief of absolute decrees. He said to me he adhered to these, because he did not see how the belief of Providence could be maintained upon any other supposition. His indifference as to the forms of church-government, and his being zealous for toleration, together with his cold behavior toward the clergy, gave them generally very ill impressions of him.

7. In his deportment toward all about him, he seemed to make little distinction between the good and the bad, and those who served him well or those who served him ill. He loved the Dutch, and was much beloved among them; but the ill returns he met from the English nation, their jealousies of him, and their perverseness toward him, had too much soured his mind, and had in a great measure alienated him from them; which he did not take care enough to conceal, though he saw the ill effects this had upon his business. He grew, in his last years, too remiss and careless as to all affairs, till the treacheries of France awakened him, and the dreadful conjunction of the monarchies gave so loud an alarm to all Europe; for a watching over that court, and a bestirring himself against their practices, was the prevailing passion of his whole life.

8. Few men had the art of concealing and governing passion more than he did; yet few men had stronger passions, which were seldom felt but by inferior servants, to whom he usually made such recompenses for any sudden or indecent vents he might give his anger, that they were glad at every time that it broke upon them. He was too easy to the faults of those about him, when they did not lie in his own way or cross any of his designs; and he was so apt to think that his ministers might grow insolent, if they should find that they had much credit with him, that he seemed to have made it a maxim to let them often feel how little power they had even in small matters. His favorites had a more entire power, but he accustomed them only to inform him of things, but to be sparing in offering advice, except when it was asked.

9. It was not easy to account for the reasons of the favor that he showed, in the highest instances, to two persons beyond

all others, the Earls of Portland and Albemarle, they being in all respects men not only of different but of opposite characters. Secrecy and fidelity were the only qualities in which it could be said that they did in any sort agree. I have now run through the chief branches of his character. I had occasion to know him well, having observed him very carefully in a course of sixteen years. I had a large measure of his favor, and a free access to him all the while, though not at all times to the same degree. The freedom that I used with him was not always acceptable; but he saw that I served him faithfully; so, after some intervals of coldness, he always returned to a good measure of confidence in me. I was, in many great instances, much obliged by him; but that was not my chief bias to him; I considered him as a person raised up by God to resist the power of France, and the progress of tyranny and persecution.

The Battle of Blenheim.—*Addison.*

[Shortly after the accession of Queen Anne, war broke out between England and France; and the chief command of the English armies was given to the Duke of Marlborough, who gained several brilliant victories over the enemy, chief among which was that achieved by the battle of Blenheim. The following poetical description is from a poem by Joseph Addison, entitled the "Campaign."]

But now the trumpet terrible from far,
In shriller clangors animates the war;
Confed'rate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarms repeat:
Gallia's proud standards to Bavaria's joined,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled host he views,
Stretch'd out in deep array and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the grieved world had long desired in vain;
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferr'd;

Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows, at length prevail'd;
The day was come when Heav'n design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold, in awful march and dread array
The long-extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching, terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control;
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul
O'erlook the foe, advantaged by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host;
Though fens and floods possess'd the middle space,
That unprovoked they would have fear'd to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe ranged on their border stands.

But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound;
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the fields of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So, when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm

[Marlborough was subsequently recalled; and being accused of dishonest practices in connection with his army contracts and accounts, was dismissed by the queen from all his employments. Being also censured by Parliament, he retired from England and took up his abode in the Netherlands. With the death of Queen Anne terminated the Stuart line (1714). She was succeeded by George I.]

State of Society under the Stuarts

[From Anderson's "School History of England."]

1. Few nations have undergone so sudden and complete a change in their manners as occurred in England during this period. At the commencement of the century, when James I. ascended the throne, tranquillity, concord, and a general spirit of submission reigned throughout the kingdom; but in a few years all this gave place to faction, fanaticism, and a spirit of rebellion that almost amounted to frenzy. The virulence of party animosity was so great, that no marriages or alliances of any kind were permitted to take place between the members of the hostile factions. "Your friends, the Cavaliers," said a Parliamentarian to a Royalist, "are very dissolute and debauched." "True," replied the Royalist, "they have the infirmities of men; but your friends, the Roundheads, have the vices of devils—tyranny, rebellion, and spiritual pride."

2. The Cavaliers were indeed gay in their manners and dress, being commonly men of birth and fortune; and they thus presented a marked contrast to the gloomy fanaticism of the Roundheads. The rigid severity of the Presbyterians and Independents permitted no recreations, except such as were afforded by the singing of hymns and psalms. Plays, dances, and all other merry-makings were sinful frivolities: horse-racing and bear-baiting—popular diversions of the times—were wicked enormities. Hence, Colonel Hewson, with pious zeal, marched his regiment into London and killed all the bears; on which incident Butler based a part of his burlesque poem, styled "Hudibras."

3. During this period arose also the Quakers or Friends—a sect founded by George Fox, who was born in 1624. He was by trade a shoemaker; but feeling a strong impulse toward spiritual contemplation, he abandoned this occupation, and wandered about the country, preaching the doctrines which had been suggested to his mind during his solitary meditations. Proselytes were soon gained, and a sect formed, peculiar, not

only in their religious views, but in all their social habits and customs. Their zeal was soon tried by bitter persecution. They were thrown into prison,—sometimes into mad-houses; they were pilloried; they were whipped; they were burned in the face; and their tongues bored with red-hot irons; but nothing could overcome their fortitude, or quench their enthusiasm.

4. Religious persecution marks the entire period, and led to the emigration which caused the establishment of most of the English colonies in North America. The Puritans fled to Massachusetts to escape the intolerance of James I., and his son's arbitrary zeal. The Catholics founded an asylum from English persecution in Maryland; and the Quakers sought civil and religious freedom amid the wilds and wild men of Pennsylvania, after vainly seeking it among their former brethren in affliction, the Puritans of New England.

5. The superstition and ignorance of the age are clearly but terribly demonstrated by the prevailing belief in witchcraft—perhaps the most awful of popular delusions. After the last heretic had suffered death at the stake (1612), the fires were again lighted for the burning of those charged with this mysterious crime. This delusion was not confined to England, but spread all over Europe, and extended to North America, where (at Salem) it raged with peculiar virulence. Between 1640 and 1660, it is said, some three or four thousand persons, in Europe, fell victims to this terrible delusion.

6. The *commerce* and *navigation* of England increased greatly during the peaceful period of Charles the First's reign. The trade to Guinea, the Levant, and the East Indies was quite large; immense quantities of cloth were annually exported to Turkey; and the English possessed almost the monopoly of the traffic with Spain. Interrupted during the civil wars, commerce soon recovered after the Restoration, and received additional encouragement from the losses sustained by the Dutch. Besides, the prevalence of democratical principles induced many of the gentry to educate their sons to mercantile pursuits, and thus commerce became more honorable than it

had ever been at any previous time. The trade with the American colonies soon became considerable. At the close of the century, about five hundred vessels were employed in this trade and with the West Indies. Of these, however, some were engaged in the slave-trade. A Board of Trade was established in 1670, its first president being the Earl of Sandwich.

7. Tea and coffee were introduced from the East,* but for a long time were so expensive that they were used only as luxuries. Ginger, cloves, pepper, and other spices were also brought from the East Indies, and tobacco became an extensive article of commerce. James I., who had a great dislike to its use, wrote a treatise against it, which he called "The counterblaste to Tobacco," and in which he described it as "a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, and dangerous to the lungs." Asparagus, artichokes, cauliflowers, and a variety of other vegetables were also introduced into England during this period. Whale-ships visited the shores of Greenland and Spitzbergen, and an extensive trade in whalebone was commenced, the whale previous to this having been valued only for its oil. Madras and Bombay became important centres of the East Indian trade, Java fell into the hands of the Dutch, but St. Helena became an English possession (1651).

8. Next to the capital, the chief seaport was Bristol, and Norwich the chief manufacturing town. Manchester, now the great centre of the cotton manufacture, was then a small town of about six thousand inhabitants; Leeds, the great woollen mart, was but little larger; Sheffield and Birmingham were very small towns; and Liverpool, probably, did not contain two hundred seamen. The population of London at the death of Charles II. is estimated at half a million. The streets, narrow, dirty, unpaved, and not lighted till the last year of that monarch's reign, were infested with ruffians and robbers, against whom the watchmen, generally old and feeble men, could afford no protection.

* Brought into Europe by the Dutch, but introduced in England as a beverage in 1666, by Lords Ossory and Arlington.

9. The first law for erecting turnpikes was passed in 1662. The roads were exceedingly bad, and travelling consequently very difficult. Goods were transported in wagons or on pack-horses; passengers, in stage-coaches, which were slow, lumbering vehicles, with great difficulty drawn through the mud which filled the roads. In 1669, a "Flying Coach" required thirteen hours to pass between Oxford and London—a distance of fifty-five miles. The inns were numerous and comfortable; but highwaymen, mounted and armed, infested the roads, and were often the confederates of the inn-keepers. The post-bags were carried on horseback, at the rate of five miles an hour. The first regular post-office was established in 1635, for the more speedy communication of intelligence between England and Scotland.

10. The first English newspaper was printed during the session of the Long Parliament (1641), the Star Chamber having previously put effectual restraints upon the publication of intelligence. Liberty of the press was not enjoyed to any extent until 1695; when, the censorship of the press having been abolished, a number of newspapers were at once issued. They were, of course, very small, the entire sheet containing less matter than is now comprised in a single column of a large daily newspaper. King William and his ministers looked with great distrust upon this unprecedented freedom.

11. During this period, *manufacturing industry* began to assume that prominence in England which it now possesses. The cotton manufacture was commenced at Manchester, and the art of dyeing woollen cloth was introduced from Flanders, thus saving the nation vast sums of money. New manufactures were also established in iron, brass, silk, paper, etc. The increase of coinage is said to have amounted to upward of ten millions of pounds. A writer giving an account of this period, remarks that, "In 1688, there were on the 'Change more men worth ten thousand pounds than there were in 1650 worth one thousand; and that gentlewomen, in those earlier times, thought themselves well clothed in a serge gown, in which a chamber-maid would, in 1688, be ashamed to be seen; and that besides

the great increase of rich clothes, plate, jewels, and household furniture, coaches were in that time augmented a hundredfold."

12. The trade with India and the Levant led to the introduction of many articles of luxury, both in dress and furniture. Carpets, from being used only as covers for tables, came gradually into their present use; although during most of this period rushes or matting constituted the only covering used for floors. The manufacture of oilcloth was commenced in 1660. The Duke of Buckingham introduced the making of glass, from Venice. Prince Rupert, who was a zealous patron both of the useful and the fine arts, invented or improved the method of engraving called *mezzotint*. The glass bead called Prince Rupert's Drop, derives its name from him.

13. The Stuarts were patrons of the fine arts. The value of pictures is said to have doubled in Europe in consequence of the competition of Charles I. and Philip IV. of Spain to obtain them. The distinguished Dutch painters, Van Dyke and Rubens, were invited into England, and received great attention from the Court. Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren, the renowned architects, flourished during this period. The former built the beautiful banqueting-house at Whitehall; the latter is especially celebrated as the designer of St. Paul's. In London alone, fifty-one churches were erected from Wren's designs.

14. The Royal Society for the Promotion of Science was established during the reign of Charles II., and there arose in England a galaxy of great men, distinguished for their researches in every branch of human knowledge. Boyle, by improving the air-pump, was enabled to make many valuable experiments on the nature and properties of the air; Wallis and Hooke made some valuable improvements in optical instruments; Flamsteed and Halley were eminent astronomers—the former noted for the catalogue of stars which he made; the latter as the first to predict the return of a comet. Harvey also announced his famous discovery of the circulation of the blood (1619). Above all, however, towered the sublime genius of Newton, the discoverer of the law of universal gravitation.

15. The number of printing-presses in the kingdom was,

however, very small. Books were therefore very scarce and dear; and consequently the booksellers' shops were thronged with readers, as there was a very general taste for the study both of science and literature. There were many distinguished writers besides those already referred to, among whom may be mentioned Sir William Davenant, who succeeded Ben Jonson as *Poet Laureate*;* Abraham Cowley, who, at his death (1667), ranked as the first poet of England, and Robert Herrick, one of the most exquisite of the early English lyric poets. Thomas Fuller, the quaint and witty historian, divine, and essayist, whose writings abound in amusement and instruction; Jeremy Taylor, the eloquent and pious divine, noted especially as the author of "Holy Living and Dying;" and Lord Clarendon, the famous statesman and historian, are the most celebrated among the prose writers of the period. Beaumont and Fletcher and Philip Massinger, with Shakspeare and Jonson, are particularly eminent for their achievements in the drama.

Death of Louis XIV.—*Pardoe.*

[The "War of the Spanish Succession," waged by Louis XIV. in order to place his grandson on the throne of Spain, ended by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. The French during this war experienced a series of most disastrous defeats, from the allied armies under Marlborough and Prince Eugene; and at the close, the condition of France was most deplorable, through the ambition, pride, and bigotry of her despotic monarch, Louis XIV., during his long reign of seventy-two years. The following account of the manner of his death is taken from Miss Pardoe's "Louis XIV."]

1. CALM as he appeared, Louis XIV. nevertheless bitterly expiated upon his death-bed the faults and excesses of his past life. He wept over the profligacy of his youth, which he publicly avowed; deplored the madness of his ambition, by which he had brought mourning into every corner of his kingdom, and expressed the most earnest regret that sufficient time had not been afforded to him, since the termination of the war, to leave to his grandson a flourishing nation and a happy people.

2. That he had failed to do so was evident throughout his

* That is, "crowned with laurel," so called in imitation of the ancient practice of thus rewarding and distinguishing eminent poets. Traces of this appointment are found as early as the reign of Henry III. The office was made a patent one by Charles I., who fixed the salary at £100 a year and a tierce of wine.

illness. The excessive burden of taxation, the fluctuating currency, and the discontent of the Parliament, which he had subjected to slight and insult throughout the whole duration of a protracted reign, had induced every class of his subjects to look forward with anxiety to its close; while even at court, the wearisomeness and constraint that had prevailed since the deaths of the Duke and Duchess de Bourgoyne diminished, in a very perceptible degree, the anxiety which they would otherwise have undoubtedly evinced.

3. Some few, however, wept at the prospect of losing their monarch; but these were they who had grown old with him, and must necessarily see themselves thrust aside to make way for a new race; those whose ideas and habits were alike becoming antediluvian[y], and who could not conceal even from themselves, that they were little fitted to figure in a court which would be ruled by a dissipated regent, and a king who had not yet attained to boyhood. Not even his successor mourned over the approach of a separation which must be eternal; for he was yet too young a king to comprehend the extent of the loss to which he was about to be subjected by the failure of that protection which would have been his best security; while the Duke d'Orleans (*or'la-ahnz*) looked forward to the demise[y] of his almost octogenarian[y] uncle as a release from restraint and mortification.

4. Nor were the children of Louis XIV.—those children to forward whose worldly interests he had forfeited his own sense of right—more earnest in their grief; the Princess de Conté indeed exhibited sorrow, but it was placid and resigned; the Duchess de Bourbon talked of her affliction, but pursued her intrigues as usual; while the Duchess d'Orleans shed showers of those painless tears which were with her ever ready upon any occasion of annoyance or expediency. The Duke du Maine, it is true, struggled to compose a countenance of decent grief; but he wore the mask loosely, and deceived no one, while the Count du Toulouse preserved a cold and undemonstrative deportment which forbade one suspicion of regret.

5. Madame de Maintenon had at this period reached her

eightieth year, and at so advanced an age might have been more readily acquitted, had she suffered her physical weakness to overpower her moral faculties; but such was far from being the case. To her Louis XIV. was everything on earth; in him her affections, her ambition, and her hope had alike been concentrated, and she appeared to have garnered up all her energies, in order that she might be supported through the fearful trial which was so rapidly approaching. Watchful, anxious, and unwearying, she sat beside the death-pillow of her monarch husband; he who had loved her well enough for himself, but not sufficiently for his pride—who had readily made her his wife, but who had shrunk from making her his queen.

6. "My grief is great," she said to one who attempted consolation, "but it is calm and unembittered. I shall weep for him often, but my tears will be those of affection rather than regret, for, in the depth of my heart, his truly Christian end will give me joy." Her watch was frequently shared by the Duke-Marshal de Villeroy (*vil-rwah'*), to whom the monarch was greatly attached, and toward the close of his existence, having called him to his side, he said, firmly,

7. "Marshal, I feel that I am dying; when all is over, conduct your new master to Vincennes (*vin-senz'*), and cause my wishes to be observed." Then, having sent to summon the Duke d'Orleans, as the prince approached his bed, he made a signal to those who were about him to retire, which they had no sooner done than he conversed with his nephew for a considerable time in so low a voice that no part of the conversation could be overheard. After his death, however, the duke affirmed that in this last interview the king had expressed himself in terms of affection and confidence, and had assured him that, by the dispositions contained in his will, he had preserved to him inviolably the rights of his high birth; adding, that should the dauphin not survive to claim the crown, it would become his own, and that under these circumstances he had endeavored to act with judgment; but that, as it was impossible to foresee the result, should anything have been ill arranged, it would without doubt be remedied.

8. When the Duke d'Orleans retired, the king desired the presence of the Duke du Maine, with whom he spoke apart for a shorter period, after which he received the Count de Toulouse; and subsequently the princes of the blood collectively; to whom, however, he addressed merely a few words, and even those were uttered in a sufficiently audible voice to be heard by all who were in attendance. On the 26th of August the king dined in his bed, when all were admitted who had the privilege of the *entrées* [of admission]; and as the attendants were preparing to retire at the close of his repast, he desired them to draw nearer, and said with emotion,

9. "Gentlemen, I desire your pardon for the bad example which I have set you. I have greatly to thank you for the manner in which you have served me, as well as for the attachment and fidelity which I have always experienced at your hands. I request from you the same zeal and the same fidelity toward my grandson, in order that your example may induce those of all my other subjects. Farewell, gentlemen; I feel that this parting has affected not only myself, but you also. Forgive me; I trust that you will sometimes think of me when I am gone."

10. The scene was a touching one: the gray-haired king, half lying, half sitting, in his gorgeous bed, whose velvet hangings, looped back with their heavy ropes and tassels of gold, were the laborious offering of the pupils of St. Cyr (*sang seer*), and were wrought with threads of gold and silver, and party-colored silks, representing, in a singular and incongruous mixture, the principal passages of the Scriptures, interspersed with the less holy incidents of the heathen mythology; the groups of princes in their gorgeous costumes, dispersed over the vast apartment; the door opening from the cabinet thronged with courtiers and ladies; and, finally, the court functionaries, who had simultaneously sunk upon their knees as they approached the dying monarch; the gilded cornices, the priceless tapestried hangings, the richly-carpeted floor, the waste of luxury on every side, the pride of man's intellect and of man's strength; and in the midst decay and death, a palsied hand, and a dimmed eye.

11. The most stoical were moved at such a moment; and even when the attendant gentlemen had risen slowly and in silence, and disappeared across the threshold, like a procession of shadows, the stillness of the death-room continued for a time unbroken. It was the voice of the king by which it was at length dispelled. He first informed the Marshal de Villeroy that he had appointed him governor to the dauphin; and then desired that the Duchess de Ventadour would introduce the child who was soon to become his successor; and the little prince had no sooner knelt upon the cushion which had been placed for him near the side of the bed, still holding the hand of his *gouvernante* firmly grasped in his own, then the monarch, after gazing upon him for a time with an expression of mingled anxiety and tenderness, said in an impressive voice, *

12. "My child, you are about to become a great king; do not imitate me either in my taste for building or in my love for war. Endeavor, on the contrary, to live in peace with the neighboring nations; render to God all that you owe him, and cause his name to be honored by your subjects. Strive to relieve the burdens of your people, in which I have been unfortunate enough to fail; and never forget the gratitude that you owe to Madame de Ventadour."*—"Madame," he continued, addressing himself to the duchess, "permit me to embrace the prince." The dauphin was lifted into his arms; and after he had clasped him fondly to his breast, he said in a less steady voice, "I bless you, my dear child, with all my heart." This done, Madame de Ventadour was about to reclaim her charge; but the king did not relax his hold, until raising his eyes to heaven, he had repeated his solemn benediction.

13. On the 27th, the king having commanded all the great dignitaries and officers of the household to meet in his apartment, addressed them in a firm voice, in the presence of Madame de Maintenon and his confessor, saying, "Gentlemen, I die in the faith and obedience of the Church. I know nothing of

* Louis XV. caused these words, addressed to him by his royal grandfather, to be inscribed on vellum: and it is stated that throughout his life they were attached to the head-cloth of his bed.

the dogmas by which it is divided; I have followed the advice that I received, and have done only what I was desired to do. If I have erred, my guides alone must answer before God, whom I call upon to witness this assertion."

14. Toward the afternoon, Louis XIV. next desired the attendance of the chancellor, to whom he had delivered a casket filled with papers, a portion of which he instructed him to burn, giving distinct instructions for the disposal of the remainder; and, in the course of the evening, he sent for M. de Pontchartrain, who still acted as one of the secretaries of state, and when he appeared, said, calmly: "So soon as I am dead, you will be good enough to issue an order that my heart may be conveyed to the Church of the Jesuits of Paris, and cause it to be placed there precisely in the same manner as that of my deceased father.'

15. Then, after a pause, he continued, in a tone of equal placidity: "When I shall have breathed my last, and my death has been announced according to custom from the balcony of the state apartment, conduct *the king* to Vincennes. But as it strikes me that Cavoie has never regulated the distribution of the rooms in that castle, where the court have not resided for the last fifty years, in the casket"—(and as he spoke the dying monarch indicated one with his finger)—"you will find a plan of the apartments of Vincennes; take it and carry it to the grand-marshal of the palace, in order that it may assist him in his arrangements."

16. The night which succeeded was restless and agitated, and was entirely passed by the monarch in prayer; and on the morning of the 28th, immediately that he awoke, the physicians proposed to amputate the leg in which mortification had commenced. "Will the operation prolong my life?" was the composed inquiry. "Yes, sire," replied the head surgeon; "certainly for several days, and perhaps even for several weeks." "If that be all," said Louis XIV., "the result will not be adequate to the suffering. God's will be done!"

17. On the morning of the 30th, the strength of the king was nearly exhausted. "All is well-nigh over," he said, feebly,

to the Marshal de Villeroy, who stood at his bedside; "farewell, my friend, we must soon part." The courage of the dying monarch never forsook him for an instant, neither did he exhibit the slightest emotion. He took leave of every member of his family with a dry eye and a steady voice, merely exhorting them to live, if possible, on terms of friendship, to do their duty to the young king, and to conduct themselves in a Christian spirit; nor was it until the princes and princesses had withdrawn that he at length betrayed a slight degree of feeling as he turned toward Madame de Maintenon, saying: "At this moment I only regret yourself. I have not made you happy; but I have ever felt for you all the regard and affection which you deserved. My only consolation in leaving you," he added, as he grasped her hand and gazed fixedly upon her with his dim and failing eyes, "exists in the hope that we shall ere long meet again in eternity."

18. Madame de Maintenon made no rejoinder; but she soon after rose to leave the apartment, and as she crossed the threshold exclaimed, as if unconsciously, "A pretty rendezvous he has given me! That man has never loved any one but himself." And this equally imprudent and ill-timed ejaculation[v] was overheard by the king's apothecary, by whom it was repeated. As she retired, the king saw in an opposite mirror the reflection of two of his valets-de-chambre[v], who were weeping bitterly. "Why do you shed tears?" he asked. "Did you, then, imagine that I was immortal? As for myself, I never believed that such was the case, and you should have been prepared, at my age, to lose me long ago."

19. The following day was one of agony to the expiring king. His intervals of consciousness were rare and brief. The mortification extended rapidly, and, toward midday, his condition became so much exasperated[v] that it was found necessary to perform the service for the dying without further delay. The mournful ceremony aroused him from his lethargy[v], and the surprise was general when his voice was once more heard, audibly and clearly, combined with those of the priests. At the termination of the prayers he, moreover, recognized the

Cardinal de Rohan, and said calmly, "These are the last favors of the Church." He then repeated several times, "*Nunc et in horâ mortis*" [Now in the hour of death]; and finally he exclaimed, with earnest fervor, "Oh, my God, come to my aid, and hasten to help me!" He never spoke again, for, as these words escaped him, he once more fell back insensible upon his pillow, and throughout the night continued unconscious of everything save bodily suffering.

20. At eight o'clock on the following morning, Louis XIV. expired. As he exhaled his last sigh, a man was seen to approach a window of the state apartment which opened on the great balcony, and throw it suddenly back. It was the captain of the body-guard, who had no sooner attracted the attention of the populace, by whom the courtyard was thronged in expectation of the tidings which they knew could not be long delayed, than, raising his truncheon[r] above his head, he broke it in the centre, and throwing the pieces among the crowd, exclaimed, in a loud voice, "The king is dead!" Then seizing another staff from an attendant, without the pause of an instant, he flourished it in the air as he shouted "Long live the king!" And a multitudinous echo from the depths of the lately deserted apartment answered as buoyantly, "Long live the king!"

Within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court: and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable.—*Shakspeare.*

[The successor of Louis XIV., also named Louis, was only five years of age on his accession, in 1715. He reigned nearly sixty years, and, by his tyranny, debauchery, and reckless profusion, disgusted his subjects, and plunged the country into anarchy and ruin. He was succeeded, in 1774, by his grandson, Louis XVI. The despotism and reckless profligacy of Louis XIII., Louis XIV., and Louis XV. constituted the chief cause of the dreadful excesses of the Revolution which broke out in the following reign.]

Escape of Charles Edward.—*Lord Mahon.*

[In 1745, during the reign of George II., Charles Edward, son of James the Pretender, determined to make an effort to recover the English throne for his father. He sailed for Scotland with a few friends, and landed near Inverness, where he was soon joined by several Highland chieftains with their clans, prominent among whom was the celebrated Cameron of Lochiel (*lok-heel'*). For some time success attended his arms; and he took Edinburgh, and caused his father to be proclaimed king under the title of James VIII. The next year, however, he was met by a considerable English force under the Duke of Cumberland, and entirely defeated in the celebrated battle of Culloden—a battle of especial interest as the close of the struggle made by the Stuarts to regain their lost throne, and as the last battle that was fought on the soil of Great Britain. The following account of Charles's escape from the country and his subsequent death, is taken from Lord Mahon's "History of England from the Peace of Utrecht."]

1. NOTWITHSTANDING the eagerness with which, after Culloden, the rebels were tracked and pursued, and the guard both of land and sea, several of their chiefs succeeded, after various concealments, privations, and dangers, in effecting their escape. But where was he, the young and princely chief of this ill-fated enterprise—the new Charles of this second Worcester? His followers dismissed to seek safety as they could for themselves; he sometimes alone; sometimes with a single Highlander as his guide and companion; sometimes begirt with strange faces, of whose fidelity he had no assurance; a price set upon his head; hunted from mountain to island, and from island to mountain; pinched with famine, tossed by storms, and unsheltered from the rains; his strength wasted, but his spirit still unbroken:—such was now the object of so many long-cherished and lately towering hopes! In the five months of his weary wanderings—from April to September—almost every day might afford its own tale of hardship, danger, and alarm, and a mere outline must suffice for the general historian.

2. It is much to Charles's honor, that as one of his chance attendants declares, he used to say, "that the fatigues and distresses he underwent signified nothing at all, because he was only a single person; but when he reflected upon the many brave fellows who suffered in his cause, that, he behooved to [illegible], did strike him to the heart, and did sink very deep within At the terms most of all entitled to praise appear the common

Highlanders around him. Though in the course of these five months the secrets of his concealment became intrusted to several hundred persons, most of them poor and lowly, not one of them was ever tempted by the prize of £30,000 to break faith, and betray the suppliant fugitive; and when destitute of other help, and nearly, as it seemed, run to bay, he was saved by the generous self-devotion of a woman.

3. In the hope of finding a French ship to convey him, Charles had embarked, only eight days after Culloden, for that remote cluster of isles to which the common name of Long Island is applied. Driven from place to place by contrary winds and storms, and having sometimes no other food than oatmeal and water, he at length gained South Uist (*wist*), where his wants were in some degree relieved by the elder Clanranald. But his course being tracked or suspected, a large body of militia and regular troops, to the number of two thousand men, landed on the island, and commenced an eager search, while the shores were surrounded by small vessels of war. Concealment or escape seemed alike impossible, and so they must have proved but for Miss Flora Macdonald,—a name, says Dr. Johnson, which will forever live in history. This young lady was then on a visit to Clanranald's family, and was the step-daughter of a captain in the hostile militia which occupied the island. Being appealed to in Charles's behalf, she nobly undertook to save him at all hazards to herself.

4. She obtained from her step-father a passport to proceed to Skye (*skī*) for herself, a man-servant, and a maid, who was termed Betty Burke, the part of Betty to be played by the Chevalier. When Lady Clanranald and Flora sought him out, bringing with them a female dress, they found him alone in a little hut upon the shore, employed in roasting the heart of a sheep upon a wooden spit. They could not forbear from shedding tears at his desolate situation, but Charles observed, with a smile, that it would be well perhaps for all kings if they had to pass through such an ordeal as he was now enduring. On the same evening he took advantage of the passport, embarking in his new attire with Flora and a faithful

Highlander, Neil Mac Eachan, who acted as their servant. The dawn of the next day found them far at sea in their open boat, without any land in view; soon, however, the dark mountains of Skye rose on the horizon. Approaching that coast at Waternish, they were received with a volley of musketry from the soldiers stationed there; but none of the balls took effect, and the rowers, vigorously applying their oars, bore them away from that scène of danger, and enabled them to disembark on another point.

5. Charles was now in the country of Sir Alexander Macdonald, at first a waverer in the contest, but of late a decided foe. When the prudent chief saw the Jacobite* cause decline, he had been induced to levy his clan against it, and was now on the mainland in attendance on the Duke of Cumberland. Yet it was of his wife, Lady Margaret, a daughter of the Earl of Eglinton, that Flora determined to implore assistance, having no other resource, and knowing from herself the courageous pity of a female heart. Lady Margaret received the news with pain and surprise, but did not disappoint Flora's firm reliance; her own house was filled with militia officers, but she intrusted Charles, with earnest injunctions for his safety, to the charge of Macdonald of Kingsburgh, the kinsman and factor of her husband.

6. As they walked to Kingsburgh's house, Charles still in woman's disguise, they had several streams to pass, and the prince held up his petticoats so high as to excite the surprise and laughter of some country people on the road. Being admonished by his attendants, he promised to take better care for the future, and accordingly, in passing the next stream, allowed the skirts to hang down and float upon the water. "Your enemies," said Kingsburgh, "call you a Pretender; but if you be, I can tell you you are the worst of your trade I ever saw!"

7. Next day, at Portree, Charles took leave of the noble-minded Flora with warm expressions of his gratitude, and

* Those who favored the cause of the exiled Stuarts, and desired their restoration to the throne of their ancestors in the person of James, the son of James II., were called *Jacobites*.

passed over to the isle of Rasay (*rah'sa*), under the less inconvenient disguise of a male servant and the name of Lewis Caw. His preservers soon afterward paid the penalty of their compassion, both Kingsburgh and Flora Macdonald being arrested and conveyed in custody, the former to Edinburgh, the latter to London. The conduct of Lady Margaret, likewise, was much inveighed against at court; but once, when it provoked some such censure from the Princess of Wales: "And would not you, madam," asked Frederick, with a generous spirit, "would not you, in like circumstances, have done the same? I hope—I am sure you would!" It was at the intercession, as it is said, of His Royal Highness that Flora was released from prison after twelve months' confinement. A collection was made for her among the Jacobite ladies in London, to the amount of nearly £1500. She then married Kingsburgh's son, and, many years afterward, went with him to North America; but both returned during the civil war, and died in their native Isle of Skye.

8. From Rasay, Charles made his way to the mainland, where he lay for two days cooped up within a line of sentinels, who crossed each other upon their posts, so that he could only crouch among the heather, without daring to light a fire or to dress his food. From this new danger he at length escaped by creeping at night down a narrow glen, the bed of a winter stream, between two of the stations. Another vicissitude in his wanderings brought him to a mountain cave, where seven robbers had taken their abode; and with these men he remained for nearly three weeks. Fierce and lawless as they were, they never thought for an instant of earning "the price of blood;" on the contrary, they most earnestly applied themselves to secure his safety and to supply his wants. Sometimes they used singly and in various disguises to repair to the neighboring Fort Augustus, and obtain for Charles a newspaper or the current reports of the day. On one occasion they brought back to the prince, with much exultation, the choicest dainty they had ever heard of—a pennyworth of gingerbread.

9. On leaving these generous outlaws, and after other perils

and adventures, Charles effected a junction with his faithful adherents, Cluny and Lochiel, who was lame from his wound. There he found a rude plenty to which he had long been unused. "Now, gentlemen, I live like a prince," cried he, on his first arrival, as he eagerly devoured some collops out of a saucepan with a silver spoon. For some time they resided in a singular retreat, called the Cage, on the side of Mount Benalder; it was concealed by a close thicket, and half suspended in the air. At this place Charles received intelligence that two French vessels, sent out expressly for his deliverance, under the direction of Colonel Warren of Dillon's regiment, and with that officer on board had anchored in Lochnanuagh (*lok-nan-wah'*). Immediately setting off for that place, but travelling only by night, he embarked, on the 20th of September, attended by Lochiel, Colonel Ray Stuart, and about one hundred other persons, who had gathered at the news.

10. It was the very same spot where Charles had landed fourteen months before; but how changed since that time, both his fate and his feelings! With what different emotions must he have gazed upon those desolate mountains, when stepping from his ship in the ardor of hope and coming victory; and now, when he saw them fade away in the blue distance, and bade them an everlasting farewell. Rapidly did his vessel bear him from the Scottish shores; concealed by a fog, he sailed through the midst of the English fleet; and he safely landed at the little port of Roscoff, near Morlaix (*more-la*), on the 29th of September.

11. He went; but not with him departed his remembrance from the Highlanders. For years and years did his name continue enshrined in their hearts and familiar to their tongues; their plaintive ditties resounding with his exploits, and inviting his return. Again, in these strains do they declare themselves ready to risk life and fortune for his cause; and even maternal fondness—the strongest, perhaps, of all human feelings—yields to the passionate devotion to "Prince Charlie."

[Charles Edward spent the remainder of his life principally at Rome, bearing the title of Duke of Albany. In his later years he gave himself up to intemperance; and he died of

apoplexy in 1788. Nineteen years afterward, his brother Henry, Cardinal of York, the last male heir of the Stuart line, expired. In St. Peter's, at Rome, a monument by Canova still bears the three empty titles, *James III.*, *Charles III.*, *and Henry IX.*, of England.]

Lochiel's Warning.—*Campbell.*

[Lochiel, the chief of the warlike clan of the Camerons, was famed for his social virtues as much as for his martial courage and devoted loyalty to the cause of the Stuarts. His influence was so great among the Highland chiefs, that it depended on his joining with his clan whether the standard of Charles should be raised or not in 1745. Lochiel was persuaded within himself that the cause was hopeless; but on seeing Charles, and finding it impossible to dissuade him from the enterprise, he nobly exclaimed, "I will share the fate of my prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power." In the following poetical dialogue, by Thomas Campbell, a Scottish seer, or wizard, is represented as depicting prophetically the defeat at Culloden, and the calamities consequent upon it, with the view to warn Lochiel and to dissuade him from the enterprise.]

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in flight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin![*] to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

[*] *Albin* is the Gaelic appellation of Scotland, more particularly of the Highlands.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely, return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd my clan;
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

WIZARD.

—Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day!
For dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.*

* In the Highlands of Scotland, as well as in some other countries, there was at one period quite a general belief in apparitions, called *wraiths*, or *fetoch*; and the persons beholding them are called

I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,*
Behold, when he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight:
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors.
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling: oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostrils in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

LOCHIEL.

—Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore,
Like ocean weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

seers. These visions were supposed to be *shadows of coming events*, and generally of calamities, as approaching death, etc. The faculty of beholding these visions is called in Scotland *second sight*.

* These lines allude to the many hardships and sufferings experienced by Charles after his defeat at Culloden, and described in the preceding selection.

The Earl of Chatham.—*Lord Mahon.*

[From the "History of England from the Peace of Utrecht."]

1. Let us endeavor closely to view and calmly to judge that extraordinary man, who, at his outset was pitied for losing a Cornetcy of Horse, and who, within twenty years had made himself the first man in England, and England the first country in the world. He had received from nature a tall and striking figure, aquiline and noble features, and a glance of fire. Lord Waldegrave, after eulogizing the clearness of his style, observes that his eye was as significant as his words. In debates, his single look could sometimes disconcert an orator opposed to him. His voice most happily combined sweetness and strength. It had all that silvery clearness, which at the present day delights us in Sir William Follett's; and even when it sank to a whisper, it was distinctly heard; while its higher tones, like the swell of some majestic organ, could peal and thrill above every other earthly sound.

2. Such were his outward endowments; in these, as in mind, how far superior to Lyttleton, who is described to us as having "The figure of a spectre and the gesticulations of a puppet."* Even the gout, that hereditary foe which so grievously marred and depressed the energies of Chatham in his later life, may probably have quickened them in his earlier. In fact, it will be found that illness, with all its pains and privations, has both enjoyments and advantages unknown to stronger health. Who that has for weeks together been bound to the narrow and stifling confinement of a sick-room, can forget the rapture with which he first again stepped forth to inhale the balmy breath of summer, and behold the whole expanse of our azure sky? Thus also the distemper of Chatham, while it shut out the usual dissipations of youth, either allowed or enforced the leisure for patient study, and might induce him to exclaim: "Such are the compensations afforded in the all-wise scheme of Providence."

* Horace Walpole's "Memoirs."

3. Of this leisure for study Lord Chatham had availed himself with assiduous and incessant care. Again and again had he read over the classics; not as pedants use, but in the spirit of a poet and philosopher; not nibbling at their accents and metres, but partaking in their glorious aspirations; warmed by the flame, not raking in the cinders. As to style, Demosthenes was his favorite study amongst the ancients; amongst the English, Bolingbroke and Barrow. But perhaps our best clue to Lord Chatham's own mental tasks, more especially in the field of oratory, is afforded by those which he afterward so successfully enjoined to his favorite son.

4. Nor was Lord Chatham less solicitous as to his own action and manner, which, according to Horace Walpole, was as studied and successful as Garrick's; but his care of it extended not only to speeches, but even in society. It is observed by himself, in one of his letters, that "behavior, though an external thing, which seems rather to belong to the body than to the mind, is certainly founded in considerable virtues;" and he evidently thought very highly of the effect of both dress and address upon mankind. He was never seen on business without a full-dress coat and a tie wig, nor ever permitted his under secretary of state to be seated in his presence.

5. His very infirmities were managed to the best advantage; and it has been said of him that in his hands even his crutch could become a weapon of oratory. This striving for effect had, however, in some respects, an unfavorable influence upon his talents, and, as it appears to me, greatly injured all his written compositions. His private letters bear in general a forced, unnatural appearance; the style is of homely texture, but here and there pieced with pompous epithets and swelling phrases. Thus also in his oratory, his most elaborate speeches were his worst; and that speech which he delivered on the death of Wolfe, and probably intended as a masterpiece, was universally lamented as a failure.

6. But when without forethought, or any other preparation than those talents which nature had supplied and education cultivated, Chatham rose—stirred to anger by some sudden sub-

terfuge of corruption or device of tyranny, then was heard an eloquence never surpassed either in ancient or in modern times. It was the highest power of expression ministering to the highest power of thought. Dr. Franklin declares that in the course of his life he had seen sometimes eloquence without wisdom, and often wisdom without eloquence; in Lord Chatham only had he seen both united.

7. Yet so vivid and impetuous were his bursts of oratory, that they seemed even beyond his own control; instead of his ruling them, they often ruled him, and flashed forth unbidden, and smiting all before them. As in the oracles of old, it appeared not that he spake, but the spirit of the Deity within. In one debate, after he had just been apprised of an important secret of State, "I must not speak to-night," he whispered to Lord Shelburne, "for when once I am up, everything that is in my mind comes out." No man could grapple more powerfully with an argument; but he wisely remembered that a taunt is in general of far higher popular effect, nor did he therefore disdain (and in these he stood unrivalled) the keenest personal invectives. His ablest adversaries shrunk before him crouching and silenced. Neither the skillful and polished Murray, nor the bold and reckless Fox, durst encounter the thunderbolts which he knew how to launch against them; and if these failed, who else could hope to succeed?

8. But that which gave the brightest lustre, not only to the eloquence of Chatham, but to his character, was his loftiness and nobleness of soul. If ever there has lived a man in modern times to whom the praise of a Roman spirit might be truly applied, that man, beyond all doubt, was William Pitt. He loved power, but only as a patriot should, because he knew and felt his own energies, and felt also that his country needed them; because he saw the public spirit languishing, and the national glory declined; because his whole heart was burning to revive the one, and to wreathe fresh laurels round the other.

9. He loved fame; but it was the fame that follows, not the fame that is run after—not the fame that is gained by elbowing and thrusting, and all the little arts that bring forward

little men; but the fame that a minister at length will and must wring from the very people whose prejudices he despises and whose passions he controls. The ends to which he employed both his power and his fame will best show his object in obtaining them. Bred amidst too frequent examples of corruption, entering public life at a low tone of public morals, standing between the mock-patriots and the sneerers at patriotism—between Bolingbroke and Walpole—he manifested the most scrupulous disinterestedness and the most lofty and generous purposes; he shunned the taint himself, and in time removed it from his country.

10. The most splendid passage in Lord Chatham's public life was certainly the closing one, when, on the 7th of April, 1778, wasted by his dire disease, but impelled by an overruling sense of duty, he repaired for the last time to the House of Lords, tottering from weakness, and supported on one side by his son-in-law, Lord Mahon, on the other by his second son, William, ere long to become, like himself, the savior of his country. Of such a scene even the slightest details have interest, and happily they are recorded in the words of an eye-witness.

11. Lord Chatham, we are told, was dressed in black velvet, but swathed up to the knees in flannel. From within his large wig little more was to be seen than his aquiline nose and his penetrating eye. He looked, as he was, a dying man; "yet never," adds the narrator, "was seen a figure of more dignity; he appeared like a being of a superior species." He rose from his seat with slowness and difficulty, leaning on his crutches and supported by his two relatives. He took his hand from his crutch and raised it, lifting his eyes toward heaven, and said: "I thank God that I have been enabled to come here this day—to perform my duty, and to speak on a subject which has so deeply impressed my mind. I am old and infirm—have one foot, more than one foot, in the grave—I am risen from my bed to stand up in the cause of my country—perhaps never again to speak in this House."

12. The reverence, the attention, the stillness of the House

were here most affecting; had any one dropped a handkerchief, the noise would have been heard. At first he spoke in the low and feeble tone of sickness; but as he grew warm, his voice rose in peals as high and harmonious as ever. He gave the whole history of the American war, detailing the measures to which he had objected, and the evil consequences which he had foretold, adding at the close of each period, "And so it proved." He then expressed his indignation at the idea, which he heard had gone forth, of yielding up the sovereignty of America; he called for vigorous and prompt exertion; he rejoiced that he was still alive to lift up his voice against the first dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy.

13. After him, the Duke of Richmond attempted to show the impossibility of still maintaining the dependence of the colonies. Lord Chatham heard him with attention, and when his Grace had concluded, eagerly rose to reply; but this last exertion overcame him; after repeated attempts to stand firm, he suddenly pressed his hand to his heart, and fell back in convulsions. The Duke of Cumberland, Lord Temple, and other peers, caught him in their arms, and bore him to a neighboring apartment, while the Lords left in the House immediately adjourned in the utmost confusion and concern.

14. He was removed to Hayes, and lingered till the 11th of May, when the mighty spirit was finally released from its shattered frame. Who that reads of this soul-stirring scene; who that has seen it portrayed by that painter,* whose son has since raised himself by his genius to be a principal light and ornament of the same assembly; who does not feel, that were the choice before him, he would rather live that one triumphant hour of pain and suffering than through the longest career of thriving and successful selfishness?

[After the alliance of France with the American colonies, the Duke of Richmond proposed to change the ministry and make peace on any terms, even by recognizing the independence of the colonies. This was the proposition that Chatham opposed. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a statue was erected to his memory at the public expense.]

* John S. Copley, father of Lord Lyndhurst. He was born in Boston, Mass., July 3, 1737. "The Death of Lord Chatham" is considered his masterpiece.

The Trial of Warren Hastings.—*Macaulay.*

[Important advantages had been gained by the British in India through the energy and talents of Warren Hastings; but some of his measures were characterized by great oppression and injustice toward the native princes and their subjects. Accordingly, after his return to England, articles of impeachment were presented against him in Parliament. His trial was one of the most remarkable mentioned in history. It commenced in 1788, and lasted till 1795, resulting in the acquittal of the accused. The following account of its opening scene is from Macaulay's "Miscellaneous Essays."]

1. On the 13th of February, 1788, the sittings of the court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewelry and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly-cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot and in one hour.

2. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be desired both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of the constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and the ladies of the princely house of Oude (*owd*).

3. The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus; the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; the hall where Charles had

confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame.

4. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King of Arms[v]. The judges, in their vestments of State, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House, as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way—Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defense of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the king. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing.

5. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by such an audience as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous realm, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated around the queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage.

6. There the historian of the Roman empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres (*ver'reez*); and when, before a senate which had still some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppresser of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thought-

ful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth,—too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation; but still precious, massive, and splendid.

7. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There, too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticized, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies, whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

8. The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was, indeed, not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue.

9. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated, also, habitual self-possession and self-respect; a high and intellectual forehead; a brow pensive but not gloomy; a mouth of inflexible decision; a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the great picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis* [A mind serene in difficulties.] Such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges. His counsel accompanied him; men, all of whom were afterward

raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession.

10. But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of the red drapery a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity.

11. But in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers, such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There stood Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers; but, in aptitude of comprehension and richness of imagination, superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age—his form developed by every manly exercise—his face beaming with intelligence and spirit—the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham.

12. Nor though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honor. At twenty-three

he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone—culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigor of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles, Earl Gray, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

13. The charges, and the answers of Hastings were first read. This ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been, by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court. a near relation to the amiable poet. On the third day Burke arose. Four sittings of the court were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction, which more than satisfied the highly-raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India; recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated; and set forth the Constitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies.

14. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings, as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration even from the stern and hostile chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out,

smelling-bottles were handed round, hysterical sobs and screams were heard, and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit.

15. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded—"Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

[After his acquittal, Warren Hastings lived in retirement. His death occurred in 1818, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.]

Hyder Ali.—*Burke.*

[Hyder Ali (*ah'le*), one of the greatest Mohammedan princes of India, waged a fierce war against the British during the administration of Warren Hastings, displaying wonderful resolution and perseverance. Although a determined and merciless warrior, he was a mild and beneficent ruler, and was much loved by his people. The following description of some of the effects of this war is extracted from Edmund Burke's famous speech against Hastings.]

1. When, at length, Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the mortal elements of the world together was no protection.

2. He became at length so confident of his force, and so

collected in his might, that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common interest against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the art of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury and havoc and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains.

3. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all the horizon, it suddenly burst and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, nor heart conceived, and which no tongue could adequately tell. All the horrors of war, before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, and destroyed every temple.

4. The miserable inhabitants flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others without regard to sex, to age or rank, or sacredness of function, fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities. But escaping fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

5. For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali, and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, and not one four-footed beast, of any description whatever. One dead uniform silence reigned over the whole region.

Mirabeau.—*Lamartine.*

[The great French Revolution broke out in 1789, during the reign of Louis XVI., who became its most illustrious victim. Mirabeau (*me-rah-bo'*) was the most influential of the popular leaders in the National Assembly, being distinguished for his eloquence and address. His death occurred in 1791. The following extract is from Lamartine's "History of the Girondists."]

1. MIRABEAU had just died. The instinct of the people led them to press around the house of their tribune, as if to demand inspiration even from his coffin; but had Mirabeau been still living, he could no longer have given it; his star had paled its fires before that of the Revolution; hurried to the verge of an unavoidable precipice by the very chariot he had himself set in motion, it was in vain that he clung to the tribune. The last memorial he addressed to the king, which the Iron Chest* has surrendered to us, together with the secret of his venality, testify the failure and dejection of his mind.

2. His counsels are versatile, incoherent, and almost childish:—now he will arrest the Revolution with a grain of sand—now he places the salvation of the Monarchy in a proclamation of the crown and a regal ceremony which shall revive the popularity of the king,—and now he is desirous of buying the acclamations of the tribune, and believes the nation, like himself, to be purchasable at a price. The pettiness of his means of safety is in contrast with the vast increase of perils; there is a vagueness in every idea; we see that he is impelled by the very passions he has excited, and that unable any longer to guide or control them, he betrays, whilst he is yet unable to crush, them.

3. The prime agitator is now but the alarmed courtier seeking shelter beneath the throne, and though still stuttering out terrible words in behalf of the nation and liberty, which are in the part set down for him, has already in his soul all the pal-

* This was a secret closet which Louis XVI. had caused to be constructed in the wall of one of his apartments. The door being of iron, it was afterward called the *Iron Chest*. The workman employed to construct it gave information of its existence to Roland, a leading member of the National Convention and a stern republican; and thus the royal papers and documents which were secreted therein were discovered and abstracted.

triness and the thoughts of vanity which are proper to a court. We pity genius when we behold it struggling with impossibility. Mirabeau was the most potent man of his time; but the greatest individual contending with an enraged element appeared but a madman. A fall is only majestic when accompanied by virtue.

4. Poets say that clouds assume the form of the countries over which they have passed, and moulding themselves upon the valleys, plains, or mountains, acquire their shapes, and move with them over the skies. This resembles certain men, whose genius being as it were acquisitive, models itself upon the epoch in which it lives, and assumes all the individuality of the nation to which it belongs. Mirabeau was a man of this class: he did not invent the Revolution, but was its manifestation. But for him it might perhaps have remained in a state of idea and tendency. He was born, and it took in him the form, the passion, the language which make a multitude say when they see a thing—There it is.

5. He was born a gentleman and of ancient lineage, refugee and established in Provence, but of Italian origin; his progenitors were Tuscan. The family was one of those whom Florence had cast from her bosom in the stormy excesses of her liberty, and for which Dante reproaches his country in such bitter strains for her exiles and persecutions. The blood of Machiavel and the earthquake genius of the Italian republics were characteristics of all the individuals of this race. The proportions of their souls exceed the height of their destiny; vices, passions, virtues are all in excess. The women are all angelic or perverse, the men sublime or depraved, and their language even is as emphatic and lofty as their aspirations. There is in their most familiar correspondence the color and tone of the heroic tongues of Italy.

6. The ancestors of Mirabeau speak of their domestic affairs as Plutarch of the quarrels of Marius and Sylla, of Cæsar and Pompey. We perceive the great men descending to trifling matters. Mirabeau inspired this domestic majesty and virility in his very cradle. I dwell on these details, which may seem

foreign to this history, but explain it. The source of genius is often in ancestry, and the blood of descent is sometimes the prophecy of destiny.

7. Mirabeau's education was as rough and rude as the hand of his father, who was styled the *friend of man*, but whose restless spirit and selfish vanity rendered him the persecutor of his wife and the tyrant of all his family. The only virtue he was taught was honor; for by that name, in those days, they dignified that ceremonious demeanor which was so frequently but the show of probity and the elegance of vice. Entering the army at an early age, he acquired nothing of military habits except those alone of licentiousness and play. The hand of his father was constantly extended, not to aid him in rising, but to depress him still lower under the consequences of his errors. His youth was passed in the prisons of the State; his passions becoming envenomed by solitude, and his intellect being rendered more acute by contact with the irons of his dungeon, where his mind lost that modesty which rarely survives the infamy of precocious punishments.

8. From the moment of his entry into the National Assembly he filled it: he was the whole people. His gestures were commands; his movements *coups d'état* (*koo det-ah'*).* He placed himself on a level with the throne, and the nobility felt itself subdued by a power emanating from its own body. The clergy, which is the people, and desires to reconcile the democracy with the church, lends him its influence, in order to destroy the double aristocracy of the nobility and bishops.

9. All that had been built by antiquity and cemented by ages fell in a few months. Mirabeau alone preserved his presence of mind in the midst of this ruin. His character of tribune ceases; that of the statesman begins, and in this he is even greater than in the other. There, when all else creep and crawl, he acts with firmness, advancing boldly. The revolution in his brain is no longer a momentary idea—it is a settled plan. The philosophy of the eighteenth century, moderated

* Adroit acts of statesmanship.

by the prudence of policy, flows easily and modelled from his lips. His eloquence, imperative as the law, is now the talent of giving force to reason. His language lights and inspires everything; and though almost alone at this moment, he has the courage to remain alone.

10. He braves envy, hatred, murmurs, supported by the strong feeling of his superiority. He dismisses with disdain the passions which have hitherto beset him. He will no longer serve them when his cause no longer needs them. He speaks to men now only in the name of his genius. This title is enough to cause obedience to him. His power is based on the assent which truth finds in all minds, and his strength again reverts to him. He contests with all parties, and rises superior to one and all. All hate him because he commands; and all seek him because he can serve or destroy them. He does not give himself up to any one, but negotiates with each; he lays down calmly on the tumultuous element of this assembly the bases of the reformed constitution; legislation, finance, diplomacy, war, religion, political economy, balance of power, every question he approaches and solves, not as Utopian, but as a politician.

11. The solution he gives is always the precise mean between the theoretical and the practical. He places reason on a level with manners, and the institutions of the land in consonance with its habits. He desires the throne to support the democracy; liberty, in the Chambers, and in the will of the nation, one and irresistible in the government. The characteristic of his genius, so well defined, so ill understood, was less audacity than justness. Beneath the grandeur of his expression is always to be found unfailing good sense. His very vices could not repress the clearness, the sincerity of his understanding. At the foot of the tribune, he was a man devoid of shame or virtue; in the tribune, he was an honest man. Abandoned to private debauchery, bought over by foreign powers, sold to the court in order to satisfy his lavish expenditure, he preserved, amidst all this infamous traffic of his powers, the incorruptibility of his genius.

12. Of all the qualities of a great man of his age, he was only wanting in honesty. The people were not his devotees, but his instruments; his own glory was the god of his idolatry; his faith was posterity; his conscience existed but in his thought; the fanaticism of his idea was quite human; the chilling materialism of his age had crushed in his heart the expansion, force, and craving for imperishable things. His dying words were, "Sprinkle me with perfumes, crown me with flowers, that I may thus enter upon eternal sleep." He was especially of his time, and his course bears no impress of infinity. Neither his character, his acts, nor his thoughts have the brand of immortality. If he had believed in God, he might have died a martyr; but he would have left behind him the religion of reason, and the reign of democracy. Mirabeau, in a word, was the reason of the people; and that is not yet the faith of humanity.

[The funeral obsequies paid to this remarkable man were as gorgeous and imposing as those of a monarch. His death seemed to inspire all parties with universal mourning. The various belfries tolled his knell, minute-guns were fired, and the funeral cortege was viewed by two hundred thousand spectators, as it passed to the Pantheon, where his remains were deposited; and this grand and imposing edifice seemed too poor a monument for the idol of the people.]

Death of Marie Antoinette.—*Carlyle.*

[Although Louis XVI. had accepted the constitution imposed by the Assembly, and pledged himself to observe its provisions, the republican leaders were not satisfied; and under their instigation the Parisian mob rushed to the Tuileries (*tweel'rz*), the palace in which the king resided, took it by storm, and compelled the royal occupants to take refuge in the Assembly, by whose orders the king and his family were imprisoned. After the Assembly had been dissolved, the National Convention was organized; and this body caused the king to be tried, and sentenced him to death. The sentence was executed in 1793 (Jan. 21). Soon followed the "Reign of Terror," during which Robespierre and his colleagues caused thousands to be guillotined, among whom was the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. The following account of her execution is taken from Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution."]

1. On Monday, the 14th of October, 1793, a cause is pending in the Palais de Justice, in the new Revolutionary Court, such as those old stone walls never witnessed,—the trial of Marie Antoinette. The once brightest of queens, now tarnished, defaced, forsaken, stands here at Fouquier-Tinville's judgment-bar, answering for her life. The indictment was delivered her

last night. To such changes of human fortune what words are adequate? Silence alone is adequate.

2. Marie Antoinette, in this her utter abandonment and hour of extreme need, is not wanting to herself, the imperial woman. Her look, they say, as that hideous indictment was reading, continued calm. "She was sometimes observed moving her fingers, as when one plays on the piano." You discern, not without interest, across that dim revolutionary bulletin itself, how she bears herself queen-like. Her answers are prompt, clear, often of laconic brevity; resolution, which has grown contemptuous without ceasing to be dignified, veils itself in calm words. "You persist, then, in denial?"—"My plan is not denial; it is the truth I have said, and I persist in that."

3. At four o'clock on Wednesday morning, after two days and two nights of interrogating, jury-charging, and other darkening of counsel, the result comes out,—sentence of death! "Have you anything to say?" The accused shook her head without speech. Night's candles are burning out: and with her too time is finishing, and it will be eternity and day. This hall of Tinville's is dark, ill-lighted except where she stands. Silently she withdraws from it, to die.

4. Two processions, or royal progresses, three-and-twenty years apart, have often struck us with a strange feeling of contrast. The first is of a beautiful archduchess and dauphiness, quitting her mother's city, at the age of fifteen, toward hopes such as no other daughter of Eve then had. "On the morrow," says Weber, an eye-witness, "the dauphiness left Vienna. The whole city crowded out; at first with a sorrow which was silent. She appeared: you saw her sink back into her carriage; her face bathed in tears; hiding her eyes now with her handkerchief, now with her hands; several times putting out her head to see yet again this palace of her fathers, whither she was to return no more.

5. "She motioned her regret, her gratitude to the good nation, which was crowding here to bid her farewell. Then arose not only tears, but piercing cries, on all sides. Men and women alike abandoned themselves to such expression of their sorrow.

It was an audible sound of wail, in the streets and avenues of Vienna. The last courier that followed her disappeared, and the crowd melted away." The young imperial maiden of fifteen has now become a worn, discrowned widow of thirty-eight; gray before her time; this is the last procession: "Ten minutes after the trial ended, the drums were beating to arms in all sections; at sunrise the armed force was on foot, cannons getting placed at the extremities of the bridges, in the squares, crossways, all along from the Palais de Justice (*pah'la dah zhoos'tees*) to the Place de Révolution.

6. By ten o'clock, numerous patrols were circulating in the streets; thirty thousand foot and horse drawn up under arms. At eleven, Marie Antoinette was brought out. She had on an undress of *piqué blanc* (*pe-ka blahng*); she was led to the place of execution in the same manner as an ordinary criminal; bound on a cart; accompanied by a constitutional priest in lay dress; escorted by numerous detachments of infantry and cavalry. These, and the double row of troops all along her road, she appeared to regard with indifference. On her countenance there was visible neither abashment nor pride.

7. To the cries of *Vive la République* and *Down with Tyranny*, which attended her all the way, she seemed to pay no heed. She spoke little to her confessor. The tri-colored streamers on the house-tops occupied her attention, in the streets du Roule and Saint-Honoré; she also noticed the inscriptions on the house-fronts. On reaching the Place de Révolution her look turned toward the Jardin National, whilom Tuileries; her face at that moment gave signs of lively emotion. She mounted the scaffold with courage enough; at a quarter past-twelve her head fell; the executioner showed it to the people, amid universal, long-continued cries of *Vive la République.*

8. Is there a man's heart that thinks without pity of those long months and years of slow, wasting ignominy; of thy birth, soft cradled in imperial Schönbrunn, the winds of heaven not to visit thy face too roughly, thy foot to light on softness, thy eye on splendor; and then of thy death, or hundred deaths, to

which the guillotine and Fouquier Tinville's judgment-bar were but the merciful end!

9. Look *there*, O man born of woman! The bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is gray with care; the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping; the face is stony pale, as one living in death. Mean weeds, which her own hand has mended, attire the queen of the world. The death-hurdle where thou sittest pale, motionless, which only curses environ, has to stop; a people, drunk with vengeance, will drink it again in full draught, looking at thee there.

10. Far as the eye reaches, a multitudinous sea of maniac heads, the air deaf with their triumph yell. The living dead must shudder with yet one other pang; her startled blood yet again suffuses with the hue of agony that pale face which she hides with her hands. There is there no heart to say, God pity thee! O think not of these; think of Him whom thou worshippest, the Crucified—who also treading the wine-press *alone*, fronted sorrow still deeper, and triumphed over it and made it holy, and built of it a "sanctuary of sorrow," for thee and all the wretched. Thy path of thorns is nigh ended; one long last look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light—where thy children shall not dwell. The head is on the block; the axe rushes—dumb lies the world; that wild yelling world, with all its madness is behind thee.

Panegyric on Marie Antoinette.—*Edmund Burke.*

1. It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh, what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall!

2. Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to

those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.

3. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophistries, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone. It is gone; that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity; which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

Victims of the French Revolution.—*Thiers.*

[From the "History of the French Revolution," by M. A. Thiers.]

1. NEXT day [Oct. 31, 1793], an immense crowd collected to see the Girondists* pass. On their way to the scaffold they repeated that hymn of the Marseillais which our soldiers sung when marching against the enemy. On reaching the Place de la Révolution, having alighted from their carts, they embraced one another, shouting *Vive la République.* Sillery first mounted the scaffold, and after gravely bowing to the people, in whom he still respected frail and misguided humanity, he received

* The *Girondists* constituted one of the two parties into which the National Convention was divided, and were so called because they represented the *Gironde*, a department in the south of France. They soon acquired great influence by their talent and eloquence; but being defeated by the *Mountain Party* (so called from their seats in the Convention), at the head of which was Robespierre, they were arrested, condemned, and guillotined.

the fatal stroke. All of them followed Sillery's example, and died with the same dignity. In thirty-one minutes the executioner had dispatched these illustrious victims, and thus destroyed in a few moments, youth, beauty, virtue, talents.

2. Such was the end of those noble and courageous citizens who fell a sacrifice to their generous Utopia. Comprehending neither human nature, nor its vices, nor the means of guiding it in a revolution, they were indignant because it would not be better, and in persisting to thwart it, they caused it to devour themselves. Respect to their memory! Never were such virtues, such talent displayed in the civil wars; and to their glory be it said, if they did not comprehend the necessity of violent means for saving the cause of France, most of their adversaries who preferred those means, decided from passion rather than from genius. Above them could be placed only such of the Mountaineers as had decided in favor of revolutionary means out of policy alone, and not from the impulse of hatred.

3. No sooner had the Girondists expired than fresh victims were sacrificed. The sword rested not for a moment. On the 2d of November, the unfortunate Olympe de Gouges was executed for writings called counter-revolutionary, and Adam Luxe, Deputy of Mayence, accused of the same crime. On the 6th, the hapless Duke of Orleans, transferred from Marseilles to Paris, was brought before the revolutionary tribune, and condemned on account of the suspicions which he had excited in all the parties.

4. Odious to the emigrants, suspected by the Girondists and the Jacobins, he inspired none of those regrets which afford some consolation for an unjust death. More hostile to the court than enthusiastic in favor of the republic, he felt not that conviction which gives support at the critical moment; and of all the victims he was the one least compensated and most to be pitied. A universal disgust, an absolute skepticism, were his last sentiments, and he went to the scaffold with extraordinary composure and indifference. As he was drawn along the Rue St. Honoré he beheld his palace with a dry

eye, and never belied for a moment his disgust of men and of life.

5. Two days afterward, Roland's interesting and courageous wife followed them to the scaffold. Combining the heroism of a Roman matron with the graces of a Frenchwoman, this female had to endure all sorts of afflictions. She loved and reverenced her husband as a father. She felt for one of the proscribed Girondists a vehement passion, which she had always repressed. She left a young and orphan daughter to the care of friends. Trembling for so many and such dear objects, she considered the cause of liberty, to which she was enthusiastically attached, and for which she had made such great sacrifices, as forever ruined.

6. Thus she suffered in all her affections at once. Condemned as an accomplice of the Girondists, she heard her sentence with a sort of enthusiasm, seemed to be inspired from the moment of her condemnation to that of her execution, and excited a kind of religious admiration in all who saw her. She went to the scaffold dressed in white. She exerted herself the whole way to cheer the spirits of a companion in misfortune who was to perish with her, and who had not the same courage; and she even succeeded so far as twice to draw from him a smile. On reaching the place of execution, she bowed to the statue of liberty, exclaiming, "O Liberty, what crimes are they committing in thy name!" She then underwent her fate with indomitable courage.

7. Thus perished that charming and spirited woman, who deserved to share the destiny of her friends, but who, more modest and more resigned to the passive part allotted to her sex, wished not to avoid the death due to her talents and her virtues, but to spare her husband and herself ridicule and calumnies. Her husband had fled toward Rouen. On receiving intelligence of her tragic end, he resolved not to survive her. He quitted the hospitable house which had afforded him an asylum, and, to avoid compromising any friend, put an end to his life on the high road. He was found pierced to the heart by a sword, and lying at the foot of the tree against

which he had placed the hilt of the destructive weapon. In his pocket was a paper relative to his life and to his conduct as a minister.

8. Thus in that frightful delirium which had rendered genius and virtue and courage suspected, all that was most noble and most generous in France was perishing either by suicide or by the blade of the executioner. Among so many illustrious and courageous deaths, there was one still more lamentable and more sublime than any of the others; it was that of Bailly (*bahl'ye*). From the manner in which he had been treated during the queen's trial, it might easily be inferred how he was likely to be received before the revolutionary tribunal. The scene in the Champ de Mars (*shawng da mar*), the proclamation of martial law, and the fusillade[y] which followed, were the events with which the constituent party was most frequently and most bitterly reproached. Bailly, the friend of Lafayette and the magistrate who had ordered the red flag to be unfurled, was the victim selected to atone for all the alleged offenses of the Constituent Assembly.

9. He was condemned, and was to be executed in the Champ de Mars, the theatre of what was termed his crime. His execution took place on the 11th of November. The weather was cold and rainy. Conducted on foot, he manifested the utmost composure and serenity, amidst the insults of a barbarous populace, which he had fed while he was mayor. During the long walk from the Conciergerie* to the Champ de Mars, the red flag, which had been found at the *mairie*,† inclosed in a mahogany box, was shaken in his face.

10. On reaching the foot of the scaffold, it might be supposed that his sufferings were nearly over; but one of the wretches who had persecuted him so assiduously, cried out that the field of the federation ought not to be polluted with his blood. The people instantly rushed upon the guillotine[y], took it down, bore it off with the same enthusiasm as they had formerly shown in laboring in that same field of the federation,

* A noted prison of Paris, in which many of the condemned were confined during this dreadful period.

† The mayor's house.

and erected it again upon a dunghill on the bank of the Seine (*sane*), and opposite to the quarter of Chaillot (*shahl-yo'*), where Bailly had passed his life, and composed his works. This operation lasted some hours. Meanwhile, he was compelled to walk several times round the Champ de Mars. Bareheaded, and with his hands pinioned behind him, he could scarcely drag himself along. Some pelted him with mud, others kicked him and struck him with sticks. He fell exhausted. They lifted him up again. Rain and cold communicated to his limbs an involuntary shivering. "Thou tremblest!" said a soldier to him. "My friend," replied the old man, "it is cold." After he had been thus tormented for several hours, the red flag was burned under his nose. At length he was delivered over to the executioner; and another illustrious scholar, and one of the most virtuous men who ever honored our country, was then taken from it.

11. Since the time that Tacitus saw the vile populace applaud the crimes of emperors, it has not changed. Always sudden in its movements, at one time it erects an altar to the country, at another scaffolds; and it exhibits a beautiful and noble spectacle only when, incorporated with the armies, it rushes upon the hostile battalions. Let not despotism impute its crimes to liberty, for under despotism this populace was always as guilty as under the republic; but let us continually invoke enlightenment and instruction for those barbarians swarming in the lowest classes of society, and always ready to stain it with any crime, to obey the call of every power, and to disgrace any cause.

[Bailly was among the most virtuous and illustrious of the members of the first Assembly, called the "Constituent Assembly," because it framed the Constitution. He was also highly celebrated as a scholar and man of science; and universally esteemed for the gentleness, moderation, and beneficence of his disposition and conduct. His popularity, during the first part of the revolution, was equal to that of any of the idols whom the populace at that time adored; but it was forfeited by his attempts to restrain those excesses which his indiscreet zeal had assisted in arousing. He had "uncaged the tiger," and was mercilessly torn to pieces by it. His fate presents a memorable lesson to those who would rectify the abuses of government by appealing to anarchy,—who would establish liberty by giving free rein to the lawless impulses and passions of a brutal mob. Bailly himself wisely said, "To inform a people of their rights before instructing them and making them familiar with their duties, leads naturally to the abuse of liberty and the usurpation of individuals. It is like opening a passage for the torrent, before a channel has been prepared to receive, or banks to direct it."]

The Reign of Terror.—*Alison.*

[From the "History of Europe," by Archibald Alison.]

1. THE Committee of Public Safety, now confident in its own strength, and strong in the universal submission of France, decreed the disbanding of the Revolutionary army, raised to overawe the capital. At the same time, the situations of the different ministers were abolished, and twelve committees appointed to carry on the details of the government. These commissions, entirely appointed by the Committee of Public Safety, and dependent on their will, were, in fact, nothing but the offices in which they exercised their mighty and despotic powers.

2. The Jacobins, swayed with absolute power by the Committee of Public Safety, with their affiliated societies, alone remained of all the innumerable clubs which had sprung up in France. Thus on all sides, the anarchy of revolution was destroying itself, and out of its ruins the stern and relentless despotism of a few political fanatics was wringing out of the heart's blood of France the last remnant of democratic fervor. Robespierre was the leader of this sect of fanatics; but he was associated in the committee with zealots more unpitiable or less disinterested than himself. These were St. Just (*sang zhoost*) and Couthon (*coo-tong'*).

3. To accomplish their regeneration of the social body, this triumvirate proceeded with gigantic energy, and displayed the most consummate ability. For two months after the fall of Danton, they labored incessantly to confirm their power. Their commissioners spread terror through the departments, and communicated the requisite impulse to the affiliated Jacobin clubs, which alone now remained in existence. The National Guard was universally devoted to their will, and proved the ready instrument of the most sanguinary measures. The armies, victorious on every side, warmly supported their energetic administration, and made the frontiers resound with the praise of the government.

4. Strong in the support of such powerful bodies, the fanatical leaders of the Revolution boldly and universally began the work of extermination. The mandates of death issued from the capital, and a thousand guillotines instantly were raised in every town and village of France. Amid the roar of cannon, the rolling of drums, and the sound of the tocsin, the suspected were everywhere arrested, while the young and active marched off to the defense of the country. Fifteen hundred Bastiles (*bahs-teels'*), spread through the departments, soon groaned with the multitude of captives; unable to contain their numbers, the monasteries, the palaces, the chateaux (*shah-to'*), were generally employed as temporary places of confinement. The abodes of festivity, the palaces of kings, the altars of religion, were loaded with victims; fast as the guillotine did its work, it could not reap the harvest of death which everywhere presented itself; and the crowded state of the prisons soon produced contagious fevers, which swept off thousands of their unhappy inmates.

5. To support these violent measures, the utmost care was taken to preserve in full vigor the democratical spirit in the club of the Jacobins, the centre of the revolutionary action throughout France. By successive *purifications*, as they were called, all those who retained any sentiments of humanity, any tendency toward moderation, were expelled, and none left but men of iron, steeled against every approach to mercy. The club, in this way, at length became the complete quintessence of cruelty, and the focus of the most fearful revolutionary energy. Its influence daily augmented; as he approached the close of his career, Robespierre, suspicious of the Convention and the Mountain, rested almost entirely on that chosen band of adherents, whose emissaries ruled with absolute sway the municipality and the departments.

6. Seven thousand prisoners were soon accumulated in the different places of confinement in Paris; the number throughout France exceeded two hundred thousand. The condition of such a multitude of captives was necessarily miserable in the extreme; the prisons of the Conciergerie, of La Force, and

the Marie, were more horrible than any others in Europe. All the comforts which, during the first months of the Reign of Terror, were allowed to the captives of fortune, were withdrawn. Such luxuries, it was said, were an insupportable indulgence to the rich aristocrats while, without the prison walls, the poor were starving for want. In consequence, they established refectories, where the whole prisoners, of whatever rank or sex, were allowed only the coarsest and most unwholesome fare.

7. None were permitted to purchase better provisions for themselves; and, to prevent the possibility of their doing so, a rigorous search was made for money of every description, which was all taken from the captives. Some were even denied the sad consolation of bearing their misfortunes together; and to the terrors of solitary confinement were added those of death, which daily became more urgent and inevitable. Not content with the real terrors which they presented, the ingenuity of the jailors was exerted to produce imaginary anxiety; the long nights were frequently interrupted by visits from the executioners, solely intended to excite alarm; the few hours of sleep allowed to the victims were broken by the rattling of chains and the unbarring of doors, to induce the belief that their fellow-prisoners were about to be led to the scaffold, and the warrants for death against eighty persons were made the means of keeping six hundred in agony.

8. Dissatisfied with the progress of the executions, the Revolutionary Tribunal fell upon an extraordinary expedient to accelerate them. By the prospect of amnesty[v] to themselves, they prevailed on some of the basest of the captives to announce a project for escape in the prisons. "We must have a conspiracy," said Fouquier Tinville, "in the prisons; its chiefs are already named; choose their companions—we must have sixty or a hundred." The victims whom the traitors selected were those whose rank or fortune was most likely to render them acceptable to the committee; their names were announced aloud in the prisons, and they were led out next morning to execution.

9. Despair of life, recklessness of the future, produced their usual effects on the unhappy crowd of captives. Some sunk into sullen indifference; others indulged in immodest gayety, and sought to amuse life even to the foot of the scaffold. The day before his execution, the poet Ducroneau composed a beautiful ode, which was sung in chorus by the whole prisoners, and repeated, with slight variation, after his execution. At other times the scene changed; in the midst of their ravings, the prisoners first destined for the scaffold were transported by the Phædon of Plato and the death of Socrates; infidelity in its last moments betook itself with delight to the sublime belief of the immortality of the soul. The affections, continually called forth, flowed with uncommon warmth; their mutual fate excited among the prisoners the strongest feelings of commiseration; and nothing astonished the few who escaped from confinement so much as the want of sympathy for the sufferings of mankind which generally prevailed in the world.

10. From the farthest extremities of France, crowds of prisoners daily arrived at the gates of the Conciergerie, which successively sent forth its bands of victims to the scaffold. Gray hairs and youthful forms; countenances blooming with health, and faces worn with suffering; beauty and talent, rank and virtue, were indiscriminately rolled together to the fatal doors. With truth might have been written over their portals what Dante placed over the entrance of the infernal regions: "Give up all hope, ye that enter here!" Sixty persons often arrived in a day, and as many were on the following morning sent out to execution.

11. Night and day the cars incessantly discharged victims into the prison; weeping mothers and trembling orphans were thrust in without mercy with the brave and the powerful; the young, the beautiful, the unfortunate, seemed in a peculiar manner the prey of the assassins. Nor were the means of evacuating the prisons augmented in a less fearful progression. Fifteen only were at first placed on the chariot, but their number was soon augmented to thirty, and gradually rose to eighty persons who daily were sent forth to the place of execu-

tion; when the fall of Robespierre put a stop to the murders, arrangements had been made for increasing it to one hundred and fifty. An immense aqueduct, to remove the gore, had been dug as far as the Place St. Antoine (*plahs sang ahn-twahn*); and four men were daily employed in emptying the blood of the victims into that reservoir.

12. It was at three in the afternoon when the melancholy procession set out from the Conciergerie; the troop passed slowly through vaulted passages of the prison, amid crowds of captives who gazed with insatiable avidity on the aspect of those about to undergo a fate which might so soon become their own. The higher orders, in general, behaved with firmness and serenity; silently they marched to death, with their eyes fixed on the heavens, lest their looks should betray their indignation. Numbers of the lower class piteously bewailed their fate, and called heaven and earth to witness their innocence.

13. The pity of the spectators was in a peculiar manner excited by the bands of females led out together to execution; fourteen young women of Verdun (*vare-duhng*), of the most attractive forms, were cut off together. "The day after their execution," says Riouffe (*re-oof'*), "the court of the prison looked like a garden bereaved of its flowers by a tempest." On another occasion, twenty women of Poitou (*pwah-too'*), chiefly the wives of peasants, were placed together on the chariot; some died on the way, and the wretches guillotined their lifeless remains; one kept her infant in her bosom till she reached the foot of the scaffold; the executioners tore the innocent from her breast, and the screams of maternal agony were only stifled with her life.

14. Such accumulated horrors annihilated all the charities and intercourse of life. Before daybreak the shops of the provision-merchants were besieged by crowds of women and children, clamoring for the food which the law of the *maximum* in general prevented them from obtaining. The farmers trembled to bring their fruits to the market; the shopkeepers, to expose them for sale. The richest quarters of the town were deserted; no equipages or crowds of passengers were to be seen

on the streets; the sinister words, *Propriété Nationale*, imprinted in large characters on the walls, everywhere showed how far the work of confiscation had proceeded.

15. Passengers hesitated to address their most intimate friends on meeting; the extent of calamity had rendered men suspicious even of those they loved the most. Every one assumed the coarsest dress and the most squalid appearance; an elegant exterior would have been the certain forerunner of destruction. At one hour only were any symptoms of animation to be seen; it was when the victims were conveyed to execution; the humane fled with horror from the sight; the infuriated rushed in crowds to satiate their eyes with the sight of human agony.

16. Night came, but with it no diminution of the anxiety of the people. Every family early assembled its members; with trembling looks they gazed round the room, fearful that the very walls might harbor traitors. The sound of a foot, the stroke of a hammer, a voice in the street, froze all hearts with horror. If a knock was heard at the door, every one, in agonized suspense, expected his fate. Unable to endure such protracted misery, numbers committed suicide. "Had the reign of Robespierre," says Freron, "continued longer, multitudes would have thrown themselves under the guillotine: the first of social affections, the love of life, was already extinguished in almost every heart."

17. In the midst of these unparalleled atrocities, the Convention were occupied with the establishment of the civic virtues. Robespierre pronounced a discourse on the qualities suited to a republic. He dedicated a certain number of the decennial fêtes to the Supreme Being, to Truth, to Justice, to Modesty, to Friendship, to Frugality, to Good Faith, to Glory, to Immortality! Baure prepared a report on the suppression of mendicity, and the means of relieving the indigent poor. Robespierre had now reached the zenith of his popularity with his faction; he was denominated the Great Man of the Republic; his virtue, his genius, his eloquence, were in every mouth.

Abolition of Christianity in France.—*Smyth.*

[Among the extraordinary incidents of the French Revolution, perhaps the most awful was the public "abolition of Christianity," and the formal establishment of *Atheism*. To such a dreadful excess did the minds of those remorseless destroyers of every human and divine institution proceed who had obtained control of the government during the period of the "Reign of Terror." The event and its consequences present a memorable lesson to mankind, which the following extract from Dr. Smyth's "Lectures on the French Revolution" will serve to point out and impress.]

1. As it is a memorable fact in the history of civilized man, that the progress of the new opinions should go so far as at last publicly to throw off all belief of a Creator and a future life,* so is it also a memorable fact, that such an apostasy from all the common principles and feelings of mankind could not long subsist; and that it was thought necessary by the great demagogue of the hour [Robespierre] to restore the national creed, if not to Christianity, to the great doctrines at least of natural religion.

2. A report was made by Robespierre to the Convention on the 7th of May, 1794, and this was intended by him to be introductory to his decree for the acknowledgment of the existence of the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul. It was full of the most extraordinary matter; but in the midst of much declamation and invective against governments, traitors to the Revolution, priests and priestcraft, appear the following paragraphs, in which he speaks against Hebert and the followers of the atheistical school, the party he had just put down.

3. "These pretended patriots," he says, "have erected their immorality not only into a sort of system, but a sort of religion; they have endeavored to destroy all the generous sentiments of nature, by their example as by their precepts; they have searched into the human mind and the human heart; they have endeavored to find everything that could be a support to morals, but only to tear it away, only to stifle the prin-

* "Every *tenth* day [the Sabbath had been abolished] a revolutionary leader ascended the pulpit and preached atheism to the bewildered audience. Marat was universally deified, and even the instrument of death was sanctified by the name of the *Holy Guillotine!* On all the public cemeteries this inscription was placed: *Death is an eternal sleep.*"—*Alison.*

ciple of conscience, the invisible accuser that nature has there concealed. But consult you, consult only the welfare of your country and the interests of humanity.

4. "Every institution, every doctrine which consoles and elevates the soul, should be welcomed. Reject all those which tend but to degrade and corrupt it. Reanimate and exalt all those generous sentiments and those grand moral ideas which they have attempted to extinguish. Who then has commissioned thee to announce to the people that the Divinity does not exist, thou, thou who canst feel such a passion for this arid doctrine, yet canst feel none for thy country; and what benefit to thee, to persuade mankind that a blind force presides over their destinies, and strikes at random crime and virtue—that the soul is but a passing breath that exists not beyond the portals of the tomb?

5. "The notion of his annihilation, will it inspire a man with sentiments more pure and more elevated than the belief of his immortality! Will it inspire him with more respect for his fellow-men and for himself; with more devotedness to his country, more boldness to brave tyranny, or a better contempt for pleasure and for death? You, who regret the virtuous friend that you have lost; you, who love to think that the nobler part of him has escaped from destruction; you, who shed tears over the bier of your son or the lost partner of your heart, are you consoled by him who tells you that there remains of them nothing but a vile heap of dust?

6. "Wretched man that thou art, thou who art expiring under the stroke of the assassin, thy last sigh is an appeal to eternal justice! Innocence even on the scaffold can make the tyrant turn pale, though seated in his car of victory and triumph; and where would be this ascendant if indeed the tomb could render equal the oppressor and the oppressed? Miserable sophister that thou art! by what right dost thou come to wrest from innocence the sceptre of reason, and place it in the hands of guilt, throw a funeral pall over nature, make vice look up with joy, and virtue droop in sorrow?

7. "Why is humanity to be degraded? The more a man i.

endowed with sensibility and genius, the more is he attached to those ideas that ennoble his nature and elevate his heart; and the doctrines of such men become the doctrines of the universe. And how is it to be supposed that such ideas are not truths? I cannot conceive, at least, how nature can have suggested to man fictions more useful than all her realities; and if the existence of the Deity and the immortality of the soul be indeed but dreams, they are, of all the conceptions of the human mind, the most beautiful.

8. "The great point for the morals of society would be to create a rapid instinct, that, without the tardy succor of reason, should lead men to seek good and avoid evil; but the reason of each man is drawn aside by his passions, or is often little better than a sophist that pleads their cause; and the authority of man over himself may always be assailed by his self-love. Now what produces or replaces this precious instinct, what supplies this insufficiency of human authority, is the religious sentiment which impresses upon the mind the idea of a sanction given to the precepts of morality, by a power superior to man; and I know not that any legislator has ever thought of turning his nation to atheism.

9. "I know, indeed, that sages have mingled fictions with truth to strike the imagination of the people, or attach them to their institutions. Lycurgus and Solon had their oracles, and Socrates his familiar genius. But you will not conclude from this that you must deceive men to instruct them, but only that you are fortunate to live in an age and in a country where the progress in knowledge leaves you no other task to fulfill than to recall man to nature and to truth. You will be careful, then, how you break the link that unites men to the Author of their being.

10. "It is even sufficient that this opinion has obtained among a people to make it dangerous to destroy it; for the motives of every duty and the foundations of morality being connected with this idea, to destroy it is to demoralize the people. On the whole, he who could form a substitute for the Divinity, in the system of social life, would be a prodigy

of genius; he who, without having anything to substitute, thinks only of banishing the Divinity from the human mind, appears to me but a prodigy of stupidity or perverseness. If the principles which I have thus developed are mistaken, I deceive myself at least with all whom the world has yet revered. Cicero in the Senate, Socrates when dying, Leonidas at Thermopylæ, the man truly great, the real hero, esteems himself too well not to turn away from the idea of his own annihilation. The wretch who is despicable in his own eyes, who is horrible in the eyes of others, is aware that nature has for him no better present to bestow."

11. Such are the sentiments expressed by Robespierre. This report embraced a variety of strange topics; "but all of it," says the editor [of the *Moniteur*, a journal published in Paris at the time], "that appeared to do homage to Nature, and the virtue she inspires, received, at every turn, marks the most decided of general applause; and it was amidst such acclamations that the decrees that followed were proclaimed: 'That the French people acknowledged the existence of the Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul; that a fête should be celebrated in honor of the Supreme Being.'"

[Accordingly, on the 8th of June following, the decreed fête was given, Robespierre being the high-priest of the occasion. Of course it was a dreadful farce, although the painter David had the direction of the ceremonial, which consisted principally in a formal conflagration of the statues of *Atheism* and *Discord*, and honors to that of *Wisdom*. On the 29th of July following [1794], Robespierre was conducted to the scaffold and guillotined on the very spot where Louis XVI. and his hapless queen had suffered death.]

Character and Career of Robespierre.—*Lamartine.*

[From the "History of the Girondists."]

1. ROBESPIERRE'S death was the date, not the cause of the cessation of Terror. Deaths would have ceased by his triumphs, as they did by his death. Thus did divine justice dishonor his repentance and cast misfortune on his good intentions, making of his tomb a gulf filled up. It has made of his memory an enigma of which history trembles to pronour the solution, fearing to do him injustice if she brand it,

crime, or to create horror if she should term it virtue! To be just and instructive, we must unhesitatingly associate these two words; or rather it is impossible to designate what we must despair to define. This man was, and must ever remain, shadowy—undefined.

2. There is a design in his life, and this design is vast—the reign of reason by the medium of democracy. There is a momentum, and that momentum is divine—it was a thirst after the truth and justice in the laws. There is an action, and that action is meritorious—it is the struggle, for life and death, against vice, lying, and despotism. There is a devotion, and this devotion is as constant, absolute, as an antique immolation—it was the sacrifice of himself, his youth, his repose, his happiness, his ambition, his life, his memory, and his work. Finally, there is a means, and that means is, in turns, execrable or legitimate—it is popularity. He caressed the people by its ignoble tendencies, he exaggerated suspicion, excited envy, sharpened anger, envenomed vengeance.

3. He opened the veins of the social body to cure the disease, but he allowed life to flow out, pure or impure, with indifference, without casting himself between the victims and the executioners. He did not desire evil, and yet accepted it. He surrendered, to what he believed the pressure of situation, the heads of the king, the queen, their innocent sister. He yielded to pretended necessity the head of Vergniaud, to fear and domination the head of Danton. He allowed his name to serve, for eighteen months, as the standard of the scaffold and the justification of death. He hoped subsequently to redeem that which is never redeemed—present crime—through the purity, the holiness of future institutions.

4. He was intoxicated with the perspective of public felicity, while France was palpitating on the block. He desired to extirpate, with the iron blade, all the ill-growing roots of the social soil. He believed himself to be the right hand of Providence, because he had the feeling and plan of it in his imagination. He put himself in the place of God. He desired to be the exterminating and creative genius of the Revolution.

He forgot that if every man thus made a deity of himself, there could only remain one man on the globe at the end of the world, and that this last man would be the assassin of all the others. He besmeared with blood the purest doctrines of philosophy. He inspired the future with a dread of the people's reign, repugnance to the institution of the republic, a doubt of liberty. He fell at last in his first struggle with the terror, because he did not acquire, by resisting it at first, the right of power to quell it.

5. Robespierre's crowning misfortune in perishing was not so much in falling and dragging down the republic with him, as in not bequeathing to democracy, in the memory of the man who had desired to personify it most faithfully, one of those pure, bright, immortal figures which avenge a cause for the abandonment of fortune, and protest against ruin by the unqualified and unreserved admiration with which they inspire posterity. The republic required a *Cato of Utica* in the martyrology of its founders. Robespierre was only its *Marius*, without his sword. The democracy required a glory whose rays should be forever resplendent with the name of some man from its cradle. Robespierre only reached undeviating firmness of purpose, unquestionable incorruptibility, and unbounded remorse. This was the punishment of this man—the punishment of the people—of the time, as of the future. A cause is frequently but the name of an individual. The cause of the democracy should not be condemned to veil or justify that of Robespierre. The type of democracy should be magnanimous, generous, clement, and indisputable as truth.

6. The Revolution had only lasted five years. These five years are five centuries for France. Never perhaps on the earth, at any period since the commencement of the Christian era, did any country produce, in so short a space of time, such an eruption of ideas, men, natures, characters, geniuses, talents, catastrophes, crimes, and virtues, as, during these convulsive throes of the social and political fabric, did the country which is called by the name of France.

The Battle of Lodi.—*Bourrienne.*

[Napoleon Bonaparte was born in Corsica, August 15, 1769, but was sent to France at an early age, and educated in the military school at Brienne, where he distinguished himself by his devotion to the study of mathematics and by his fondness for military exercises. At the siege of Toulon, in 1793, he displayed in a conspicuous manner his singular military talents and courage. After the fall of Robespierre a new constitution was adopted, according to which the government was vested in the *Council of the Five Hundred*, whose function was to propose laws; the *Council of the Ancients*, who were to sanction them; and an executive *Directory*, composed of four members. This constitution being opposed by the Parisians, and an insurrection being threatened, Bonaparte received command of the governmental forces and successfully dispersed those of the sections, or wards of the city (Oct. 5, 1795). In 1796 he received the appointment of General of the Army of Italy, and, proceeding to that country, he defeated the Austrians and Sardinians in several battles, finally compelling both to submit to the terms which he imposed. The following account of the Battle of Lodi, perhaps the most brilliant victory of this campaign, is taken from the "Memoirs" of Bourrienne, Napoleon's secretary.]

1. It now remained to cross the river [the Adda]; but thirty pieces of cannon placed in battery, some at the further end of the old bridge, and some a little above, and others a little below it, on the left bank, in order to produce a cross-fire, seemed to render such an enterprise impossible. More than one brave republican general recommended a pause, which must have ended in a retreat; but Bonaparte, keeping his eyes fixed and his hand pointing at the bridge, said, "That is the way to Milan—to Rome—to the possession of all Italy—we must cross, let it cost what it may. It must not be said that the tributary Adda stopped those heroes who had forced the Po!"

2. On this occasion the French were pretty well supplied with artillery, and their first operation was to open a heavy fire across the river on the enemy's guns. General Beaumont, who commanded the cavalry, was sent to pass the Adda at the ford about a league above the bridge, and he took with him some flying artillery, with which he was to command the right flank of the Austrians. By an inconceivable imbecility the ford was not sufficiently guarded, and Beaumont, though not without difficulty, passed through it with his horses and guns. As soon as Bonaparte saw that the head of the French cavalry

were forming on the left bank of the Adda, and that the manœuvre gave great uneasiness to the Austrians, he pointed his sword at the bridge and sounded the charge.

3. It was on the 10th of May, 1796, and about six o'clock in the evening, when four thousand picked men, shouting "Vive la République!" advanced on the bridge, which was literally swept by the enemy's guns. The first effect was tremendous; the French was involved in a murderous hail-storm of cannon-balls, grape-shot, and musket-balls; they stopped—for a moment they wavered. Then Bonaparte,—and Lannes,—and Berthier,—and Massena,—and Cervoni,—and Dallemagne,—and Dupas,—threw themselves at the head of the columns, which dashed across the bridge, and up to the mouths of the enemy's guns. Lannes was the first to reach the left bank of the Adda; Napoleon, the second. The Austrian artillerymen were bayonetted at their guns before Beaulieu could get to their rescue; for this doomed old general had kept his infantry too far in the rear of the bridge.

4. By this means, also, the French infantry were enabled to debouch from the *tete-du-pont* [head of the bridge], and form in pretty good order. The battle, however, was not over. Though stupid, Beaulieu was brave, and the Anstrian troops had not yet lost their dogged obstinacy. They concentrated a little behind the river—they put their remaining artillery in battery—and for some minutes it seemed doubtful whether they would not drive their foes back to the blood-covered bridge, or into the waters of the Adda. But, in addition to Beaumont, who acted with his cavalry on their right flank, Augereau now came up from Borghetto to the opportune assistance of his comrades.

5. Then Beaulieu retreated, but in such good order that the French made but few prisoners. The shades of night closed over a scene of horror; between the town and bridge of Lodi, and the scene of the prolonged action on the left bank, two thousand five hundred men and four hundred horses, on the part of the Austrians, lay dead or wounded, and the French could not have left fewer than two thousand men in the same

condition, although Bonaparte owned only to the loss of four hundred. This battle, which he used to call "The terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi," carried his fame to the highest pitch, while the great personal bravery he displayed in it endeared him to the troops.

6. The men who cannot always appreciate military genius and science, know perfectly well how to estimate courage, and they soon idolize a commander that shows himself ready to share in their greatest dangers. It was on this occasion that the soldiers gave Bonaparte the honorary and affectionate nickname of "the Little Corporal." He was then slight in figure, and had almost an effeminate appearance. "It was a strange sight," says a French veteran, "to see him on that day on foot on the bridge, under a *feu d'enfer*, and mixed up with our tall grenadiers—he looked like a little boy."

7. Those men of routine and prescription, the Austrian officers, who adhered to the old system of warfare, could not comprehend his new conceptions and innovations. "This beardless youth ought to have been beaten over and over again," said poor Beaulieu, "for who ever saw such tactics?" A day or two after the battle of Lodi, an old Hungarian officer who did not know his person, was brought prisoner to the French commander-in-chief. "Well," said Bonaparte, "what do you think of the state of the war now?"—"Nothing can be worse on your side," replied the old martinet. "Here you have a youth who absolutely knows nothing of the rules of war; to-day he is in our rear, to-morrow on our flank, next day again in our front. Such gross violations of the principles of the art of war are not to be supported."

[After his return from an expedition to Egypt, Napoleon overturned the government of the Directory, and caused himself to be elected *First Consul*. Subsequently he was made Consul for life, and finally *Emperor of the French* (1804). After an unparalleled career of victory, he was defeated in the Russian expedition, in consequence of the burning of Moscow by the Russians, in order to prevent his wintering there. This event is described in the following selection.]

Burning of Moscow.—*Alison.*

[From the "History of Europe."]

1. At eleven o'clock on the 14th of September [1812], the advanced guard of the French army, from an eminence on the road, descried the long-looked-for minarets[v] of Moscow. The domes of above two hundred churches, and the massy summits of a thousand palaces, glittered in the rays of the sun: the form of the cupolas gave an Oriental character to the scene; but, above all, the cross indicated the ascendency of the European religion. The scene which presented itself to the eye resembled rather a province adorned with palaces, domes, woods, and buildings, than a single city. A boundless accumulation of houses, churches, public edifices, rivers, parks, and gardens, stretched out over swelling eminences and gentle vales as far as the eye could reach.

2. The mixture of architectural decoration and pillared scenery, with the bright-green foliage, was peculiarly fascinating to European eyes. Everything announced its Oriental character. Asia and Europe meet in that extraordinary city. It resembles Rome, not in the character of its edifices or architecture, but in the strange variety of styles which are to be met with, and which at once bespeak the queen of half the globe. Many of its palaces are of wood, colored green, yellow, or rose, and with the exterior ornamented with sculpture in Moorish or Arabesque taste. Nowhere do luxury and magnificence appear in a more imposing form or are placed close beside poverty in a more humiliating aspect.

3. The Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars of Muscovy, where they alternately defended themselves against the Poles and Tartars, is surmounted by a high loop-holed wall, flanked by towers which resemble rather the minarets of a Turkish mosque[v] than the summit of a European fortress. But how oriental soever the character of the scene may be, the number and magnificence of the domes and churches, with their gilded

cupolas and splendid crosses, tell the beholder at every step that he is in the midst of the rule of the Christian faith.

4. Struck by the magnificence of the spectacle, the leading squadrons halted and exclaimed, "Moscow! Moscow!" and the cry, repeated from rank to rank, at length reached the emperor's guard. The soldiers, breaking their array, rushed tumultuously forward; and Napoleon, hastening in the midst of them, gazed impatiently on the splendid scene. His first words were, "Behold, at last, that famous city!" the next, "It was full time!" Intoxicated with joy, the army descended from the heights. The fatigues and dangers of the campaign were forgotten in the triumphs of the moment, and eternal glory was anticipated in the conquest which they were about to complete.

5. Murat, at the head of the cavalry, speedily advanced to the gates and concluded a truce with Mil'arado'witch for the evacuation of the capital. But the entry of the French troops speedily dispelled the illusions in which the army had indulged. Moscow was found to be deserted. Its long streets and splendid palaces resounded only with the clang of the invaders' march. Not a sound was to be heard in its vast circumference; the dwellings of three hundred thousand persons seemed as silent as the wilderness. Napoleon in vain waited till evening for a deputation from the magistrates or the chief nobility. Not a human being came forward to deprecate his hostility; and the mournful truth could at length be no longer concealed that Moscow, as if struck by enchantment, was bereft of its inhabitants. Wearied of fruitless delay, the emperor at length advanced to the city, and entered the ancient palace of the czars amid no other concourse than that of his own soldiers.

6. The Russians, however, in abandoning their capital, had resolved upon a sacrifice greater than the patriotism of the world had yet exhibited. The governor, Count Rostopchin, had already set the example of devotion by preparing the means of destruction for his country palace, which he had set fire to by applying the torch with his own hands to his nup-

tial bed; and to the gates of the palace he had affixed a writing with the following inscription: "During eight years I have embellished this country house and lived happily in it, in the bosom of my family. The inhabitants of this estate, to the number of seven thousand, quit at your approach, in order that it may not be sullied by your presence. Frenchmen, at Moscow I have abandoned to you my two houses, with their furniture, worth half a million of rubles; here you will find nothing but ashes."

7. The nobles, in a public assembly, determined to imitate the example of the Numantians, and destroy the city they could no longer defend. The authorities, when they retired, carried with them the fire-engines, and everything capable of arresting a conflagration, and combustibles were disposed in the principal edifices to favor the progress of the flames. The persons intrusted with the duty of setting fire to the city only awaited the retreat of their countrymen to commence the work of destruction.

8. The sight of the grotesque towers and venerable walls of the Kremlin first revived the emperor's imagination, and rekindled those dreams of Oriental conquest which, from his earliest years, had floated in his mind. His followers, dispersed over the vast extent of the city, gazed with astonishment on the sumptuous palaces of the nobles and the gilded domes of the churches. The mixture of architectural decoration and shady foliage, of Gothic magnificence and Eastern luxury, excited the admiration of the French soldiers, more susceptible than any other people of impressions of that description. Evening came on: with increasing wonder the French troops traversed the central parts of the city, recently so crowded with passengers, but not a living creature was to be seen to explain the universal desolation. It seemed like a city of the dead.

9. Night approached; an unclouded moon illuminated those beautiful palaces, those vast hotels, those deserted streets: all was still—the silence of the tomb. The officers broke open the doors of some of the principal mansions in search of

sleeping quarters. They found everything in perfect order: the bedrooms were fully furnished, as if guests were expected, the drawing-rooms bore the marks of having been recently inhabited; even the work of the ladies was on the tables, the keys in the wardrobes; but still not an inmate was to be seen. By degrees a few of the lowest class of slaves emerged, pale and trembling, from the cellars, showed the way to the sleeping apartments, and laid open everything which these sumptuous mansions contained; but the only account they could give was, that the whole inhabitants had fled, and that they alone were left in the deserted city.

10. But the terrible catastrophe soon commenced. On the night of the 14th a fire broke out in the Bourse, behind the Bazaar, which soon consumed that noble edifice, and spread to a considerable part of the crowded streets in the vicinity. This, however, was but the prelude to more extended calamities. At midnight on the 15th, a bright light was seen to illuminate the northern and western parts of the city, and the sentinels on watch at the Kremlin soon discovered the splendid edifices in that quarter to be in flames.

11. The wind changed repeatedly during the night, but to whatever quarter it veered the conflagration extended itself; fresh fires were every instant seen breaking out in all directions; and Moscow soon exhibited the spectacle of a sea of flame agitated by the wind. The soldiers, drowned in sleep or overcome by intoxication, were incapable of arresting its progress, and the burning fragments floating through the hot air began to fall on the roofs and courts of the Kremlin. The fury of an autumnal tempest added to the horrors of the scene, and it seemed as if the wrath of heaven had combined with the vengeance of man to consume the invaders in the city they had conquered.

12. But it was chiefly during the nights of the 16th and 17th that the conflagration attained its greatest violence. At that time the whole city was wrapped in flames; and volumes of fire of various colors ascended to the heavens in many places, diffusing a prodigious light on all sides, and attended by an

intolerable heat. These balloons of flame were accompanied in their ascent by a frightful hissing noise and loud explosions, the result of the vast stores of oil, tar, resin, spirits, and other combustible materials with which the greater part of the shops were filled.

13. Large pieces of painted canvas, unrolled from the outside of the buildings by the violence of the heat, floated on fire in the atmosphere, and sent down on all sides a flaming shower, which spread the conflagration in quarters even the most removed from those where it originally commenced. The wind, naturally high, was raised by the sudden rarefaction of the air to a perfect hurricane. The howling of the tempest drowned even the roar of the conflagration; the whole heavens were filled with the whirl of the burning volumes of smoke, which rose on all sides, and made midnight as bright as day; while even the bravest hearts, subdued by the sublimity of the scene and the feeling of human impotence in the midst of such elemental strife, sunk and trembled in silence.

14. The return of day did not diminish the terrors of the conflagration. An immense crowd of hitherto unseen people, who had taken refuge in cellars or vaults of the buildings, issued forth as the flames reached their dwellings. The streets were speedily filled with multitudes flying in every direction with the most precious articles of their furniture; while the French army, whose discipline this fatal event had entirely dissolved, assembled in drunken crowds, and loaded themselves with the spoils of the city. Never, in modern times, had such a scene been witnessed. The men were loaded with packages, charged with their most precious effects, which often took fire as they were carried along, and which they were obliged to throw down to save themselves. The women had generally two or three children on their backs, and as many led by the hand, who, with trembling steps and piteous cries, sought their devious way through the labyrinth of flame.

15. Many old men, unable to walk, were drawn on hurdles or wheelbarrows by their children and grandchildren, while their burned beards and smoking garments showed with what

difficulty they had been rescued from the flames. Often the French soldiers, tormented by hunger and thirst, and loosened from all discipline by the horrors which surrounded them, not content with the booty in the streets, rushed headlong into the burning edifices, to ransack their cellars for the stores of wine and spirits which they contained; and beneath the ruins great numbers perished miserably, the victims of intemperance and the surrounding fire. Meanwhile, the flames, fanned by a tempestuous gale, advanced with frightful rapidity, devouring alike in their course the palaces of the great, the temples of religion, and the cottages of the poor.

16. The emperor long clung to the Kremlin, in the hope that the cessation of the fire would enable him to retain his long-wished-for conquest. But at length, on the 17th, the conflagration had spread in every direction; the horizon seemed a vast ocean of flame, and the cry arose that the Kremlin itself was on fire. He gave vent to his rage by commanding the massacre of the unfortunate men who had been intrusted with the duty of commencing the fire; and yielding to the solicitations of his followers, abandoned the Kremlin. The wind and the rush of the flames were so violent that Berthier was almost swept away by their fury; but the emperor and his followers arrived in safety before night at the country palace of Petrowsky.

17. General Mathieu Dumas and Count Daru, who were among the last that left the Kremlin, could scarcely bear the intense heat as they rode along the quay to follow the emperor; and, on leaving it, their horses were with difficulty brought to pass between two burning houses at the entrance of the street, which formed the sole issue that remained to them. Arrived at length at Petrowsky, they had leisure to contemplate the awful spectacle which was presented by the conflagration. Early on the following morning, Napoleon cast a melancholy look to the burning city, which now filled half the heavens with its flames, and exclaimed, after a long silence, "This sad event is the presage of a long train of disasters."

18. For thirty-six hours the conflagration continued; and

during that time above nine-tenths of the city were destroyed. The remainder, abandoned to pillage, and deserted by its inhabitants, offered no resources for the army. Moscow had been conquered, but the victors had gained only a heap of ruins. Imagination cannot conceive the horrors into which the remnant of the people who could not abandon their homes were plunged by this unparalleled sacrifice. Bereft of everything, they wandered amid the ruins, eagerly searching for a parent or an infant amid the smoking heaps; pillage became universal, and from the scene of devastation the wrecks of former magnificence were ransacked alike by the licentious soldiery and the suffering multitude.

19. The city, abandoned to pillage, was speedily filled with marauders; and in addition to the whole French army, numbers flocked in from the country to share in the general license. Furniture of the most precious description, splendid jewelry, Indian and Turkish stuffs, stores of wine and brandy, gold and silver plate, rich furs, gorgeous trappings of silk and satin, were spread about in promiscuous confusion, and became the prey of the least intoxicated among the multitude.

20. A frightful tumult succeeded to the stillness which had reigned in the city when the troops first entered it. The cries of the pillaged inhabitants, the coarse imprecations of the soldiers, were mingled with the lamentations of those who had lost their parents, their children, their all, in the conflagration. Plunder became universal in those days of unrestrained license; the same place often beheld the general's uniform and the soldier's humble garments in search of pillage. The ground, in the parts which had been consumed, was covered with a motley group of soldiers, peasants, and marauders of all countries and aspects, who sought, in the smoking ruins, the remains of the precious articles which they formerly contained.

21. The church of St. Michael, containing the tombs of the emperors of Russia, did not escape their sacrilegious violence; but no treasures were found to reward the cupidity of the depredators. The shouts of the marauders were interrupted

by the shrieks of the victims of military license, and occasionally drowned in the roar of the conflagration; while not the least extraordinary part of the clamor arose from the howling of the dogs, who, being chained to the gates of the palaces, were consumed in the flames with which they were surrounded.

[Napoleon returned to the Kremlin on the 20th of September, where he remained for some time, expecting overtures of peace from the Russian government. But he waited in vain, the Russians, on the contrary, strengthening their army and preparing for active hostilities. At length Napoleon commenced his retreat (Oct. 19), and that train of disasters ensued which he had predicted. His soldiers perished by thousands from the intense cold, famine, and the unremitting attacks of their enemies. At the passage of the Beresina River the loss of life was frightful. There Napoleon abandoned the remnant of his grand army and hastened to Paris. This dreadful defeat was but the beginning of troubles. The nations of Europe were allied against him, his armies were successively defeated, and he at last was compelled to abdicate the throne and retire to the little island of Elba, granted to him as a place of residence by his enemies (March 31, 1814). He, however, remained there scarcely a year, but, quitting his place of exile, again entered France, and was received with open arms by the French. He soon raised a large army; but at Waterloo was finally defeated (1815), after which he was sent to St. Helena, where he died (1821).]

The Battle of Waterloo.—*Byron.*

[On the evening of the 15th of June (1815) a ball was given by the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels, which was attended by the Duke of Wellington and many of his officers. The sudden commencement of operations by the French, with the immediate consequences, and the dreadful scene of the battle-field, are graphically depicted in the following verses from Lord Byron's beautiful poem entitled "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."]

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spoke again;
And all went merry as a marriage-bell:
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet

To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rush'd into the field, and foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning-star;
While throng'd the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose!
The war-notes of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes;—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath that fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they pass,
Grieving, if aught incriminate ere grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

Character of Napoleon.—*Channing.*

[Extract from an Essay on the "Character of Napoleon," by William Ellery Channing, D.D.]

1. One of the striking properties of Bonaparte's character was decision, and this was perverted, by the spirit of self-exaggeration, into an inflexible stubbornness, which counsel could not enlighten nor circumstances bend. Having taken the first step, he pressed onward. His purpose he wished others to regard as a law of nature, or a decree of destiny. It *must* be accomplished. Resistance but strengthened it; and so often had resistance been overborne, that he felt as if his unconquerable will, joined to his matchless intellect, could vanquish all things. On such a mind the warnings of human wisdom and of Providence were spent in vain; and the Man of Destiny lived to teach others, if not himself, the weakness and folly of that all-defying decision which arrays the purposes of a mortal with the immutableness of the counsels of the Most High.

2. A still more fatal influence of the spirit of self-exaggeration which characterized Bonaparte, remains to be named. It depraved to an extraordinary degree his moral sense. It did not obliterate altogether the ideas of duty, but, by a singular perversion, it impelled him to apply them exclusively to others. It never seemed to enter his thought that he was subject to the obligations of morality, which all others are called to respect. He was an exempted being. Whoever stood in his way to enterprise, he was privileged to remove. Treaties only bound his enemies. No nation had rights but his own France.

3. He claimed a monopoly in perfidy and violence. He was not naturally cruel, but when human life obstructed his progress, it was lawful prey; and murder and assassination occasioned as little compunction as war. The most luminous exposition of his moral code was given in his councils to the King of Holland. "Never forget, that in the situation to which my political system and the interests of my empire have called you, your first duty is toward ME, your second toward France; all your other duties, even those toward the people whom I have called you to govern, rank after these." In his own mind he was the source and centre of duty.

4. He was too peculiar and exalted to be touched by that vulgar stain called guilt. Crimes ceased to be such when perpetrated by himself. Accordingly, he always speaks of his transgressions as of indifferent acts. He never imagined that they tarnished his glory, or diminished his claim on the homage of the world. In St. Helena, though talking perpetually of himself, and often reviewing his guilty career, we are not aware that a single compunction escapes him. He speaks of his life as calmly as if it had been consecrated to duty and beneficence, whilst in the same breath he has the audacity to reproach unsparingly the faithlessness of almost every individual and nation with whom he had been connected. We doubt whether history furnishes so striking an example of the moral blindness and obduracy to which an unbounded egotism exposes and abandons the mind.

5. His spirit of self-exaggeration was seen in his openness to

adulation. Policy indeed prompted him to put his praises into the mouths of the venal slaves, who administered his despotism. But flattery would not have been permitted to swell into exaggerations, now nauseous, now ludicrous, and now impious, if in the bosom of the chief there had not lodged a flatterer who sounded a louder note of praise than all around him. He was remarkably sensitive to opinion and resented as a wrong the suppression of his praises.

6. The press of all countries was watched, and free States were called upon to curb it for daring to take liberties with his name. Even in books published in France on general topics, he expected a recognition of his authority. Works of talent were suppressed when their authors refused to offer incense at the new shrine. He resolved indeed to stamp his name on the literature as on the legislation, policy, and warfare of his age, and to compel genius, whose pages survive statues, columns, and empires, to take a place among his tributaries.

7. We close our view of Bonaparte's character by saying that his original propensities, released from restraint and pampered by indulgence to a degree seldom allowed to mortals, grew up into a spirit of despotism as stern and absolute as ever usurped the human heart. The love of power and supremacy absorbed, consumed him. No other passion, no domestic attachment, no private friendship, no love of pleasure, no relish for letters or the arts, no human sympathy, no human weakness, divided his mind with the passion for dominion and for dazzling manifestations of his power.

8. Before this, duty, honor, love, humanity, fell prostrate. Josephine, we are told, was dear to him; but the devoted wife, who had stood firm and faithful in the day of his doubtful fortunes, was cast off in his prosperity, to make room for a stranger, who might be more subservient to his power. He was affectionate, we are told, to his brothers and mother; but his brothers, the moment they ceased to be his tools, were disgraced; and his mother, it is said, was not allowed to sit in the presence of her imperial son. He was sometimes softened, we are told, by the sight of the field of battle strewn with the wounded

and dead. But if the Moloch of his ambition claimed new heaps of slain to-morrow, it was never denied.

9. With all his sensibility, he gave millions to the sword with as little compunction as he would have brushed away so many insects which had infested his march. To him, all human will, desire, power, were to bend. His superiority none might question. He insulted the fallen, who had contracted the guilt of opposing his progress; and not even woman's loveliness and the dignity of a queen could give shelter from his contumely. His allies were his vassals, nor was their vassalage concealed. Too lofty to use the arts of conciliation, preferring command to persuasion, overbearing and all-grasping, he spread distrust, exasperation, fear, and revenge through Europe; and when the day of retribution came, the old antipathies and mutual jealousies of nations were swallowed up in one burning purpose to prostrate the common tyrant, the universal foe.

. Napoleon's fame, which constituted his morality, his conscience, and his principles, he merited, by his nature and his talents, from war and from glory; and he has covered with it the name of France. France, obliged to accept the odium of his tyranny and his crimes, should also accept his glory with a serious gratitude. She cannot separate her name from his without lessening it: for it is equally incrusted with his greatness as with his faults. She wished for renown; and what she principally owes to him is the celebrity she has gained in the world. This celebrity, which will descend to posterity, and which is improperly called glory, constituted his means and his end. Let him therefore enjoy it. The noise he has made will resound through distant ages; but let it not pervert posterity, or falsify the judgment of mankind. He is admired as a soldier; he is measured as a sovereign; he is judged as a founder of nations;—great in action, little in ideas—nothing in virtue. Such is the man!—*Lamartine.*

Death of Napoleon.—*McLellan.*

["The 5th of May (1821) came amid wind and rain. Napoleon's passing spirit was deliriously engaged in a strife more terrible than the elements around. The words "*tête d'armée*" [head of the army], the last which escaped from his lips, intimated that his thoughts were watching the current of a heavy fight. About eleven minutes before six in the evening Napoleon expired."—*Scott's Life of Napoleon.*

WILD was the night; yet a wilder night
Hung round the soldier's pillow;
In his bosom there waged a fiercer fight
Than the fight on the wrathful billow.

A few fond mourners were kneeling by,
The few that his stern heart cherished;
They knew, by his glazed and unearthly eye,
That life had nearly perished.

They knew by his awful and kingly look,
By the order hastily spoken,
That he dreamed of days when the nations shook,
And the nations' hosts were broken.

He dreamed that the Frenchman's sword still slew,
And triumphed the Frenchman's "eagle;"
And the struggling Austrian fled anew,
Like the hare before the beagle.

The bearded Russian he scourged again,
The Prussian's camp was routed,
And again, on the hills of haughty Spain,
His mighty armies shouted.

Over Egypt's sands, over Alpine snows,
At the pyramids, at the mountain,
Where the wave of the lordly Danube flows,
And by the Italian fountain;

On the snowy cliffs, where mountain-streams
Dash by the Switzer's dwelling,
He led again, in his dying dreams,
His hosts, the broad earth quelling.

Again Marengo's field was won,
And Jena's bloody battle;
Again the world was overrun,
Made pale at his cannons' rattle.

He died at the close of that darksome day,
A day that shall live in story:
In the rocky land they placed his clay,
"And left him alone with his glory."

[In 1840 Napoleon's remains were transported from St. Helena to Paris, and there entombed with every possible circumstance of splendor and magnificence.]

George the Third.—*Thackeray.*

[George III. died in 1820, after a reign of sixty years,—the longest in English history. No period, perhaps, in the world's history has been more replete with momentous events. The following sketch is taken from one of the lectures delivered by Thackeray on the "Four Georges."]

1. We have to glance over sixty years in as many minutes. To read the mere catalogue of characters who figured during that long period, would occupy our allotted time, and we should have all text and no sermon. England has to undergo the revolt of the American colonies; to submit to defeat and separation; to shake under the volcano of the French Revolution; to grapple and fight for the life with her gigantic enemy, Napoleon; to gasp and rally after that tremendous struggle.

2. The old society, with its courtly splendors, has to pass away; generations of statesmen to rise and disappear; Pitt to follow Chatham to the tomb; the memory of Rodney and Wolfe to be superseded by Nelson's and Wellington's glory; the old poets who unite us to Queen Anne's time to sink into their graves; Johnson to die, and Scott and Byron to arise; Garrick to delight the world with his dazzling dramatic genius, and Kean to leap on the stage and take possession of the astonished theatre. Steam has to be invented; kings to be beheaded, banished, deposed, restored; Napoleon to be but an episode, and George III. is to be alive through all these varied changes, to accompany his people through all these revo-

lutions of thought, government, society,—to survive out of the old world into ours.

3. His mother's bigotry and hatred George inherited with the courageous obstinacy of his own race; but he was a firm believer where his fathers had been free-thinkers, and a true and fond supporter of the Church, of which he was the titular defender. Like other dull men, the king was all his life suspicious of superior people. He did not like Fox; he did not like Reynolds; he did not like Chatham, Burke; he was testy at the idea of all innovations, and suspicious of all innovators. He loved mediocrities;—Benjamin West was his favorite painter; Beattie was his poet. The king lamented, not without pathos, in his after-life, that his education had been neglected. He was a dull lad brought up by narrow-minded people. The cleverest tutors in the world could have done little, probably, to expand that small intellect, though they might have improved his tastes, and taught his perceptions some generosity.

4. George married the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg Strelitz, and for years they led the happiest, simplest lives, sure, ever led by married couple. It is said the king winced when he first saw his homely little bride; but, however that may be, he was a true and faithful husband to her, as she was a faithful and loving wife. They had the simplest pleasures—the very mildest and simplest—little country dances, to which a dozen couple were invited, and where the honest king would stand up and dance for three hours at a time to one tune; after which delicious excitement they would go to bed without any supper (the Court people grumbling sadly at that absence of supper), and get up quite early the next morning, and perhaps the next night have another dance; or the queen would play on the spinnet—she played pretty well, Haydn said: or the king would read to her a paper out of the *Spectator*, or perhaps one of Ogden's sermons. O, Arcadia! what a life it must have been!

5. The theatre was always his delight. His bishops and clergy used to attend it, thinking it no shame to appear where

that good man was seen. He is said not to have cared for Shakspeare, or tragedy much; farces and pantomines were his joy; and especially when the clown swallowed a carrot or a string of sausages, he would laugh so outrageously that the lovely princess by his side would have to say, "My gracious monarch, do compose yourself." But he continued to laugh, and at the very smallest farces, as long as his poor wits were left him.

6. "George, be a king!" were the words which his mother was forever croaking in the ears of her son; and a king the simple, stubborn, affectionate, bigotted man tried to be. He did his best—he walked according to his lights: what virtue he knew, he tried to practice; what knowledge he could master he strove to acquire. But, as one thinks of an office almost divine, performed by any mortal man, of any single being pretending to control the thoughts, to direct the faith, to order the implicit obedience of brother millions; to compel them into war at his offense or quarrel; to command "In this way you shall trade, in this way you shall think; these neighbors shall be your allies, whom you shall help,—these others your enemies, whom you shall slay at my orders; in this way you shall worship God;"—who can wonder that when such a man as George took such an office on himself, punishment and humiliation should fall upon people and chief?

7. Yet there is something grand about his courage. The battle of the king with his aristocracy remains yet to be told by the historian who shall view the reign of George more justly than the trumpery panegyrists who wrote immediately after his decease. It was he, with the people to back him, that made the war with America; it was he and the people who refused justice to the Roman Catholics; and on both questions he beat the patricians. He bribed, he bullied, he darkly dissembled on occasion; he exercised a slippery perseverance and a vindictive resolution, which one almost admires as one thinks his character over.

8. His courage was never to be beat. It trampled North under foot; it beat the stiff neck of the younger Pitt; ever

his illness never conquered that indomitable spirit. As soon as his brain was clear it resumed the scheme only laid aside when his reason left him: as soon as his hands were out of the strait-waistcoat, they took up the pen and the plan which had engaged him up to the moment of his malady. I believe it is by persons believing themselves in the right, that nine-tenths of the tyranny of this world has been perpetrated.

9. Arguing on that convenient premiss, the Dey of Algiers would cut off twenty heads of a morning, Father Dominic would burn a score of Jews in the presence of the most Catholic king, and the Archbishops of Toledo and Salamanca sing amen. Protestants were roasted, Jesuits hung and quartered at Smithfield, and witches burned at Salem; and all by worthy people, who believed they had the best authority for their actions. And so with respect to old George, even Americans, whom he hated and who conquered him, may give him credit for having quite honest reasons for oppressing them. . . .

10. Of little comfort were the king's sons to the king; but the pretty Amelia was his darling, and the little maiden, prattling and smiling in the fond arms of that old father, is a sweet image to look on. The princess wrote verses herself, and there are some pretty plaintive lines attributed to her which are more touching than better poetry:—

"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung;
And proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain;
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

"But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could sing and dance no more,—
It then occurred how sad 'twould be
Were this world only made for me."

11. The poor soul quitted it, and, ere yet she was dead, the agonized father was in such a state that the officers round

about him were obliged to set watchers over him; and from November, 1810, George III. ceased to reign. All the world knows the story of his malady; all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts. I have seen his picture, as it was taken at this time, hanging in the apartments of his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse Hombourg, amidst books and Windsor furniture, and a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home.

12. The poor old father is represented in a purple gown, his snowy beard falling over his breast—the star of his famous Order still shining on it. He was not only sightless—he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, were taken away from him. Some slight lucid moments he had; in one of which the queen, desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn and accompanying himself at the harpsichord. When he had finished, he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him, but if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled.

13. What preacher need moralize on this story; what words save the simplest are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. "O brothers!" I said to those who heard me first in America—"O brothers! speaking the same dear mother tongue—O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by the royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest; dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven

off his throne, buffetted by rude hands, with his children in revolt, the darling of his old age killed before him untimely, our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries, 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!'

> 'Vex not his ghost—oh, let him pass—he hates him
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer!'

Hush! Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, Trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, Dark Curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!"

State of Society in England under the first three Brunswick Kings.

[From Anderson's "School History of England."]

1. DURING this period, extending from 1714 to 1820, and therefore nearly coincident with the eighteenth century, the British government assumed a more settled character; and, as the people advanced in intelligence, became more and more dependent upon their wishes. Hence the king ruled through his ministers, who were able to continue in office only as long as they succeeded in retaining the support of parliament. The power exercised by the sovereign has ever since been very limited, solely depending upon his intelligence, force of character, and moral worth; and all the agencies of government have become more and more under the control of public opinion,—the great ruling power of every truly civilized nation. The popular agitations, riots, etc., to secure parliamentary reform, and a more general and equitable representation in the House of Commons, indicate the efforts which this power was exerting, toward the close of this period, to assert its supremacy.

2. This ardent desire for freedom, which so strikingly characterized the public mind in England, was, in the first place, the result of the American war for independence, with its successful issue. The great questions which sprung up during this

struggle, and which gave occasion to the magnificent displays of parliamentary eloquence of Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and others, shattered to pieces the old theories of arbitrary government, and imbued the popular mind with democratic notions and principles. The French revolution—the mightiest political and social tornado the world has ever seen—shook every institution that had hitherto been held sacred, and threatened, at one time, to resolve human society into its original elements. Hence arose, in England, a new party called "Radical Reformers," or "Radicals," whose principles were ably advocated by Paine, Cobbett, and others; and hence also the spread of infidelity among the middle classes, fostered by such writings as Paine's "Age of Reason."

3. During the first part of this period, religion was at a very low ebb among all classes. The clergy, often ordained without any regard to their intellectual and spiritual attainments, but simply as a provision for the younger sons of the aristocratic families, neglected the duties of their sacred calling to indulge in fox-hunting, gaming, and the pleasures of the table. The preaching of George Whitefield and John Wesley did much to infuse into the public mind a higher regard for spiritual matters. The religious society which they founded received, at first as a nickname, the appellation of "Methodists," from the strictness of their religious principles and observances. It rapidly gathered within its ranks vast multitudes, particularly of the middle and lower orders of the people. The writings of Watts, Doddridge, and others also contributed to raise the religious tone of society. Sunday-schools were founded about the close of 1781, by Robert Raikes.

4. It was, however, some time before there was infused into the public mind a spirit of religious toleration. In 1778 was passed the "Catholic Relief Bill," freeing Catholics from the severe disabilities to which they had long been subjected. This measure had the effect to excite the animosities of the ignorant and bigotted of the population; and a movement was undertaken in opposition to it, led by Lord George Gordon, a crazy nobleman, who made many silly and violent speeches in the

House of Commons on the subject. By means of inflammatory addresses made by him and others, and the outcry which was raised of "No Popery," dreadful riots were excited, in which many Catholic churches and other buildings were destroyed. Lord Mansfield's fine mansion, containing his valuable law library, fell a sacrifice to the senseless fury of the mob which for several days had entire possession of London. Nearly five hundred persons were killed or wounded.

5. In *commerce* and *navigation* vast and rapid strides were taken. The trade with the American colonies had become very considerable previous to their independence; but with the States it was much more extensive, the principal imports from them being tobacco, rice, and cotton. The importation of the last-mentioned article from America commenced in 1770, the first shipment being about two thousand pounds. At the close of the period, the annual import amounted to one hundred and twenty million pounds. The same product was also imported from Brazil and the East Indies. The English West Indies exported large quantities of sugar, together with mahogany and logwood. The gradual introduction of *steam navigation* was a marked feature of the period. Experiments, with the view to this application of the steam-engine had been early made; but it was not until nearly the end of the period that serviceable steam-vessels were constructed. In 1820 a line of steam-packets was established to ply between Holyhead and Dublin.

6. The improvements in the methods and implements of agriculture were also very great, with, of course, a large increase in the quantity and variety of the vegetable products. The cultivation of the potato, introduced during the seventeenth century, did not become general until about the middle of the eighteenth. Philanthropists encouraged it with the view to prevent famine among the lower classes by affording a substitute for grain during seasons of bad harvests. Greenhouses for the cultivation of tropical plants also began to be constructed, and soon came into general use.

7. In the *industrial arts,* the improvements introduced

during this period were very numerous and valuable. Previous to 1718, England was entirely dependent upon foreigners for silk thread; but in that year a large mill was erected at Derby for its manufacture, by Mr. Lombe, who had gone to Italy in the disguise of a common workman, and taken drawings of the silk-throwing machinery in use in that country. Immense quantities of organzine thread were thereafter produced. The cotton manufacture now took precedence of that of wool, which previously had been the chief material of English fabrics. This change was largely due to the carding-machine and the spinning-jenny invented by James Hargreaves, but principally to the invention of the spinning-frame by Sir Richard Arkwright. In 1771, Arkwright erected a large factory which was worked by water-power.

8. The *iron manufacture* became very extensive during this period, especially at Birmingham; and large quantities of cutlery were manufactured at Sheffield. The number of workmen employed in the former city alone, in 1770, was estimated at fifty thousand. To all these branches of manufacturing industry a wonderful impulse had been given by the application of steam. James Watt made his celebrated invention of the condensing steam-engine in 1769, and introduced, during the next sixteen years, improvements in it of great practical value. The working of the coal mines was generally facilitated by the application of Watt's invention. The invention of Wedgewood also made so many improvements in pottery, that he may be considered the founder of this branch of manufacture in Great Britain. His first success was the production of a beautiful cream-colored porcelain, called, in honor of Queen Charlotte, who greatly admired it, "Queen's Ware" (1763).

9. Through the sagacity, energy, and liberality of the Duke of Bridgewater, and his celebrated engineer, James Brindley, *canal navigation* assumed considerable importance in England. An act of Parliament for the construction of his first canal was obtained in 1758. The roads, too, gradually improved; and during the greater part of the period travellers were conveyed by means of rapid stage-coaches to the various parts of the

kingdom. The construction of the first locomotive, or steam-carriage, in 1804, commenced a wonderful revolution in this respect; railways had been used to a limited extent some time previously. Locomotive power was employed on a railway by George Stephenson in 1814; but it was not until 1821 that passengers were transported in this way.

10. The *fine arts* were also cultivated with great success. Among painters, the most prominent were Hogarth and Sir Joshua Reynolds. The latter was the first president of the Royal Academy of Arts, founded in 1768. George III. was a generous patron of the fine arts, and conferred on Reynolds the honor of a knighthood. In music, Handel, by birth a German, achieved an enduring renown. The first oratorio was produced by him in 1733; but it was not until 1749 that his sublimest composition, "The Messiah," appeared. Very many operas were also composed and brought out by him. One of the most successful works of this kind was the "Beggars' Opera," composed by the poet Gay, to whom it was suggested by Swift in 1726. Among other musical composers of this period were the celebrated Dr. Arne and Dr. Charles Burney, the latter distinguished particularly as the author of the "General History of Music."

11. The progress in *scientific discovery* was also quite remarkable. Sir Humphrey Davy, the great chemist, invented the safety-lamp (1816), one of the most valuable presents ever made by science to humanity. Sir William Herschel discovered in 1781 a new planet, to which he gave the name *Georgium Sidus*, in honor of George III., now generally called *Uranus*. He also made many other valuable discoveries in astronomy. His monster telescope, forty feet in length, completed in 1787, was the wonder of his age. Medical science was greatly enriched by the labors and publications of the celebrated John Hunter, the greatest physiologist and surgeon of his time. In 1785 he formed a museum, which, at his death, contained more than ten thousand specimens and preparations illustrative of human and comparative anatomy and its kindred branches. Edward Jenner, who had studied under him, gave to the world the

discovery of vaccination in 1796. Geology commenced to be studied, a geological map of England being published in 1815.

12. The history of English literature during this long period is enriched with distinguished names in all its departments. During the first half of the century, the most conspicuous name is that of Samuel Johnson, the author of the "English Dictionary," but principally famous for his talents as a poet, critic, and essayist. Gibbon and Hume stand pre-eminent as historians; Goldsmith, Young, Gray, Burns, and Cowper, as poets. The closing portion of George III.'s reign is illumined by the names of Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Cole'ridge, Scott, and a host of others, whose works have been the especial glory of the present century, being unsurpassed by any of the more recent works of genius that have appeared.

The Cave of Dahra.—*Jerrold.*

[During the reign of Louis Philippe in France, Algiers was conquered by the French, after a long and sanguinary struggle; as the native tribes, under their heroic leader, Abd'el Ka'der, defended their liberties with the most determined courage and obstinacy. They were, however, finally obliged to yield to their enemies, and their country became a French province, under the name of *Algeria*. During this war, the French found it impossible to subdue some of the Arabs, who retired to vast caverns, into which the soldiers could not follow them. The French, therefore, heaped up immense quantities of fagots at the mouths of the caves, and setting fire to them, caused the suffocation of hundreds of the unfortunate natives. This inhuman deed, he act of Marshal Pelissier, afterward Duke of Malakoff, was committed in 1845. The following splendid invective is from the pen of Douglas Jerrold.]

1. THERE is a cave in the world with a dread legend; travellers, in future times, will toil up the hot ridges of the Atlas Mountains to see the Cavern of Dahra, where a whole tribe of Arabs were foully murdered—and how? Were they half-naked savages in deadly feud with another tribe as barbarous as themselves? Were the murderers some nameless African clan, obscure in the world's history as those they put to death? Was the whole catastrophe one of those which must inevitably occur when savage wars against savage?

2. No; it occurred in a struggle between civilized man and semi-savage man; and, foul disgrace! the civilized were the murderers—the savages, the victims. It occurred in a war

between the invaders of a country, and the inhabitants, who fought for their old possessions—their property, and their rights; and, foul blot! the assailants piled up the fagots, and the defenders perished. It occurred in a war waged by the French nation, which arrogates to itself the position of leader of European civilization—which claims the title of the most civilized, the most enlightened, the most polished people of the earth.

3. The Arabs pretend to no such distinction; they form roving clans of uncivilized men, living a primitive, pastoral life in caverns and tents; yet it was the enlightened, the polished, the human aggressors, who roasted some eight hundred of the savages, for the crime of defending their own country,—of daring, in legitimate warfare, to resist the legions which would have wrested it from them. The murder was no deed of a few minutes, no sudden outbreak of wrath, no massacre prompted by fiery longings for revenge. The cavern, into which the Arabs retreated, was a vast one; it had many chinks and crannies, and it was long ere the stifling smoke and baking fire did their work.

4. The Frenchmen heard the moans and shrieks, and the tumult of despair, as dying men and women turned furiously on each other, and sought to free themselves from lingering agony by more sudden death; they heard the strokes of the yataganˢ and the pistol-shots, which told that suicide or mutual destruction, was going on in the darkness of the cavern; they heard all this renewed at intervals, and continued hour after hour; but still they coolly heaped straw upon the blaze, tranquilly fed the fire, until all was silent but its own roaring; and burnt, maimed, and convulsed corpses, blackened, some of them calcinedᵛ by the fire, remained piled in mouldering, rotting masses in the cave, to tell that a few hours before a tribe of men, women, and children had entered its dreary portals.

5. And now, great nation, what think ye Europe says of you? You plume yourselves on being the most mighty, the most advanced people of the earth, the very focus of light, intelligence, and humanity. The false glare of military glory

which continually bedazzles you, shows massacre and rapine decked in the colors of good deeds. The itch of conquest seems to make you confound good and evil. If fight you will—fight like civilized soldiers, not like lurking savages. Mow down your enemies—if you must have war—in the fair field. Face them foot to foot, and hand to hand; but, for the sake of your fame—for the sake of the civilization you have attained, stifle not defenseless wretches in caverns—massacre not women and children by the horrible agency of slow fire.

The Battle of Balaklava.—*Russell.*

[The Russians having seized upon the Danubian principalities, Wallachia and Moldavia, England formed an alliance with France to protect Turkey from the encroachments of the Czar (1853). This led to the Crimean war, during which the allied fleets blockaded the harbor of Sebastopol, and, after a siege of eleven months, captured the city (1855). During this war occurred the battle which is described in the following sketch by W. H. Russell, LL.D., the correspondent of the *London Times*. It was fought October 25, 1854.]

1. THE cavalry who have been pursuing the Turks on the right are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots Greys, and their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens; the second of the Fourth Royal Irish, of the Fifth Dragoon Guards, and of the First Royal Dragoons. The light Cavalry Brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the chink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet: gathering speed at every stride, they dash on toward that *thin red streak topped with a line of steel.*

2. The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards, and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minnié musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onward through the smoke, with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over

by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within a hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. "Bravo, Highlanders! well done!" shout the excited spectators; but events thicken.

3. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten; men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the Ninety-third never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No," said Sir Colin Campbell, "I did not think it worth while to form them four deep!" The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers. Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-general Searlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently *corps d'élite**—their light blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, toward the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of grey-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit.

4. The instant they came in sight the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene, as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line equally strong and compact.

5. They evidently despised their insignificant-looking ene-

* *Corps d'élite* (kōr dē leet)—select body of troops.

my;—but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskillens went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses "gather way," nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword-arms. The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threaten to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rise through the air at the same instant.

6. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the Greys and the red coats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers and in broken order against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can, to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. "God help them! they are lost!" was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many.

7. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians —which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and toward the centre—were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage, Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already grey horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the First Royals, the Fourth Dragoon Guards, and the Fifth Dragoon Guards rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of pasteboard, and, dashing on the second body of Russians as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout.

Charge of the Light Brigade.—*Tennyson.*

[It was in consequence of mistaking the order of Lord Raglan that the Light Brigade, six hundred in number, commanded by the Earl of Cardigan, made this terrific but useless charge. On their return they were found to have left more than two-thirds of their number dead on the field. In the following poem of Tennyson's the incidents of this event are presented in a very spirited manner.]

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said;
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die;
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the batt'ry smoke,
Right through the line they broke;

Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke,
Shattered and sundered;
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of death
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them—
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh! the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

The Progress of England.—*Macaulay.*

1. THE history of England is, emphatically, the history of progress. It is the history of a constant movement in the public mind, of a constant change in the institutions of a great society. We see that society, at the beginning of the twelfth century, in a state more miserable than the state in which the most degraded nations of the East now are. We see it subjected to the tyranny of a handful of armed foreigners. We see a strong distinction of caste separating the victorious Norman from the vanquished Saxon.

2. We see the great body of the population in a state of personal slavery. We see the most debasing and cruel superstition exercising boundless dominion over the most elevated and benevolent minds. We see the multitude sunk in brutal ignorance, and the studious few engaged in acquiring what did

not deserve the name of knowledge. In the course of seven centuries the wretched and degraded race have become the greatest and most highly civilized people that the world ever saw—have spread their dominion over every quarter of the globe—have scattered the seeds of mighty empires and republics over vast continents of which no dim intimation had ever reached Ptolemy or Strabo.

3. They have created a maritime power which would annihilate in a quarter of an hour the navies of Tyre, Athens, Carthage, Venice, and Genoa together—have carried the science of healing, the means of locomotion and correspondence, every mechanical art, every manufacture, everything that promotes the convenience of life, to a perfection which our ancestors would have thought magical—have produced a literature which may boast of works not inferior to the noblest which Greece has bequeathed to us—have discovered the laws which regulate the motions of the heavenly bodies—have speculated with exquisite subtilty on the operations of the human mind —have been the acknowledged leaders of the human race in the career of political improvement.

4. The history of England is the history of this great change in the moral, intellectual, and physical state of the inhabitants of our own island. There is much amusing and instructive episodical matter, but this is the main action. To us, we will own, nothing is so interesting and delightful as to contemplate the steps by which the England of the Domesday Book,* the England of the curfew and the forest laws, the England of crusaders, monks, schoolmen, astrologers, serfs, outlaws, became the England which we know and love, the classic ground of liberty and philosophy, the school of all knowledge, the mart of all trade.

* The *Domesday Book* was a record compiled by order of William the Conqueror of all the estates of the kingdom, showing the extent, nature, and divisions of all the landed property in the several counties, with the products of each, and the woods, mines, etc., contained therein. It is still extant, and, in 1783, was printed by the English government.

Old England.—*Mary Howitt.*

Old England! thou hast green and pastoral hills,
Fanned by delicious gales;
And living voices of harmonious rills
Sound in thy sylvan vales.

Under the shadow of primeval trees,
'Mid whispering of green leaves,
Stand cheerful groups of white-walled cottages,
Flower-mantled to the eaves.

And thou hast loving hearts, both high and low,
And homes where bliss abides;
And little children that rejoicing go
By flowery streamlet sides.

And thou hast many a hill and forest glade,
That to the past belong;
Many a brown moor and crumbling ruin, made
Imperishable by song;

And wayside wells, that broad leaves overshadow,
Where pilgrims knelt of old;
And winding paths through many a pleasant meadow,
'Mid flowers of blue and gold,—

Winding through woods where the sweet wilding's blossom
Puts forth in early spring;
And nodding blue-bells clothe the steep hill's bosom,
And fearless blackbirds sing.

And thou hast Sabbath-bells in old church-towers,
Whose music thrills the air;
And the sweet calm of Sabbath sunset hours,
When every thought is prayer.

And thou hast grassy graves set side by side,—
The high-born and the lowly,
benevo... common griefs, by common death allied,
norance, an... In ground that tears make holy.

Graves, Sabbath worship, village homes, and men,
Old England, these are thine;
And spots made famous by the sword and pen,
Till each one is a shrine;

And cities of old feudal date and pride,
And halls of dark renown,
Where kings and kingly prelates lived and died,
And many a modern town.

O glory-crowned England! thou hast these,
Hast these, and still hast more,—
The empire of the tributary seas
That lave thine island shore.

And wherefore is the tributary sea
As a liege subject given?—
To bear forth knowledge, truth, and liberty
To each land under heaven;—

To knit thee to all people; everywhere
To make thy knowledge known;
To make thine influence, like God's common air,
Extend from zone to zone!

America to Great Britain.—*Allston.*

All hail! thou noble land,
Our fathers' native soil!
O stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore;
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er!

The genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep
Shall hail the great sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep

With their conch the kindred league shall proclaim;
Then let the world combine—
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the milky-way shall shine
Bright in flame!

Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins;
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language free and bold,
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of Heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,
That moved a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun;
Yet still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,—
"We are one!"

PART III.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS

FROM

ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY.

The Taking of Babylon by Cyrus.—*Herodotus.*

[The building of Babylon is supposed to have been commenced about twenty-two centuries B.C. In the earliest times it was a city of minor importance, Ur and other cities being far superior in population and influence. The Chaldees (*kal-dees'*) seem to have occupied at first the shores of the Persian Gulf, and to have spread northward, until about 1700 B.C., when the seat of their government was fixed at Babylon. About 680 B.C., Babylon became subject to Assyria, and, under Nebuchadnezzar, was embellished with many edifices of wonderful extent and magnificence. The following description of the city and its capture by Cyrus (538 B.C.) is taken from the "History of Herodotus"—called, sometimes, the "Father of History."]

1. ASSYRIA possesses a vast number of great cities, whereof the most renowned and the strongest at this time* was Babylon, whither, after the fall of Nineveh, the seat of government had been removed. The following is a description of the place:—The city stands on a broad plain, and is an exact square, a hundred and twenty furlongs in length each way, so that the entire circuit is four hundred and eighty furlongs. While such is its size, in magnificence there is no other city that approaches it. It is surrounded, in the first place, by a broad and deep moat, full of water, behind which rises a wall fifty royal cubits in width, and two hundred in height.†

* During the time of the conquests of Cyrus the Great,—in the latter part of the sixth century B.C.

† There is some doubt as to the precise length of the royal, as well as the common, cubit. According to the most reliable estimate, the former was about one foot ten and one-half inches; and,

2. And here I may not omit to tell the use to which the mould dug out of the great moat was turned, nor the manner wherein the wall was wrought. As fast as they dug the moat, the soil which they got from the cutting was made into bricks; and when a sufficient number was completed, they baked the bricks in kilns. Then they set to building, and began with bricking the borders of the moat, after which they proceeded to construct the wall itself, using throughout for their cement hot bitumen, and interposing a layer of wattled reeds at every thirtieth course of the bricks. On the top, along the edges of the wall, they constructed buildings of a single chamber facing one another, leaving between them room for a four-horse chariot to turn. In the circuit of the wall are a hundred gates, all of brass, with brazen lintels and side-posts. The bitumen used in the work was brought to Babylon from the Is, a small stream which flows into the Euphrates, at the point where the city of the same name stands, eight days' journey from Babylon. Lumps of bitumen are found in great abundance in this river.

3. The city is divided into two portions by the river which runs through the midst of it. This river is the Euphrates, a broad, deep, swift stream, which rises in Armenia, and empties itself into the Erythræan Sea. The city wall is brought down on both sides to the edge of the stream; thence from the corners of the wall there is carried along each bank of the river a fence of burnt bricks. The houses are mostly three and four stories high; the streets all run in straight lines, not only those parallel to the river, but also the cross streets which lead down to the water-side. At the river end of these cross streets are low gates in the fence that skirts the stream, which are, like the great gates in the outer wall, of brass, and open on the water.

4. The outer wall is the main defense of the city. There is, however, a second inner wall, of less thickness than the first,

consequently, the walls of Babylon must have been about three hundred and seventy-five feet high, and nearly ninety-four feet in width. This appears like a very great exaggeration on the part of Herodotus, especially as other ancient writers give the dimensions as only one-fourth as great. If we substitute *hands* for cubits, the statement will be plausible; and this, probably, is what Herodotus meant, since it has been found that in his descriptions of objects which he had seen he was studiously accurate.

but very little inferior to it in strength. The centre of each division of the town was occupied by a fortress. In the one stood the palace of the kings, surrounded by a wall of great strength and size; in the other was the sacred precinct of Jupiter Belus, a square inclosure, two furlongs each way, with gates of solid brass; which was also remaining in my time. In the middle of the precinct there was a tower of solid masonry, a furlong in length and breadth, upon which was raised a second tower, and on that a third, and so on up to eight.

5. The ascent to the top is on the outside, by a path which winds round all the towers. When one is about half-way up, one finds a resting-place and seats, where persons are wont to sit some time on their way to the summit. On the topmost tower there is a spacious temple, and inside the temple stands a couch of unusual size, richly adorned, with a golden table by its side. There is no statue of any kind set up in the place, nor is the chamber occupied of nights by any one but a single native woman, who, as the Chaldeans,* the priests of this god, affirm, is chosen for himself by the Deity out of all the women of the land.

6. Below, in the same precinct, there is a second temple, in which is a sitting figure of Jupiter, all of gold. Before the figure stands a large golden table, and the throne whereon it sits, and the base on which the throne is placed, are likewise of gold. The Chaldeans told me that all the gold together was eight hundred talents' weight.† Outside the temple are two altars, one of solid gold, on which it is only lawful to offer sucklings; the other, a common altar, but of great size, on which the full-grown animals are sacrificed. It is also on the great altar that the Chaldeans burn the frankincense, which is offered to the amount of a thousand talents' weight, every year, at the festival of the god.

7. In the time of Cyrus there was likewise in this temple the

* The Chaldeans were a branch of the race which inhabited Babylonia from the earliest times. With this race originated the art of writing, the building of cities, the institution of religious systems, and the cultivation of science, particularly astronomy.

† The *smaller talent*, used in weighing gold, was a little more than three-quarters of an ounce. Hence there must have been more than six hundredweight of gold used in these articles.

figure of a man, twelve cubits high, entirely of solid gold. I myself did not see this figure, but I relate what the Chaldeans report concerning it. Darius, the son of Hystaspes, plotted to carry the statue off, but had not the hardihood to lay his hands upon it. Xerxes, however, the son of Darius, killed the priest who forbade him to move the statue, and took it away. Besides the ornaments which I have mentioned, there are a large number of private offerings in this holy precinct.

8. Many sovereigns have ruled over this city of Babylon, and lent their aid to the building of its walls and the adornment of its temples, of whom I shall make mention in my Assyrian history. Among them were two women. Of these, the earlier, called Semiramis, held the throne five generations before the later princess. She raised certain embankments well worthy of inspection, in the plain near Babylon, to control the river, which, till then, used to overflow, and flood the whole country round about.

9. The later of the two queens, whose name was Nitócris, a wiser princess than her predecessor, not only left behind her, as memorials of her occupancy of the throne, the works which I shall presently describe, but also, observing the great power and restless enterprise of the Medes, who had taken so large a number of cities, and among them Nineveh,* and expecting to be attacked in her turn, made all possible exertions to increase the defenses of her empire. And first, whereas the river Euphrates, which traverses the city, ran formerly with a straight course to Babylon, she, by certain excavations, which she made at some distance up the stream, rendered it so winding that it comes three several times in sight of the same village, a village in Assyria, which is called Arderic'ca; and to this day, they who would go from over sea to Babylon, on descending the river touch three times, and on three different days, at this very place.

10. She also made an embankment along each side of the Euphrates, wonderful both for breadth and height, and dug a

* Nineveh, situated on the Tigris River, was at one time perhaps the most splendid city in the world. It was taken and destroyed by the Medes under their king, Cyax'ares (606 B.C.). In the time of Herodotus, therefore, it had ceased to exist.

basin for a lake a great way above Babylon, close alongside of the stream, which was sunk everywhere to the point where they came to water, and was of such breadth that the whole circuit measured four hundred and twenty furlongs. The soil dug out of this basin was made use of in the embankments along the water-side. When the excavation was finished, she had stones brought, and bordered with them the entire margin of the reservoir. These two things were done, the river made to wind, and the lake excavated, that the stream might be slacker by reason of the number of curves, and the voyage be rendered circuitous; and that at the end of the voyage it might be necessary to skirt the lake and so make a long round. All these works were on that side of Babylon where the passes lay, and the roads into Media were the straitest; and the aim of the queen in making them was to prevent the Medes from holding intercourse with the Babylonians, and so to keep them in ignorance of her affairs.

11. The expedition of Cyrus was undertaken against the son of this princess, who bore the same name as her father Labynetus, and was King of the Assyrians. The Great King, when he goes to the wars, is always supplied with provisions carefully prepared at home, and with cattle of his own. Water too from the river Choaspes (*ko-as'peez*), which flows by Susa, is taken with him for his drink, as that is the only water which the kings of Persia taste. Wherever he travels, he is attended by a number of four-wheeled cars drawn by mules, in which the Choaspes water, ready boiled for use, and stored in flagons of silver, is moved with him from place to place.

12. Cyrus, on his way to Babylon came to the banks of the Gyndes (*jin-deez'*), a stream which, rising in the Matienian (*ma-she-e'ne-an*) Mountains, runs through the country of the Dardanians, and empties itself into the river Tigris. The Tigris, after receiving the Gyndes, flows on by the city of Opis, and discharges its waters into the Erythæan Sea. When Cyrus reached this stream, which could only be passed in boats, one of the sacred white horses accompanying his march, full of spirit and high mettle, walked into the water and tried to

cross by himself; but the current seized him, swept him along with it, and drowned him in its depths.

13. Cyrus, enraged at the insolence of the river, threatened so to break its strength that in future even women should cross it easily without wetting their knees. Accordingly, he put off for a time his attack on Babylon, and dividing his army into two parts, he marked out by ropes one hundred and eighty trenches on each side of the Gyndes, leading off from it in all directions, and setting his army to dig, some on one side of the river, some on the other, he accomplished his threat by the aid of so great a number of hands, but not without losing thereby the whole summer season.

14. Having, however, thus wreaked his vengeance on the Gyndes, by dispersing it through three hundred and sixty channels, Cyrus, with the first approach of the ensuing spring, marched forward against Babylon. The Babylonians, encamped without their walls, awaited his coming. A battle was fought at a short distance from the city, in which the Babylonians were defeated by the Persian king; whereupon they withdrew within their defenses. Here they shut themselves up, and made light of his siege, having laid in a store of provisions for many years in preparation against this attack; for when they saw Cyrus conquering nation after nation, they were convinced that he would never stop, and that their time would come at last.

15. Cyrus was now reduced to great perplexity, as time went on, and he made no progress against the place. In this distress either some one made the suggestion to him, or he bethought himself of a plan which he proceeded to put in execution. He placed a portion of his army at the point where the river enters the city, and another body at the back of the place where it issues forth, with orders to march into the town by the bed of the stream, as soon as the waters became shallow enough. He then himself drew off with the unwarlike portion of his host, and made for the place where Nitócris dug the basin for the river, where he did exactly what she had done formerly; he turned the Euphrates by a canal into the basin,

which was then a marsh, on which the river sank to such an extent that the natural bed of the stream became fordable.

16. Hereupon the Persians, who had been left for the purpose at Babylon by the river-side, entered the stream, which had now sunk so as to reach about midway up a man's thigh, and thus got into the town. Had the Babylonians been apprised of what Cyrus was about, or had they noticed their danger, they would not have allowed the entrance of the Persians within the city, which was what ruined them utterly; but would have made fast all the street-gates which gave upon the river, and mounting upon the walls along both sides of the stream, would so have caught the enemy as it were in a trap. But, as it was, the Persians came upon them by surprise, and so took the city. Owing to the vast size of the place, the inhabitants of the central part (as the residents at Babylon declare), long after the outer portions of the town were taken, knew nothing of what had chanced; but as they were engaged in a festival, continued dancing and revelling until they learned the capture but too certainly.

[In the account given in the Book of Daniel of this event, the king is called Belshazzar; and we are told that, neglecting the duty of watching the enemy, he gave himself up to feasting and revelry. The incident which produced so startling an interruption to his festivity, and foretold the doom of the city and the king, is familiar to all. The following lines of Lord Byron afford a poetic description of the event.]

Vision of Belshazzar.—*Byron.*

THE king was on his throne,
The satraps throng'd the hall:
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deem'd divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:

The fingers of a man;—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless wax'd his look,
And tremulous his voice.
"Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear
Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more.

A captive* in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom pass'd away,
He, in the balance weigh'd,
Is light and worthless clay.

* *Daniel* had been taken to Babylon after the capture of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. Like Joseph in earlier times, he gained the favor of the king; and demonstrated his divine endowment by interpreting the dream of Nebuchadnezzar. He had been trained in the mysteries of the Chaldeans, and placed at the head of the Magi.

The shroud his robe of state,
His canopy the stone;
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!"*

[Babylon subsequently revolted, and was again taken by Darius Hystaspes, after a siege of two years. The Persian kings afterward made Babylon their place of residence, until the kingdom was overturned by Alexander the Great, who entered the city as a conqueror 331 B.C. The great temple of Belus had been plundered and partly demolished by Xerxes, and Alexander undertook to restore it; but although he kept ten thousand men to work upon it for two months, he was unable to clear away the rubbish. The Macedonian conqueror died in the palace of Nebuchadnezzar. After the foundation of Seleucia, on the Tigris River, by Seleucus, Babylon fell into decay; and now it is difficult even to identify its site.]

Education and Character of Cyrus.—*Xenophon.*

[The history of Cyrus is differently related by Herodotus and Xenophon; and a very different idea is given of his character by each of these celebrated writers. By the former he is represented as a bold, enterprising, and merciless conqueror; by the latter as a great, wise, and benevolent monarch, virtuous in his designs and generous in his conquests. The general belief among historians is, that Xenophon, in his great work entitled "Cyropædia," did not design so much to give an accurate account of the history of Cyrus as to present, in the person of this monarch, the model of what a great and wise king should be. The following extract, principally from Rollin's "Ancient History," is a translation, somewhat abridged, of a portion of Xenophon's interesting work.]

1. Cyrus, as it is said, was the son of Camby'ses, king of Persia, and of Man-da'ne, daughter of Asty'ages, king of the Medes. He was beautiful in person, but still more lovely for the qualities of his mind, being of a very amiable disposition, most eager to acquire knowledge, and so fond of glory that in order to gain it he was willing to brave any danger and endure any fatigue. The laws and customs of the Persians, especially in regard to education, were, in those days, very excellent; and under these Cyrus was brought up.

2. The great aim of these laws was to promote the general good of the State; and the education of children was looked upon as the most important duty of the government. Hence, instead of permitting every person to bring up his children as he pleased, and passing laws to punish such crimes as they might afterward commit, the Persians took pains to prevent

* This is not exactly in accordance with the Scriptural account. Cyaxares, the Mede, called *Darius* by Daniel, took the throne at first; but he dying in two years, was succeeded by Cyrus, who, by the death of his father, Cambyses, became monarch of the Medes and Persians.

the commission of those crimes by a careful education on the part of the State; and all parents were obliged to give up their children to its requirements. In accordance with these, boys were all brought up in common, under certain established rules, by which everything pertaining to their food, their physical training, and their instruction and discipline, was regulated. They were early accustomed to abstinence and sobriety, only the plainest food being permitted. Schools were provided, in which they were taught justice and virtue, with the same degree of care as is expended among us [the Athenians] in teaching letters. Ingratitude was a crime which they held in particular abhorrence.

3. The boys remained in the class of *children* until they had attained the age of sixteen or seventeen years, when they were transferred to the class of *young men*. Here they were kept during ten years, under very close inspection and restraint. They slept in the vicinity of the palace, both for the purpose of guarding the city, and to be protected from those vices to which this age is especially liable. In the day-time they waited upon the governors, attended the king on his hunting excursions, or practiced their military and athletic exercises. From this class they passed to that of the *full-grown men*, from whom were selected officers to command the troops, and to fill the various positions in the government; also teachers of the youth. After fifty years of age they were no longer obliged to bear arms abroad. The fourth class comprehended all above this age, and they were called *seniors;* from them were selected the judges, whose duty it was to pass sentence upon those of the lower classes who were found guilty of offenses, the sentence being a degradation from their proper rank, after which they were considered as infamous during the rest of their lives. . . .

[At the commencement of the war against the Assyrians, undertaken by the Medes and Persians, the latter being under the command of Cyrus, the king of Armenia, who was a vassal to the Medes, revolted and refused to pay the ordinary tribute. Cyrus, therefore, undertook to compel the Armenians to execute their treaty, and advancing with a considerable force into the country, took the king by surprise. The following interesting narrative is given by Xenophon, to illustrate the character of his hero.]

4. Cyrus then sent a herald to the king of Armenia, to sum-

mon him to perform the treaty; and in the mean time ordered his troops to advance. This threw the king into a state of great alarm and perplexity. He hurriedly collected what troops he could, and dispatched his youngest son into the mountains with his wives, his daughters, and all that he deemed most precious. He then sent out scouts to observe the movements of Cyrus; and being informed by them that he was very near, he lost heart, and resolved to yield himself up. The other Armenians immediately took to flight, hurrying homeward as fast as possible. Others fled from their houses to escape the enemy.

5. Cyrus, however, seeing the people endeavoring to escape, sent word to them that they should not be harmed if they remained in their dwellings; but that if found running away from them, they should be treated as enemies. Those who had been sent to the mountains were taken prisoners; and thus the queen, the king's son, his daughters, his eldest son's wife, and his treasures, all fell into the hands of Cyrus. The king himself soon afterward was compelled to surrender; and he, with all his family, was brought into the presence of the conqueror. Tigra'nes, the king's eldest son, who had just arrived home after a long journey, could not forbear weeping at so distressing a calamity. Cyrus said to him, "Prince, you have come very opportunely to witness the trial of your father."

6. He immediately assembled the captains of the Persians and Medes, and required also that the nobles of Armenia should be present. Even the ladies were not excluded, but attended in their chariots, so that they could see and hear all that passed. Everything being ready, he thus addressed the vanquished king:—"Armenian, I advise thee to answer all questions proposed in this trial without the least dissimulation, for nothing can be more unworthy of a king than falsehood." "Ask what you please," replied the king, "the truth shall be told, let what will happen." "Tell me, then," said Cyrus, "didst thou not some time ago carry on war with the Medes under my grandfather Astyages?" "I did," replied the king.

7. "Being vanquished in that war, didst thou not conclude a treaty with him, promising to pay a certain tribute, to furnish a quota of troops, and to keep no fortified places in the country?" "I cannot deny it," he replied. "For what reason, then," continued Cyrus, "have you violated this treaty, refusing to pay the tribute or to furnish the troops, and beginning the erection of fortifications?" "For the sake of freedom," replied the Armenian; "for I thought it would be glorious to shake off the yoke myself, and so leave my children the blessings of liberty." "It is indeed honorable," said Cyrus, "to fight for freedom; but if any one, by being vanquished in war or otherwise, were reduced to slavery, and he should attempt to run away from his master, what would you do with him?" "I must confess," said the king, "that I should punish him."

8. "And if you had intrusted a person with the government of a province, and he should be guilty of misconduct, would you continue him in the office, or put some other in his place?" "I would certainly displace him for another," said the king. "And if he had accumulated great riches by his unlawful practices?" "I would deprive him of them." "But what if he had gone so far as to hold treasonable communication with your enemies?" "I would put him to death," replied the king; "for though I condemn myself, I must speak the truth." At these words Tigranes tore the tiara from his head, and rent his garments; the women burst into lamentations and wailings, as if their father had already perished.

9. Cyrus having commanded silence, then said: "Be it so; these words of thine are just, Armenian. Now tell me what, consistently with them, thou advisest that I should do with thee?" But the king was silent, unwilling to pass sentence of death upon himself, and unable to contradict what he had already uttered. Then Tigranes, the king's son, spoke as follows:—"Since, O Cyrus, my father hesitates to speak, may I not offer a few words of counsel?" And Cyrus having given his consent, he continued: "Is it wise to put my father to death against your own interest? For he never was so capable of serving you as he is at present." "How can that be," said

Cyrus; "do the faults we commit give us an additional title to favor and consideration?"

10. "They certainly do," replied the prince; "if they seem to make us wiser. For wisdom is of inestimable value: are either riches, courage, or address to be compared to it? Now, it is evident, this single day's experience has infinitely improved my father's wisdom. He knows how dear the violation of his word has cost him. He has proved and felt how much you are superior to him in all respects. He has not been able to succeed in any of his designs; but you have happily accomplished all yours; and with such expedition and secrecy, that he has found himself surrounded and taken before he expected to be attacked; and the very place of his retreat has served only to ensnare him." "But your father," replied Cyrus, "has yet undergone no sufferings that can have taught him wisdom."

11. "The fear of evils," answered Tigranes, "when it is so well founded as this is, has a much sharper sting, and is more capable of piercing the soul, than evil itself. Besides, permit me to say that gratitude is a stronger and more prevailing motive than any whatever; and there can be no obligations in the world of a higher nature, than those you will lay upon my father. His fortune, liberty, sceptre, life, wives, and children, all, restored to him with such a generosity: where can you find, illustrious prince, in one single person, so many powerful ties to attach him to your service?"

12. "Well, then," replied Cyrus, turning to the king, "if I should yield to your son's entreaties, with what number of men, and with what amount of money, will you assist us in the war against the Babylonians?" "My troops and treasures," said the Armenian king, "are no longer mine; they are entirely yours: I can raise forty thousand foot, and eight thousand horse; and as to money, I reckon, including the treasure which my father left me, there are three thousand talents in ready money. All these are wholly at your disposal." Cyrus accepted half the number of the troops, and left the king the other half for defense of the country against the Chaldeans, with whom he was at war.

13. The annual tribute which was due to the Medes he doubled, and instead of fifty talents, he exacted a hundred, and borrowed the like sum over and above in his own name. "But what would you give me," added Cyrus, "for the ransom of your wives?" "All that I have in the world," replied the king. "And for the ransom of your children?" "The same thing." "From this time, then, you are indebted to me the double of all your possessions. And you, Tigranes, at what price would you redeem the liberty of your lady?" Now he had but lately married her, and was passionately fond of her. "At the price," says he, "of a thousand lives, if I had them." Cyrus then conducted them all to his tent, and entertained them at supper. It is easy to imagine what transports of joy there must have been upon this occasion.

14. After supper, as they were discoursing upon various subjects, Cyrus asked Tigranes what was become of a governor he had often seen hunting with him, and for whom he had a particular esteem. "Alas!" said Tigranes, "he is no more; and I dare not tell you by what accident I lost him." Cyrus pressing him to tell him, "My father," continued Tigranes, "seeing I had a very tender affection for this governor, and that I was extremely attached to him, suspected it might be of some ill consequence, and put him to death. But he was so honest a man, that, as he was ready to expire, he sent for me and spoke to me in these words, 'Tigranes, let not my death occasion any disaffection in you toward the king, your father. What he has done to me did not proceed from malice, but only from prejudice, and a false notion wherewith he was unhappily blinded.'" "O the excellent man!" cried Cyrus, "never forget the last advice he gave you."*

* "I should never myself have found out what the story of the governor's being put to death by the father of Tigranes signified, though I was very sensible it was a kind of enigma, and figurative of something else. A person of quality, one of the greatest wits and finest speakers of the last age, who was perfectly well acquainted with the Greek authors, explained it to me many years ago, which I have not forgotten, and which I take to be the true meaning of that enigma. He supposed Xenophon intended it as a picture of the death of his master, Socrates, of whom the state of Athens became jealous on account of the extraordinary attachment all the youth of the city had to him; which at last gave occasion to that philosopher's condemnation and death, which he suffered without murmur or complaint."—*Rollin.*

15. When the conversation was ended, Cyrus, before they parted, embraced them all, as in token of a perfect reconciliation. This done, they got into their chariots, with their wives, and went home full of gratitude and admiration. Nothing but Cyrus was mentioned the whole way; some extolling his wisdom, others his valor; some admiring the sweetness of his temper, others praising the beauty of his person and the majesty of his mien. "And you," says Tigranes, addressing himself to his lady, "what do you think of Cyrus's aspect and deportment?" "I do not know," replied the lady; "I did not observe him." "Upon what object, then, did you fix your eyes?" "Upon him that said he would give a thousand lives to ransom my liberty."

Death of Cyrus.—*Rollin.*

[The account given by Rollin is chiefly a translation from Xenophon's "History of Cyrus."]

1. EQUALLY beloved by his own natural subjects and by those of the conquered nations, he peaceably enjoyed the fruits of his labors and victories. His empire was bounded on the east by the river Indus, on the north by the Euxine and Caspian Seas, on the west by the Ægean Sea, and on the south by Ethiopia and the Sea of Arabia. He established his residence in the midst of all these countries, spending, generally, seven months of the year at Babylon in the winter season, because of the warmth of that climate; three months at Susa, in the spring; and two months at Ecbat'ana during the heat of the summer.

2. Seven years being spent in this tranquillity, Cyrus returned into Persia, which was the seventh time from his accession to the whole monarchy, which shows that he used to go regularly into Persia once a year. Cambyses had now been dead for some time, and Cyrus was grown pretty old, being at this time about seventy years of age, thirty of which had passed since his being first made general of the Persian forces, nine from the taking of Babylon, and seven from his beginning to

reign alone after the death of Cyaxares. To the very last he enjoyed a vigorous state of health, which was the fruit of his sober and temperate life. And as they who give themselves up to drunkenness and debauchery often feel all the infirmities of age even while they are young, Cyrus, on the contrary, at a very advanced age enjoyed all the vigor and advantages of youth.

3. When he perceived the time of his death to draw nigh, he ordered his children and the chief officers of the state to be assembled about him, and, after having thanked the gods for all their favors toward him through the course of his life, and implored the like protection for his children, his country, and his friends, he declared his eldest son, Cambyses, his successor, and left the other several very considerable governments. He gave them both excellent instructions, by representing to them that the main strength and support of the throne was neither the vast extent of countries, nor the number of forces, nor immense riches, but a due respect for the gods, a good understanding between brethren, and the art of acquiring and preserving true and faithful friends.

4. "I conjure you, therefore," said he, "my dear children, in the name of the gods, to respect and love one another, if you would retain any desire to please me for the future. For I do not think you will esteem me to be no longer anything, because you will not see me after my death. You never saw my soul to this instant; you must have known, however, by its actions, that it really existed. Do you believe that honors would still be paid to those whose bodies are now but ashes, if their souls had no longer any being or power?

5. "No, no, my sons; I could never imagine that the soul only lived while in a mortal body, and died when separated from it. But if I mistake, and nothing of me shall remain after death, at least fear the gods, who never die, who see all things, and whose power is infinite. Fear them, and let that fear prevent you from ever doing, or deliberating to do, anything contrary to religion and justice. Next to them, fear mankind and the ages to come. The gods have not buried

you in obscurity, but have exposed you upon this great theatre to the view of the whole universe. If your actions are guiltless and upright, be assured they will augment your glory and power.

6. "For my body, my sons, when life has forsaken it, inclose it neither in gold nor silver, nor any other matter whatever. RESTORE IT IMMEDIATELY TO THE EARTH. Can it be more happy than in being blended, and, in a manner, incorporated, with the benefactress and common mother of mankind?" After having given his hand to be kissed by all that were present, finding himself at the point of death, he added these last words: "Adieu, dear children, may your lives be happy; carry my last remembrance to your mother. And for you, my faithful friends, as well absent as present, receive this last farewell, and may you live in peace!" After having said this he covered his face, and died equally lamented by all his people [529 B.C.].

[The account given of this great conqueror's death by Herodotus is very different. According to that writer, he perished in an expedition against a Scythian tribe, called the Massagetæ, having fallen into an ambush planned by their queen, Tom'yris. This queen, he relates, caused the head of Cyrus to be cut off, and flung it into a vessel full of blood, pronouncing the opprobrious words, "Now glut thyself with blood, in which thou hast always delighted, and for which thy thirst has always been insatiable."]

The Battle of Marathon.—*Bulwer.*

[The Greek colonies of Asia Minor revolted against Darius, King of Persia, but were defeated and completely subjugated by him. The aid given by Athens to the Ionian colonists during this revolt greatly incensed the Persian monarch, and he determined to bring all Greece under his sway, being, moreover, instigated to this by the tyrant Hip'pias, recently expelled from Athens, and an exile at the Persian court. A large army of Persians was met at Mar'a-thon and defeated (490 B.C.) by a small force of Athenians under Mil-ti'a-des. This conflict is reckoned among the world's great battles. The following picturesque description of it is taken from "Athens: its Rise and Fall," by Bulwer.]

1. AIDED by a thousand men from Platæa, then on terms of intimate friendship with the Athenians, the little army marched from the city and advanced to the entrance of the plain of Mar'athon. Here they arrayed themselves in martial order near the temple of Hercules, to the east of the hills that guard the upper part of the valley. Thus encamped, and in sight of the gigantic power of the enemy darkening the

long expanse that skirts the sea, divisions broke out among the leaders;—some contended that a battle was by no means to be risked with such inferior forces—others, on the contrary, were for giving immediate battle. Of this latter advice was Milti'ades. He was supported by a man already of high repute, though now first presented to our notice, and afterward destined to act a great and splendid part in the drama of his times. Aristi'des was one of the generals of the army, and strenuously co-operated with Miltiades in the policy of immediate battle.

2. Despite, however, the military renown of the one and the civil eminence of the other, the opposite and more tame opinion seemed likely to prevail, when Miltiades suddenly thus addressed the Polemarch Callim'achus. That magistrate, the third of the nine archons, was held, by virtue of his office, equal in dignity to the military leaders, and to him was confided the privilege of a casting vote.

3. "On you, Callimachus," said the chief of the Chersonese,* "on you it rests whether Athens shall be enslaved, or whether, from age to age, your country, freed by your voice, shall retain in yours a name dearer to her even than those of Aristogi'ton and Harmo'dius. Never, since the foundation of Athens, was she placed in so imminent peril. If she succumb to the Mede, she is rendered again to the tyranny of Hippias; but if she conquer, she may rise to the first eminence among the states of Greece. How this may be accomplished, and how upon your decision rests this event, I will at once explain. The sentiments of our leaders are divided—these are for instant engagement, those for procrastination. Depend upon it, if we delay, some sedition, some tumult will break out among the Athenians, and may draw a part of them to favor the Medes; but if we engage at once, and before a single dissension takes from us a single man, we may, if the gods give us equal fortune, obtain the victory. Consider the alternative—our decision depends on you."

* Miltiades had been supreme ruler in the Thracian Chersonese (*ker-son-ese'*), a peninsula bordering on the Hellespont.

4. The arguments of Miltiades convinced Callimachus, who knew well the many divisions of the city, the strength which Hippias and the Pisistrat'idæ* still probably possessed within its walls, and who could not but allow that a superior force becomes ever more fearful the more deliberately it is regarded. He interposed his authority. It was decided to give battle. Each general commanded in turn his single day. When it came to the turn of Aristides, he gave up his right to Miltiades, showing his colleagues that it was no disgrace to submit to the profound experience of another. The example once set was universally followed, and Miltiades was thus left in absolute and undivided command. But that able and keen-sighted chief, fearing perhaps that if he took from another his day of command, jealousy might damp the ardor of the general thus deprived, and, as it were, degraded, waited till his own appointed day before he commenced the attack.

5. On the night before Hippias conducted the barbarians to the plains of Marathon, he is said to have dreamed a dream. He thought he was with his mother! In the fondness of human hopes he interpreted the vision favorably, and flattered himself that he should regain his authority, and die in his own house of old age. The morning now arrived that was to attest the veracity of his interpretation.

6. To the left of the Athenians was a low chain of hills clothed with trees (and which furnished them timber to break the charge of the Persian horse)—to the right a torrent. Their front was long, for to render it more imposing in extent, and to prevent being outflanked by the Persian numbers, the centre ranks were left weak and shallow, but on either wing the troops were drawn up more solidly and strong. Callimachus, the polemarch, commanded the right wing—the Platæans formed the left. They had few, if any, horsemen or archers. The details which we possess of their arms and military array, if not in this, in other engagements of the same period, will complete the picture.

* *Pisistratidæ*, sons of Pisistratus;—Hippias and Hipparchus.

7. We may behold them clad in bright armor, well proof and tempered, which covered breast and back—the greaves[v], so often mentioned by Homer, were still retained—their helmets were wrought and crested, the cones mostly painted in glowing colors, and the plumage of feathers or horse-hair, rich and waving, in proportion to the rank of the wearer. Broad, sturdy, and richly ornamented were their bucklers—the pride and darling of their arms, the loss of which was the loss of honor—their spears were ponderous, thick, and long, a chief mark of contradistinction from the slight shaft of Persia, and with their short broadsword, constituted their main weapons of offense. No Greek army marched to battle without vows and sacrifices and prayers; and now, in the stillness of the pause, soothsayers examined the entrails of the victims; they were propitious, and Callimachus solemnly vowed to Diana a victim for the slaughter of every foe. Loud broke the trumpets; the standards, wrought with the sacred bird of Athens, were raised on high—it was the signal of battle—and the Athenians rushed with impetuous vehemence upon the Persian power. "The first Greeks of whom I have heard," says the simple Halicarnassean,* "who ever *ran* to attack a foe—the first too, who ever beheld, without dismay, the garb and armor of the Medes—for hitherto in Greece the very name of Mede had excited terror."

8. When the Persian army, with its numerous horse—animal as well as man protected by plates of mail—its expert bowmen, its lines and deep files of turbaned soldiers, gorgeous with many a blazing standard, headed by leaders well hardened, despite their gay garbs and adorned breastplates, in many a more even field; when, I say, this force beheld the Athenians rushing toward them, they considered them, thus few and destitute alike of cavalry and archers, as madmen hurrying to destruction. But it was evidently not without deliberate calculation that Miltiades commenced the attack. The warlike experience of his guerrilla[v] life had taught him to know the foe against whom he fought. To volunteer the assault was to forestall and

* Herodotus, who was a native of Halicarnassus.

cripple the charge of the Persian horse; besides, the long lances, the heavy arms, the hand to hand valor of the Greeks, must have been no light encounter to the more weakly mailed and less formidably armed infantry of the East. Accustomed themselves to give the charge, it was a novelty and a disadvantage to receive it.

9. Long, fierce, and stubborn was the battle. The centre wing of the barbarians, composed of the Sacians and the pure Persian race, at length pressed hard upon the shallow part of the Greeks, drove them back into the country, and eager with pursuit, left their own wings to the charge of Callimachus on the one side, and the Platæan forces on the other. The brave polemarch, after the most signal feats of valor, fell fighting in the field; but his troops, undismayed, smote on with spear and sword. The barbarians retreated backward to the sea, where swamps and marshes encumbered their movements, and here (though the Athenians did not pursue them far) the greater portion were slain, hemmed in by morasses, and probably ridden down by their own disordered cavalry.

10. Meanwhile, the two tribes that had formed the centre, one of which was commanded by Aristides, retrieved themselves with a mighty effort, and the two wings having routed their antagonists, now inclining toward each other, intercepted the barbarian centre, which, thus attacked front and rear (large trees felled and scattered over the plain obstructing the movements of their cavalry), was defeated with prodigious slaughter. Evening came on;—confused and disorderly, the Persians now only thought of flight; the whole army retired to their ships, hard chased by the Grecian victors, who, amid the carnage, fired the fleet. Cyn-æ-gi'rus, brother to Æschylus (*es'ke-lus*) the tragic poet (himself highly distinguished for his feats that day), seized one of the vessels by the poop; his hand was severed by an axe; he died gloriously of his wounds.

11. But to none did the fortunes of that field open a more illustrious career than to a youth of the tribe Leontis, in whom, though probably then but a simple soldier in the ranks, was first made manifest the nature and the genius destined to

command. The name of that youth was Themistocles. Seven vessels were captured; six thousand four hundred of the barbarians fell in the field; the Athenians and their brave ally lost only one hundred and ninety-two; but among them perished many of their bravest nobles. It was a superstition not uncharacteristic of that imaginative people, and evincing how greatly their ardor was aroused, that many of them (according to Plutarch) fancied they beheld the gigantic shade of their ancestral Theseus (*the'suse*), completely armed, and bearing down before them upon the foe.

12. So perished the hopes of the unfortunate Hippias;—obscure and inglorious in his last hour, the exiled prince fell confounded amid the general slaughter. Despite the capture of some vessels, and the conflagration of others, the Persians still retained a considerable fleet, and, succeeding in hoarding their Eretrian plunder (which they had left on the Eubœan Isle), they passed thence the promontory of Sunium, with the intention of circumventing the Athenians, and arriving at Athens before them—a design which it was supposed they were induced to form by the treachery of some one suspected, without sufficient proof, to belong to the house of the Alcmæonids,* who held up a shield as a signal to the Persians while they were under sail.

13. But the Athenians were under a prompt and vigilant commander; and while the barbarian fleet doubled the Cape of Sunium, they reached their city, and effectually prevented the designs of the foe. Aristides, with the tribe under his command, was left on the field to guard the prisoners and the booty, and his scrupulous honesty was evinced by his jealous care over the scattered and uncounted treasure. The painter of the nobler schools might find, perhaps, few subjects worthier of his art than Aristides watching at night, amid the torches of his men, over the plains of Marathon, in sight of the blue Ægean, no longer crowded with the barbarian masts;—and the white columns of the temple of Hercules, beside which the Athenians had pitched their camp.

* The name of a noble family at Athens, descendants from Alcmæon.

14. The Persian fleet anchored off Phale'rum, the Athenian harbor, and remaining there, menacing but inactive, a short time, sailed back to Asia. The moon had passed her full, when two thousand Spartans arrived at Athens; the battle was over and the victory won; but so great was their desire to see the bodies of the formidable Medes, that they proceeded to Marathon, and, returning to Athens, swelled the triumph of her citizens by their applause and congratulations. The marble which the Persians had brought with them, in order to erect as a trophy of the victory they anticipated, was, at a subsequent period, wrought by Phidias into a statue of Nemesis. A picture of the battle, representing Miltiades in the foremost place, and solemnly preserved in public, was deemed no inadequate reward to that great captain; and yet, conspicuous above the level plain of Marathon, rises a long barrow, fifteen feet in height, the supposed sepulchre of the Athenian heroes.

15. Still does a romantic legend, not unfamiliar with our traditions of the north, give a supernatural terror to the spot. Nightly along the plain are yet heard by superstition the neighings of chargers and the rushing shadows of spectral war. And still, throughout the civilized world (civilized how much by the arts and lore of Athens!) men of every clime, of every political persuasion, feel as Greeks at the name of Marathon. Later fields have presented the spectacle of an equal valor, and almost the same disparities of slaughter; but never, in the annals of earth, were united so closely in our applause admiration for the heroism of the victors, and sympathy for the holiness of their cause. It was the first great victory of OPINION! and its fruits were reaped, not by Athens only, but by all Greece, then, as by all time thereafter, in a mighty and imperishable harvest,—the invisible not less than the actual force of despotism was broken.

16. Nor was it only that the dread which had hung upon the Median name was dispelled—nor that free states were taught their pre-eminence over the unwieldy empires which the Persian conquerors had destroyed,—a greater lesson was

taught to Greece, when she discovered that the monarch of Asia could not force upon a petty state the fashion of its government or the selection of its rulers. The defeat of Hippias was of no less value than that of Darius; and the same blow which struck down the foreign invader smote also the hopes of domestic tyrants. One successful battle for liberty quickens and exalts that proud and emulous spirit from which are called forth the civilization and arts that liberty should produce, more rapidly than centuries of repose.

Death of Leonidas.—*Croly.*

[About ten years after the defeat of the Persians at Marathon, Xerxes, the successor of Darius, renewed the attempt to conquer Greece. Having collected one of the largest armies the world has ever known, and an immense fleet, he invaded the country. At the Pass of Thermopylæ he was met by a small army of Spartans under Leonidas, who successfully kept back the Persian host until a traitor made known to the enemy a path across the mountain. Seeing then no hope of victory, but being forbidden by the laws of Sparta to flee from the enemy, Leonidas dismissed his allies, and fell upon the Persians with his little band of three hundred, who, after making immense slaughter, all perished (480 B.C.). The following lines are from a poem by Rev. George Croly.]

It was the wild midnight,—a storm was in the sky;
The lightning gave its light, and the thunder echoed by;
The torrent swept the glen, the ocean lashed the shore;
Then rose the Spartan men, to make their bed in gore!

Swift from the deluged ground three hundred took the shield;
Then, in silence, gathered round the leader of the field.
All up the mountain's side, all down the woody vale,
All by the rolling tide waved the Persian banners pale.

And foremost from the pass, among the slumbering band,
Sprang King Leonidas, like the lightning's living brand.
Then double darkness fell, and the forest ceased its moan;
But there came a clash of steel, and a distant dying groan.

Anon, a trumpet blew, and a fiery sheet burst high,
That o'er the midnight threw a blood-red canopy.
A host glared on the hill; a host glared by the bay;
But the Greeks rushed onward still, like leopards in their play.

The air was all a yell, and the earth was all a flame,
Where the Spartan's bloody steel on the silken turbans came;
And still the Greek rushed on, where the fiery torrent rolled,
Till, like a rising sun, shone Xerxes' tent of gold.

They found a royal feast, his midnight banquet there;
And the treasures of the East lay beneath the Doric spear.
Then sat to the repast the bravest of the brave;
That feast must be their last—that spot must be their grave!

Up rose the glorious rank, to Greece one cup poured high,
Then hand in hand they drank, "To immortality!"
Fear on King Xerxes fell, when, like spirits from the tomb,
With shout and trumpet knell, he saw the warriors come.

But down swept all his power, with chariot and with charge;
Down poured the arrows' shower, till sank the Spartan targe.
Thus fought the Greek of old! Thus will he fight again!
Shall not the self-same mould bring forth the self-same men?

The Plague at Athens.—*Grote.*

[At the commencement of the Peloponnesian War (431 B.C.), the Spartans invaded Attica, and committed the most merciless depredations and ravages, the population having retired within the walls of Athens. To add to the miseries of the people, a violent plague broke out the next year, some of the incidents of which are described in the following extract from Grote's "History of Greece."]

1. It appears that this terrific disorder had been raging for some time throughout the regions round the Mediterranean; having begun, as it was believed, in Æthiopia,—thence passing into Egypt and Lybia, and overrunning a considerable portion of Asia under the Persian government. About sixteen years before, too, there had been a similar calamity in Rome and in various parts of Italy. Recently it had been felt in Lemnos and some other islands of the Ægean, yet seemingly not with such intensity as to excite much notice generally in the Grecian world. At length it passed to Athens, and first showed itself in the Piræus.

2. The progress of the disease was as rapid and destructive as its appearance had been sudden: whilst the extraordinary

accumulation of people within the city and long walls, in consequence of the presence of the invaders in the country, was but too favorable to every form of contagion. Families crowded together in close cabins and places of temporary shelter,—throughout a city constructed, like most of those in Greece, with little regard to the conditions of salubrity,—and in a state of mental chagrin from the forced abandonment and sacrifice of their properties in the country, transmitted the disorder with fatal facility from one to the other. Beginning, as it did, about the middle of April, the increasing heat of summer farther aided the disorder, the symptoms of which, alike violent and sudden, made themselves the more remarked, because the year was particularly exempt from maladies of every other description.

3. It is hardly within the province of an historian of Greece to repeat, after Thucyd'ides, the painful enumeration of symptoms, violent in the extreme, and pervading every portion of the bodily system, which marked this fearful disorder. Beginning in Piræus, it quickly passed into the city, and both the one and the other was speedily filled with sickness and suffering, the like of which had never before been known. The seizures were perfectly sudden, and a large proportion of the sufferers perished, after deplorable agonies, on the seventh or on the ninth day. Others, whose strength of constitution carried them over this period, found themselves the victims of exhausting and incurable diarrhœa afterward; with others, again, after traversing both these stages, the distemper fixed itself in some particular member,—the eyes, the hands, or the feet, which were rendered permanently useless, or, in some cases, amputated, even where the patient himself recovered.

4. There were also some whose recovery was attended with a total loss of memory, so that they no more knew themselves or recognized their friends. No treatment or remedy appearing, except in accidental cases, to produce any beneficial effect, the physicians or surgeons whose aid was invoked became completely at fault; while trying their accustomed means without avail, they soon ended in catching the malady them-

selves and perishing. Nor were the charms and incantations to which the unhappy patient resorted likely to be more efficacious.

5. While some asserted that the Peloponnesians had poisoned the cisterns of water, others referred the visitation to the wrath of the gods, and especially to Apollo, known by hearers of the Iliad as the author of pestilence in the Greek host before Troy. It was remembered that this Delphian god had promised the Lacedæmonians, in reply to their application immediately before the war, that he would assist them, whether invoked or uninvoked,—and the disorder now raging was ascribed to the intervention of their irresistible ally; while the elderly men called to mind an oracular verse sung in the time of their youth: "The Dorian war will come, and pestilence along with it." Under the distress which suggested, and was reciprocally aggravated by, these gloomy ideas, prophets were consulted, and supplications, with solemn procession, were held at the temples, to appease the divine wrath.

6. When it was found that neither the priest nor the physician could retard the spread, or mitigate the intensity, of the disorder, the Athenians abandoned themselves to utter despair, and the space within the walls became a scene of desolating misery. Every man attacked with the malady at once lost his courage,—a state of depression, itself among the worst features of the case, which made him lie down and die without the least attempt to seek for any preservatives. And though at first, friends and relatives lent their aid to tend the sick with the usual family sympathies, yet so terrible was the number of these attendants who perished, "like sheep," from such contact, that at length no man would thus expose himself; while the most generous spirits, who persisted longest in the discharge of their duty, were carried off in the greatest numbers.

7. The patient was thus left to die alone and unheeded; sometimes all the inhabitants of a house were swept away one after the other, no man being willing to go near it; desertion on one hand, attendance on the other, both tended to aggravate the calamity. There remained only those who, having

had the disorder and recovered, were willing to tend the sufferers. These men formed the single exception to the all-pervading misery of the time,—for the disorder seldom attacked any one twice, and when it did, the second attack was never fatal. Elate with their own escape, they deemed themselves out of the reach of the disease, and were full of compassionate kindness for others whose sufferings were just beginning.

8. It was from them, too, that the principal attention to the bodies of deceased victims proceeded; for such was the state of dismay and sorrow, that even the nearest relatives neglected the sepulchral duties, sacred beyond all others in the eyes of a Greek. Nor is there any circumstance which conveys to us so vivid an idea of the prevalent agony and despair as when we read, in the words of an eye-witness, that the deaths took place among this close-packed crowd without the smallest decencies of attention,—that the dead and the dying lay piled one upon another, not merely in the public roads, but even in the temples, in spite of the understood defilement of the sacred building,—that half-dead sufferers were seen lying round all the springs, from insupportable thirst,—that the numerous corpses thus unburied and exposed, were in such a condition that the dogs which meddled with them died in consequence, while no vultures or other birds of like habits ever came near.

9. Those bodies which escaped entire neglect, were burned or buried without the customary mourning, and with unseemly carelessness. In some cases, the bearers of a body, passing by a funeral pile on which another body was burning, would put their own there to be burned also; or perhaps, if the pile was prepared ready for a body not yet arrived, would deposit their own upon it, set fire to the pile, and then depart. Such indecent confusion would have been intolerable to the feelings of the Athenians in any ordinary times.

10. To all these scenes of physical suffering, death, and reckless despair, was superadded another evil, which affected those who were fortunate enough to escape the rest. The bonds both of law and morality became relaxed, amidst such total uncertainty of every man both for his own life and that of

others. Men cared not to abstain from wrong, under circumstances in which punishment was not likely to overtake them,—nor to put a check upon their passions, and endure privations in obedience even to their strongest conviction, when the chance was so small of their living to reap reward or enjoy any future esteem.

11. An interval short and sweet, before their doom was realized—before they became plunged in the wide-spread misery which they witnessed around, and which affected indiscriminately the virtuous and the profligate—was all they looked to enjoy; embracing with avidity the immediate pleasures of sense, as well as such positive gains, however ill-gotten, as could be made the means of procuring them, and throwing aside all thought both of honor or of long-sighted advantage. Life and property were alike ephemeral[v], nor was there any hope left but to snatch a moment of enjoyment, before the outstretched hand of destiny should fall upon its victims.

12. The melancholy picture of society under the pressure of a murderous epidemic, with its train of physical torments, wretchedness, and demoralization, has been drawn by more than one eminent author, but by none with more impressive fidelity and conciseness than by Thucydides, who had no predecessor, and nothing but the reality to copy from. We may remark that, amidst all the melancholy accompaniments of the time, there are no human sacrifices, such as those offered up at Carthage during pestilence to appease the anger of the gods,—there are no cruel persecutions against imaginary authors of the disease, such as those against the Untori (anointers of doors) in the plague of Milan in 1630.

13. Three years altogether did this calamity desolate Athens; continuously, during the entire second and third years of the war,—after which followed a period of marked abatement for a year and a half; but it then revived again, and lasted for another year, with the same fury as at first. The public loss, over and above the private misery, which this unexpected enemy inflicted upon Athens, was incalculable. Out of twelve hundred horsemen, all among the rich men of the state, three

hundred died of the epidemic; besides four thousand and four hundred hoplites' out of the roll formerly kept, and a number of the poorer population so great as to defy computation. No efforts of the Peloponnesians could have done so much to ruin Athens, or to bring the war to a termination such as they desired; and the distemper told the more in their favor, as it never spread at all into Peloponnesus, though it passed from Athens to some of the more populous islands.

Death of Pericles.—*Bloss.*

[From Anderson's Bloss's "Ancient History."]

1. THE firm mind of Pericles was not to be depressed by the sword without, nor by the pestilence within, nor even by the irritation and despair of the Athenians, who accused him of being the author of their calamities, by drawing such multitudes into the city as to poison the very air. In the anguish of their feelings, they forgot all he had done and suffered for them; and by a public decree deposed him from his military command, and fined him an immense sum. Nor was this his only misfortune. His advisers fell victims to the pestilence, and the greater part of his family and friends died of the same dreadful disease. Still he neither wept nor performed any funeral rites, nor was he seen at the grave of any of his relatives until the death of Paralus, his last legitimate son.

2. He attempted, indeed, then to keep up his usual calm behavior and serenity of mind, but in putting the garland upon the head of the deceased his firmness forsook him; he broke out into loud lamentations, and shed a torrent of tears. Athens made trial, in the course of a year, of the rest of her generals and orators, and finding none capable of extricating her from the difficulties in which she was involved, once more invited Pericles to take again the direction of affairs. He had shut himself up at home to indulge his sorrow, and it was with difficulty that Alcibi'ades and his other friends persuaded him to reassume the reins of government. During the following winter, the Potidæ'ans, after suffering most intensely from

famine, surrendered; and thus Athens gained at least one disputed point.

3. But anxiety and care had done their work for Pericles. He was attacked by the plague in a modified form, and sunk by slow degrees to his rest. When he was at the point of death, his friends, sitting above his bed, began to discourse upon his extraordinary virtue and great exploits; for while he was commander-in-chief, he had erected no less than nine trophies to the honor of Athens. They said these things, supposing his senses were gone; how great then, was their astonishment when he suddenly aroused, and observed, "I am surprised that while you extol these acts of mine, in which fortune had her share, you take no notice of the most honorable part of my character: *that no Athenian, through my means, ever put on a mourning-robe.*"

4. Thus died Pericles, who had held the pre-eminence for the space of forty years among some of the most distinguished men Greece ever produced; who had managed the finances of the republic without the least taint of avarice; and who, though all the power of the magistrates centered in himself, had so preserved his popularity, that he was the first great man, after Solon, that escaped banishment.

Pericles and Aspasia.—*Croly.*

[Inseparably associated with the name of Pericles is that of Aspasia, the most celebrated woman of her age, being as much distinguished for her learning, genius, and eloquence, as for her beauty and feminine fascinations. During many years she lived with Pericles, and by some is said to have aided him in the composition of those splendid orations by which he gained so much applause. The following lines are from the pen of the Rev. George Croly.]

THIS was the ruler of the land,
When Athens was the land of fame;
This was the light that led the band,
When each was like a living flame;
The centre of earth's noblest ring,
Of more than men, the more than king.

Yet not by fetter, nor by spear,
His sovereignty was held or won:
Feared—but alone as freemen fear;
Loved—but as freeman love alone;

He waved the sceptre o'er his kind
By nature's first great title—mind.

Resistless words were on his tongue,
Then Eloquence first flashed below;
Full armed to life the portent sprung,
Minerva from the Thunderer's brow!
And his the sole, the sacred hand,
That shook her Ægis o'er the land.

And throned immortal by his side,
A woman sits with eye sublime,
Aspasia, all his spirit's bride;
But, if their solemn love were crime,
Pity the beauty and the sage,—
Their crime was in their darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won;
He perished in his height of fame:
Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,
Yet still she conquered in his name.
Filled with his soul, she could not die·
Her conquest was Posterity!

The Defense of Socrates.—*Plato.*

[The condemnation and death of Socrates reflected undying disgrace upon the Athenians; for not only was the sentence passed against him an unjust one, but it showed that the bigotry and ignorance of the people rendered them insensible to the loftiest virtue and magnanimity, and the profoundest wisdom of which pagan history affords any example. His defense, part of which is here given, was reported by his most illustrious pupil, Plato; the translation is from Rollin's "Ancient History."]

1. "I AM accused of corrupting the youth,* and instilling dangerous maxims into them, as well in regard to the worship of the gods, as the rules of government. You know, Athenians, that I never made it my profession to teach; nor can envy, however violent against me, reproach me with having ever sold my instructions. I have an undeniable evidence for me in this respect, which is my poverty. Always equally ready

* The accusation against Socrates ran thus:—"Melitus, son of Melitus, of the borough of Pitthos, declares these upon oath against Socrates, son of Sophroniscus, of the borough of Alopece: Socrates is guilty of reviling the gods whom the city acknowledges, and of preaching other new gods: moreover, he is guilty of corrupting the youth. Penalty, death"

to communicate my thoughts either to the rich or poor, and to give them entire leisure to question or answer me, I lend myself to every one who is desirous of becoming virtuous; and if, among those who hear me, there are any who prove either good or bad, neither the virtues of the one, nor the vices of the other, to which I have not contributed, are to be ascribed to me.

2. "My whole employment is to persuade the young and old against too much love for the body, for riches, and all other precarious things of whatever nature they be, and against too little regard for the soul, which ought to be the object of their affection; for I incessantly urge upon you that virtue does not proceed from riches, but, on the contrary, riches from virtue; and all the other goods of human life, as well public as private, have their source in the same principle.

3. "If to speak in this manner be to corrupt youth, I confess, Athenians, that I am guilty, and deserve to be punished. If what I say be not true, it is most easy to convict me of falsehood. I see here a great number of my disciples; they have only to appear. But perhaps the reserve and consideration for a master who has instructed them will prevent them from declaring against me; at least their fathers, brothers, and uncles cannot, as good relations and good citizens, dispense with their not standing forth to demand vengeance against the corruptor of their sons, brothers, and nephews. But these are the persons who assume my defense, and interest themselves in the success of my cause.

4. "Pass on me what sentence you please, Athenians; I can neither repent of nor change my conduct. I must not abandon nor suspend a function which God himself has imposed upon me, now that he has charged me with the care of instructing my fellow-citizens. If, after having faithfully kept all the posts wherein I was placed by our generals at Potidæ'a, Amphip'olis, and De'lium, the fear of death should at this time make me abandon that in which the Divine Providence has placed me, by commanding me to pass my life in the study of philosophy, for the instruction of myself and others;—this

would be a most criminal desertion indeed, and make me highly worthy of being cited before this tribunal, as an impious man who does not believe the gods.

5. "Should you resolve to acquit me, for the future I should not hesitate to make answer, Athenians, that I honor and love you, but I shall choose rather to obey God than you; and to my latest breath shall never renounce my philosophy, nor cease to exhort and reprove you according to my custom, by telling each of you when you come in my way, 'My good friend, and citizen of the most famous city in the world for wisdom and valor, are you not ashamed to have no other thoughts than that of amassing wealth, and of acquiring glory, credit, and dignities, while you neglect the treasures of prudence, truth, and wisdom, and take no pains in rendering your soul as good and perfect as it is capable of being.

6. "I am reproached with abject fear and meanness of spirit, for being so busy in imparting my advice to every one in private, and for having always avoided being present in your assemblies, to give my counsels to my country. I think I have sufficiently proved my courage and fortitude, both in the field, where I have borne arms with you, and in the Senate, when I alone opposed the unjust sentence you pronounced against the ten captains, who had not taken up and interred the bodies of those who were killed or drowned in the sea-fight near the island of Arginu'sæ, and when, upon more than one occasion, I opposed the violent and cruel orders of the thirty tyrants.

7. "What is it, then, that has prevented me from appearing in your assemblies? It is that spirit,* that divine voice, which you have so often heard me mention, and Melitus has taken so much pains to ridicule. That spirit has attached itself to me from my infancy. It is a voice which I never hear but when it would prevent me from persisting in something I have resolved; for it never exhorts me to undertake anything. It is the same being that has always opposed me when I would have intermeddled in the affairs of the republic; and that with

* Called *dæmon* by Socrates, but the word *spirit* seems best to represent the meaning in our language.

the greatest reason; for I should have been among the dead long ago had I been concerned in the measures of the state, without effecting anything to the advantage of myself or our country.

8. "Do not take it ill, I beseech you, if I speak my thoughts without disguise, and with truth and freedom. Every man who would generously oppose a whole people, either among us or elsewhere, and who inflexibly applies himself to prevent the violation of the laws and the practice of iniquity in a government, will never do so long with impunity. It is absolutely necessary for him who would contend for justice, if he has any thoughts of living, to remain in a private station, and never to have any share in public affairs.

9. "For the rest, Athenians, if, in the extreme danger in which I now am, I do not imitate the behavior of those who, upon less emergencies, have implored and supplicated their judges with tears, and have brought forth their children, relations, and friends, it is not through pride and obstinacy, or any contempt for you, but solely for your honor, and for that of the whole city. You should know that there are among our citizens those who do not regard death as an evil, and who give that name only to injustice and infamy. At my age, and with the reputation, true or false, which I have, would it be consistent for me, after all the lessons I have given upon the contempt of death, to be afraid of it myself, and to belie in my last action all the principles and sentiments of my past life?

10. "But without speaking of my fame, which I should extremely injure by such a conduct, I do not think it allowable to entreat a judge, nor to be absolved by supplications: he ought to be persuaded and convinced. The judge does not sit upon the bench to show favor by violating the laws, but to do justice in conforming to them. He does not swear to discharge with impunity whom he pleases; but to do justice where it is due. We ought not, therefore, to accustom you to perjury, nor you to suffer yourselves to be accustomed to it; for in so doing, both of us equally injure justice and religion, and both are criminals.

11. "Do not, therefore, expect from me, Athenians, that I should have recourse among you to means which I believe neither honest nor lawful; especially on this occasion, wherein I am accused by Melitus of impiety. For if I should influence you by my prayers, and thereby induce you to violate your oaths, it would be undeniably evident that I teach you not to believe in the gods; and even in defending and justifying myself, I should furnish my adversaries with arms against me, and prove that I believe in no divinity. But I am very far from such bad thoughts. I am more convinced of the existence of God than my accusers, and so convinced, that I abandon myself to God and you, that you may judge of me as you shall deem best for yourselves and me."

12. Socrates pronounced this discourse with a firm and intrepid tone. His air, his action, his visage, expressed nothing of the accused; he seemed the master of his judges from the assurance and greatness of soul with which he spoke, without, however, losing anything of the modesty natural to him. So noble and majestic a deportment displeased and gave offense. It is common for judges, who look upon themselves as the absolute dispensers of life or death to such as are before them, to expect, out of a secret desire, that they should appear in their presence with humble submission and respectful awe,—a homage which they think due to their supreme authority.

13. This was the case on this occasion. Melitus, however, had not at first the fifth part of the voices. We have reason to suppose that the judges assembled upon this occasion might amount to five hundred, without reckoning the president. The law condemned the accuser to pay a fine of a thousand drachmas ($100) if he had not the fifth part of the suffrages. This law had been wisely established to check the boldness and impudence of calumniators. Melitus would have been obliged to pay this fine if Any'tus and Ly'con had not joined him, and presented themselves also as the accusers of Socrates. Their influence obtained a great number of voices, and there were two hundred and eighty against Socrates, and consequently only two hundred and twenty for him. He wanted only thirty-

one to have been acquitted; for he would then have had two hundred and fifty-one, which would have been the majority.

[According to the custom of the Athenians, Socrates, after the verdict was rendered, was entitled to propose some penalty for himself instead of that of death, demanded by his enemies; but this seemed to him like an acknowledgment of guilt, and he refused to make any such proposition, according to Xenophon, boldly asserting that he ought to be rewarded instead of being punished. The judges, irritated by this, sentenced him to die by drinking a cup of poison hemlock. In about thirty days afterward he submitted to the sentence and expired.]

Death and Character of Socrates.—*Mitford.*

[From the "History of Greece," by William Mitford.]

1. It was usual at Athens for execution very soon to follow condemnation—commonly on the morrow; but it happened that the condemnation of Socrates took place on the eve of the day appointed for the sacred ceremony of crowning the galley which carried the annual offerings to the gods worshipped at Delos; and immemorial tradition forbade all executions till the sacred vessel's return. Thus, the death of Socrates was respited thirty days, while his friends had free access to him in the prison. During all that time he admirably supported his constancy.

2. Means were concerted for his escape; the jailer was bribed, a vessel prepared, and a secure retreat in Thessaly provided. No arguments, no prayers, could persuade him to use the opportunity. He had always taught the duty of obedience to the laws, and he would not furnish an example of the breach of it. To no purpose was it urged that he had been unjustly condemned—he had always held that wrong did not justify wrong. He waited with perfect composure the return of the sacred vessel, reasoned on the immortality of the soul, the advantage of virtue, the happiness derived from having made it through life his pursuit, and, with his friends about him, took the fatal cup and died.

3. The singular merit of Socrates lay in the purity and the usefulness of his manners and conversation; the clearness with which he saw, and the steadiness with which he practiced, in a blind and corrupt age, all moral duties; the disinterestedness

and the zeal with which he devoted himself to the benefit of others; and the enlarged and warm benevolence, whence his supreme and almost only pleasure seems to have consisted in doing good. The purity of Christian morality, little enough indeed seen in practice, nevertheless is become so familiar in theory, that it passes almost as obvious, and even congenial to the human mind.

4. Those only will justly estimate the merit of that near approach to it which Socrates made, who will take the pains to gather—as they may from the writings of his contemporaries and predecessors—how little conception was entertained of it before his time; how dull to a just moral sense the human mind has really been; how slow the progress in the investigation of moral duties, even where not only great pains have been taken, but the greatest abilities zealously employed; and when discovered, how difficult it has been to establish them by proofs beyond controversy, or proofs even that should be generally admitted by the reason of men. It is through the light which Socrates diffused by his doctrine and enforced by his practice, with the advantage of having both the doctrine and the practice exhibited to the highest advantage in the incomparable writings of Xenophon and Plato, that his life forms an era in the history of Athens and of man.

Alexander the Great.—*Plutarch.*

[Philip of Macedon, having made a conquest of Greece, determined to attempt the subjugation of Persia; but before his preparations were completed, he was assassinated by Pausanias, a young Macedonian noble (336 B.C.); and Alexander, his son, ascended the throne, being then only twenty years of age. The following incidents of his remarkable career are related by Plutarch.]

1. A general assembly of the Greeks being held at the Isthmus of Corinth, they came to a resolution to send their quotas with Alexander against the Persians, and he was unanimously elected captain-general. Many statesmen and philosophers came to congratulate him on the occasion; and he hoped that Diog'enes of Sino'pe, who then lived at Corinth, would be of the number. Finding, however, that he made but little account

of Alexander, and that he preferred the enjoyment of his leisure in a part of the suburbs called Cranium, the king went to see him.

2. Diogenes happened to be lying in the sun; and at the approach of so many people, he raised himself up a little, and fixed his eyes upon Alexander. The king addressed him in an obliging manner, and asked him, "If there was anything he could serve him in?" "Only stand a little out of my sunshine," said Diogenes. Alexander, we are totd, was struck with such surprise at finding himself so little regarded, and saw something so great in that carelessness, that, while his courtiers were ridiculing the philosopher as a monster, he said, "If I were not Alexander, I should wish to be Diogenes."

3. He chose to consult the oracle about the war, and for that purpose went to Delphi. He happened to arrive there on one of the days called inauspicious, upon which the law permitted no man to put his question. At first he sent to the prophetess to entreat her to do her office; but finding she refused to comply, and alleged the law in her excuse, he went himself and drew her by force into the temple. Then, as if conquered by his violence, she said, "My son, thou art invincible." Alexander, hearing this, said, "he wanted no other answer, for he had the very oracle he desired."

4. As soon as he landed [after passing the Hellespont], he went up to Ilium, where he sacrificed to Minerva, and offered libations to the heroes. He also anointed the pillar upon Achilles' tomb with oil, and ran round it with his friends, naked, according to the custom that obtains; after which he put a crown upon it, declaring, "He thought that hero extremely happy in having found a faithful friend while he lived, and after his death, an excellent herald to set forth his praise." As he went about the city to look upon the curiosities, he was asked whether he chose to see Paris's lyre. "I set but little value," said he, "upon the lyre of Paris; but it would give me pleasure to see that of Achilles, to which he sang the glorious actions of the brave."

[Darius, the king of Persia, assembled a large army at the Granicus River to oppose Alexander's march; but the Persians were defeated with great slaughter, and Alexan-

der passed on to Cilicia. It was in the battle of Grani'cus that his life was saved by Clitus, who, when he was on the point of being dispatched by a Persian officer, transfixed the latter with his spear. In Cilicia Alexander was delayed by sickness.]

5. This sickness some attributed to his great fatigues, and others to his bathing in the river Cyd'nus, whose water is extremely cold. His physicians durst not give him any medicines because they thought themselves not so certain of the cure as of the danger they must incur in the application; for they feared that the Macedonians, if they did not succeed, would suspect them of some bad practice. Philip, the Acarna'nian, saw how desperate the king's case was, as well as the rest; but, besides the confidence he had in his friendship, he thought it the highest ingratitude, when his master was in so much danger, not to risk something with him in exhausting all his art for his relief. He therefore attempted the cure, and found no difficulty in persuading the king to wait with patience till his medicine was prepared or to take it when ready, so desirous was he of a speedy recovery, in order to prosecute the war.

6. In the mean time, Parmenio sent him a letter from the camp, advising him "to beware of Philip, whom," he said, "Darius had prevailed upon, by presents of infinite value, and the promise of his daughter in marriage, to take him off by poison." As soon as Alexander had read the letter, he put it under his pillow without showing it to any of his friends. The time appointed being come, Philip, with the king's friends, entered the chamber, having the cup of medicine in his hand. The king received it freely, without the least marks of suspicion, and the same time put the letter in Philip's hand.

7. It was a striking situation, and more interesting than any scene in a tragedy; the one reading while the other was drinking. They looked upon each other, but with a very different air. The king, with an open and unembarrassed countenance, expressed his regard for Philip, and the confidence he had in his honor; Philip's looks showed his indignation at the calumny. One while he lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven, protesting his fidelity; another while he threw himself down

by the bedside, entreating his master to be of good courage and trust to his care.

8. The medicine, indeed, was so strong, and overpowered his spirits in such a manner, that at first he was speechless, and discovered scarcely any sign of sense or life. But afterward he was relieved by this faithful physician, and recovered so well that he was able to show himself to the Macedonians, whose distress did not abate till he came personally before them.

[By the victory which he gained over Darius at Issus, a short time afterward [333 B.C.], the Persian camp, including the monarch's magnificent tent, fell into his possession. Plutarch thus continues.]

9. As soon as he had put off his armor, he went to the bath, saying to those about him, "Let us go and refresh ourselves, after the fatigues of the field, in the bath of Darius." "Nay, rather," said one of his friends, "in the bath of Alexander; for the goods of the conquered are, and shall be called, the conqueror's." When he had taken a view of the basins, vials, boxes, and vases curiously wrought in gold, smelled the fragrant odors of essences, and seen the splendid furniture of the spacious apartments, he turned to his friends and said, "This, then, it seems, it was to be a king!"

10. As he was sitting down to table, an account was brought him that among the prisoners were the mother and wife of Darius, and two unmarried daughters; and that upon their seeing his chariot and bow they broke out into great lamentations, concluding that he was dead. Alexander, after some pause, during which he was rather commiserating their misfortunes than rejoicing in his own success, sent Leonatus to assure them "that Darius was not dead; that they had nothing to fear from Alexander, for his dispute with Darius was only for empire; and that they should find themselves provided for in the same manner as when Darius was in his greatest prosperity."

11. If this message to the captive princesses was gracious and humane, his actions were still more so. He allowed them to do the funeral honors to what Persians they pleased, and for

that purpose furnished them out of the spoils with robes, and all the other decorations that were customary. They had as many domestics, and were served, in all respects, in as honorable a manner as before; indeed, their appointments were greater. But there was another part of his behavior to them still more noble and princely; though they were now captives, he considered that they were ladies, not only of high rank, but of great modesty and virtue, and took care that they should not hear an unbecoming word, nor have the least cause for alarm. Nay, as if they had been in a holy temple, or asylum of virgins, rather than in an enemy's camp, they lived unseen and unapproached, in the most sacred privacy.

[After the battle of Arbela (331 B.C.), Alexander found himself entirely master of the Persian empire; but not having yet satisfied his lust for conquest, he continued his march, defeated the Scythians on the banks of the I-ax'ar-tes, and took possession of Maracanda (*Samarcand*). Here he slew his friend Clitus at a banquet, in the manner related below by Plutarch.]

12. After they were warmed with drinking, somebody began to sing verses of one Pranicus, or, as others will have it, of Pierio, written in ridicule of the Macedonian officers who had lately been beaten by the barbarians. The older part of the company were greatly offended at it, and condemned both the poet and the singer; but Alexander, and those about him, listened with pleasure, and bade him go on. Clitus, who by this time had drunk too much, and was naturally rough and forward, could not bear their behavior. He said, "It was not well done to make a jest, and that among barbarians and enemies, of Macedonians that were much better men than the laughers, though they had met with a misfortune."

13. Alexander made answer, "That Clitus was pleading his own cause, when he gave cowardice the soft name of misfortune." Then Clitus started up, and said, "Yet it was this cowardice that saved you, son of Jupiter as you are, when you were turning your back to the sword of Spithrida'tes. It is by the blood of the Macedonians and these wounds, that you are grown so great, that you disdain to acknowledge Philip for your father, and will needs pass yourself off for the son of Jupiter Ammon."

14. Irritated at this insolence, Alexander replied, "It is in this villainous manner thou talkestof me in all companies, and stirrest up the Macedonians to mutiny; but dost thou think to enjoy it long?" "And what do we enjoy now," said Clitus; "what reward have we for all our toils? Do we not envy those who did not live to see Macedonians bleed under Median rods,* or sue to Persians for access to their king?" While Clitus went on in this rash manner, and the king retorted upon him with equal bitterness, the old men interposed, and endeavored to allay the flame.

15. Meantime, Alexander turned to Xenod'ochus, the Cardian, and Arte'mius, the Colopho'nian, and said, "Do not the Greeks appear to you among the Macedonians like demi-gods among so many wild beasts?" Clitus, far from giving up the dispute, called upon Alexander, "to speak out what he had to say, or not to invite freemen to his table, who would declare their sentiments without reserve. But perhaps," continued he, "it were better to pass your life with barbarians and slaves, who will worship your Persian girdle and white robe without scruple."

16. Alexander, no longer able to restrain his anger, threw an apple at the face of Clitus, and then looked about for his sword. But Aristoph'anes, one of his guards, had taken it away in time, and the company gathered about him, and entreated him to be quiet. Their remonstrances, however, were vain. He broke from them, and called out, in the Macedonian language, for his guards, which was the signal for a great tumult. At the same time he ordered the trumpeter to sound, and struck him with his fist, upon his discovering an unwillingness to obey. This man was afterward held in great esteem, because he prevented the whole army from being alarmed.

17. As Clitus would not make the least submission, his friends with much ado, forced him out of the room. But he soon returned by another door, repeating, in a bold and dis-

* This reproach of Clitus had reference to the practice adopted by Alexander of punishing his soldiers by causing them to be scourged by the Persians.

respectful tone, those verses from the Androm'ache of Euripides:

> "Are these your customs? Is it thus that Greece
> Rewards her combatants? Shall one man claim
> The trophies won by thousands?"

Then Alexander snatched a spear from one of his guards, and meeting Clitus as he was putting by the curtain, ran him through the body. He fell immediately to the ground, and with a dismal groan expired.

18. Alexander's rage subsided in a moment; he came to himself; and seeing his friends standing in silent astonishment by him, he hastily drew the spear out of the dead body, and was applying it to his own throat, when his guards seized his hands, and carried him by force into his chamber. He passed that night and the next day in anguish inexpressible; and when he had wasted himself with tears and lamentations, he lay in speechless grief, uttering only now and then a groan. His friends, alarmed at this melancholy silence, forced themselves into the room, and attempted to console him. But he would listen to none, except Aristander, who put him in mind of his dream and the ill omen of the sheep, and assured him that the whole was by the decree of fate.

[He subsequently marched to India, defeated Porus, the king of that country, and was still desirous to continue his conquests; but his soldiers, worn out with their toils, peremptorily refused to proceed, and thus compelled him to return. He died a short time afterward at Babylon, of a fever brought on partly by intemperance (323 B.C.).]

Character of Alexander the Great.—*Niebuhr.*

[From "Lectures on Ancient History."]

1. VERY few men have acquired such an immense celebrity, both in Asia and Europe, as Alexander; and among all the great men of history, if we except Charlemagne, and, in a less degree, Constantine, he is the only one that has become a poetical being. Alexander is, for the East, what Charlemagne is for the West; and next to Rustam, he is the chief hero of the Persian fairy tales and romances. To us also he is a man of extraordinary importance, inasmuch as he gave a new ap-

pearance to the whole world. He began what will now be completed, in spite of all obstacles—the dominion of Europe over Asia; he was the first that led the victorious Europeans to the East. Asia had played its part in history, and was destined to become the slave of Europe.

2. He has also become the national hero of the Greeks, although he was as foreign to them as Napoleon was to the French, notwithstanding that he traced his family to the mythical heroes of Greece. From certain statements referring to his earlier career, we must infer that, even during his lifetime, and immediately after his death, his name enjoyed that popularity among the Greeks. In the beginning of his reign, he inflicted fearful sufferings upon them, but he left Greece so soon after, and the Greeks were so quickly ready to ascribe to themselves the laurels which he won for Macedonia, and which he complaisantly shared with them, that he soon became popular among them. And when he wrote, "Alexander, king of the Macedonians and Greeks," they were rather pleased with it.

3. But his personal character will appear to us in a different light. Many a rhetorician, even in antiquity, formed a correct judgment of him. Who does not know the story of the pirate who was condemned to death by Alexander, and on being brought before him, said, that there was no difference between them. The Orientals still call him "Alexander the robber." I will not judge of him from this point of view, for the whole history of the world turns upon war and conquest; I speak only of his personal character. But, without agreeing with the declarations which have so often been made about him, I unhesitatingly declare that I have formed a very unfavorable opinion of him.

4. When I behold a young man who, in his twentieth year, ascends the throne, after having conspired against his father—who then displays in his policy a cruelty like that of the house of the Medici in the sixteenth century, like Cosmo de Medici and his two sons—who not only sacrifices his stepmother to Olympias, but causes the innocent infant of the unhappy Cleopatra, as well as several other near relations, to be murdered

(we do not know their names, as Arrian skillfully evades mentioning them), who dispatched all that knew anything of his complicity, as well as those who had previously offended him—such a young man is condemned for all time to come.

5. Plutarch shows a foolish and unfounded partiality toward him, and such was universally the case among the Greeks. His drunkenness cannot be denied, and with it they excuse his murders, as, for example, that of Clitus; and, in order poetically to complete the indescribable folly committed by later Greeks, they compare him with Diony'sus.* Bacchus, it is said, at all times allows a Macedonian, in his intoxication, to commit more serious offenses than others. The Mimal'lones† are talked of, and the Thracian women who tore Orpheus (*or'fuse*) to pieces; and other similar trivialties of the Greek sophists, are brought forward as analogies.

6. But his drunkenness does not account for all he did. He caused the most innocent and most faithful servant,‡ the best general of his father, to be maliciously assassinated in a truly oriental manner; the man had been frank and open, and knew that Alexander was what he was through him. Things like these are passed over in silence. The murder of his friend Clitus, who told him the truth, was a fearful act. I do not comprehend how persons can excuse Alexander by saying, "He was an unusually great man;" if he was so, was he not then responsible for his unusually great powers?

7. All his actions, which are praised as generous, are of a theatrical nature and mere ostentation. He was indeed attached to Aristotle; but even lions and tigers show a certain kindness to those who have fed and nursed them in their youth, until the beast of prey awakens in them in all its ferocity. His friendship for Aristotle did not save Callis'thenes, and when this man had been sacrificed, Aristotle too thought it advisable to return to Athens. His attachment to Hephæs'tion was not friendship, but a disgrace. His generosity toward the captive Persian princesses is nothing extraordinary; if it be not osten-

* The Greek name of the god Bacchus. † Priestesses or followers of Bacchus. ‡ Parmenio.

tation, it is something quite natural, and of every-day occurrence; but it is mere ostentation.

8. It must, indeed, be acknowledged, that Alexander is a most remarkable phenomenon; but the praise bestowed upon him can apply only to his great intelligence and his talents. He was altogether an extraordinary man, with the vision of a prophet, a power for which Napoleon was greatly distinguished; when he came to a place, he immediately perceived its capability and its destination; he had the eye which makes the practical man. If we had no other example of the keenness of his judgment, the fact that he built Alexandria would alone furnish sufficient evidence; he discovered the point which was destined, for fifteen hundred years, to form the link between Egypt, Europe, and Asia.

9. Although at the time, when the course of the Nile was not obstructed by deposits of mud, that point did not yet possess its importance, still Alexander, at any rate, saw at a glance what nature had destined that place to be. "It was only required to build a city there, to make it the great emporium of the world." That city was to be the corner-stone of his empire, and, as such, he probably intended it to be his capital. It would be the height of injustice not to ascribe the skillful management of the war to him, but to the generals of Philip.

10. The Persians, it is true, were incredibly wretched, and the senseless manner in which they opposed him rendered it easy for him to subdue them; but, at the same time, Alexander's arrangement was so sure and so correct, even under the most difficult circumstances, and his expedition to the Indus was so skillful, so well planned and chosen, that it is impossible not to concede to him the praise of a great general. Nay, a most competent judge, Hannibal, declared him to be the greatest general.

11. It must not, however, be forgotten, that he had most excellent instruments—distinguished generals, and a splendid army. If he had had to create his army, his undertaking would not have succeeded so well. Parme'nio, Philo'tes, Ptolemæ'us, Seleu'cus, and Antig'onus, were all distinguished captains, all

proceeded from the school of his father, and had acquired great reputation even under him; and, if we except Eu'menes alone, we may assert, that no great commander was trained under Alexander. Alexander was a man of cultivated intellect; indeed, he could not have been otherwise, having received the careful instruction of Aristotle; he was, moreover, as intimately acquainted with Greek literature as the best educated Greeks of his age.

Demosthenes.—*Smith.*

[From the "History of Greece," by William Smith, LL.D.]

1. SINCE the establishment of democracy at Athens, a certain degree of ability in public speaking was indispensable to a public man. Hitherto, however, the leading men of Athens had, like Cimon and Pericles, been statesmen and warriors as well as orators. But the great progress made in the art of rhetoric, as well as in the art of war since the improved tactics introduced by Epaminondas, had now almost completely separated the professions of the orator and the soldier. Phocion, the contemporary of Demosthenes, was the last who combined the provinces of the two.

2. The ears of the Athenians had become fastidious. They delighted in displays of oratorical skill; and it was this period which produced those speakers who have been called, by way of eminence, "the Attic orators." Demosthenes, the most famous of them all, was born in B.C. 382–381. Having lost his father at the early age of seven, his guardians abused their trust, and defrauded him of the greater part of his paternal inheritance. This misfortune, however, proved one of the causes which tended to make him an orator. Demosthenes, as he advanced toward manhood, perceived with indignation the conduct of his guardians, for which he resolved to make them answerable when the proper opportunity should arrive, by accusing them himself before the dicastery.

3. The weakness of his bodily frame, which unfitted him for the exercises of the gymnasium, caused him to devote him-

self with all the more ardor to intellectual pursuits. He placed himself under the tuition of Isæus, who then enjoyed a high reputation as an advocate; and when he had acquired a competent degree of skill, he pleaded his cause against his guardians, and appears to have recovered a considerable portion of his estate. This success encouraged him to speak in the public assembly; but his first attempt proved a failure, and he retired from the bema amidst the hootings and laughter of the citizens.

4. The more judicious and candid among his auditors perceived, however, marks of genius in his speech, and rightly attributed his failure to timidity and want of due preparation. Eunomus, an aged citizen, who met him wandering about the Piræus in a state of dejection at his ill success, bade him take courage and persevere. "Your manner of speaking," said he, "very much resembles that of Pericles; you fail only through want of confidence. You are too much disheartened by the tumult of a popular assembly, and you do not take any pains even to acquire that strength of body which is requisite for the bema."

5. Struck and encouraged by these remarks, Demosthenes withdrew awhile from public life, and devoted himself perseveringly to remedy his defects. They were such as might be lessened, if not removed, by practice, and consisted chiefly of a weak voice, imperfect articulation, and ungraceful and inappropriate action. He derived much assistance from Sat'yrus, the actor, who exercised him in reciting passages from Soph'ocles and Eurip'ides.

6. He studied the best rhetorical treatises and orators, and is said to have copied the work of Thucyd'ides with his own hand no fewer than eight times. He shut himself up for two or three months together in a subterranean chamber in order to practice composition and declamation. It may also be well supposed that he devoted no inconsiderable part of his attention to the laws of Athens and the politics of Greece. His perseverance was crowned with success; and he who, on the first attempt, had descended from the bema amid the ridicule

of the crowd, became at last the most perfect orator the world has ever seen.

Demosthenes to the Athenians.

[Extract from one of the orations of Demosthenes, warning the Athenians against the designs of Philip of Macedon, and hence called "Philippics."]

1. I NEED not warn you, Athenians, that votes alone can be of no avail. Had your resolutions, of themselves, the virtue to compass what you intend, we should not see them multiply every day as they do, and upon every occasion, with so little effect; nor would Philip be in a condition to brave and affront us in this manner. Proceed then, Athenians, to support your deliberations with vigor. You have heads capable of advising what is best; you have judgment and experience to discern what is right; and you have power and opportunity to execute what you determine.

2. What time so proper for action as the present? What occasion so happy? When can you hope for such another, if this be neglected? Has not Philip, contrary to all treaties, insulted you in Thrace? Does he not, at this instant, straiten and invade your confederates, whom you have solemnly sworn to protect? Is he not an implacable enemy? A faithless ally? The usurper of provinces, to which he has no title nor pretense? A stranger, a barbarian, a tyrant? And, indeed, what is he not?

3. Observe, I beseech you, men of Athens, how different your conduct appears from the practice of your ancestors. They were friends to truth and plain dealing, and detested flattery and servile compliance. By unanimous consent they continued the arbiters of all Greece, for the space of forty-five years, without interruption; a public fund of no less than ten thousand talents was ready for any emergency; they exercised over the kings of Macedon that authority which is due to barbarians; obtained, both by sea and land, in their own persons, frequent and signal victories; and, by their noble exploits, transmitted to posterity an immortal memory of their virtue, superior to the reach of malice and detraction.

4. It is to them we owe that great number of public edifices by which the city of Athens exceeds all the rest of the world in beauty and magnificence. It is to them we owe so many stately temples, so richly embellished; but, above all, adorned with the spoils of vanquished enemies. Visit, however, their own private habitations; visit the houses of Aristi'des, Milti'ades, or any other of those patriarchs of antiquity;—you will find nothing, not the least mark or ornament to distinguish them from their neighbors. They took part in the government, not to enrich themselves, but the public; they had no scheme or ambition but for the public, nor knew any interest but for the public. It was by a close and steady application to the general good of their country, by an exemplary piety toward the immortal gods, by a strict faith and religious honesty betwixt man and man, and a moderation always uniform and consistent, that they established that reputation which remains to this day, and will last to the utmost posterity.

5. Such, O men of Athens, were your ancestors; so glorious in the eye of the world, so beautiful and munificent to their country, so sparing, so modest, so self-denying to themselves. What resemblance can we find, in the present generation, to these great men? At a time when your ancient competitors have left you a clear stage; when the Lacedæmonians are disabled; when the Thebans are employed in troubles of their own; when no other state whatever is in a condition to rival or molest you; in short, when you are at full liberty; when you have the opportunity and the power to become once more the sole arbiter of Greece; you permit, patiently, whole provinces to be wrested from you; you lavish the public money in scandalous and obscure uses; you suffered your allies to perish in time of peace, whom you preserved in time of war; and, to sum up all, you yourselves, by your mercenary court and servile resignation to the will and pleasure of designing, insidious leaders, abet, encourage, and strengthen the most dangerous and formidable of your enemies.

6. Yes, Athenians, I repeat it, you yourselves are the con-

trivers of your own ruin. Lives there a man who has confidence enough to deny it? Let him arise and assign, if he can, any other cause of the success of Philip. "But," you reply, "what Athens may have lost in reputation abroad, she has gained in splendor at home. Was there ever a greater appearance of prosperity, a greater face of plenty? Is not the city enlarged? Are not the streets better paved, the houses repaired and beautified?" Away with such trifles! Shall I be paid in counters? An old square new vamped up! —a fountain!—an aqueduct! Are these acquisitions to boast of?

7. Cast your eye upon the magistrate under whose administration you boast these precious improvements! Behold the despicable creature, raised all at once from dirt to opulence; from the lowest obscurity to the highest honors! Have not some of the upstarts built private houses and seats vying with the most sumptuous of our public palaces? And how have their fortunes and their power increased, but as the commonwealth has been ruined and impoverished!.... This, O men of Athens, is what my duty prompted me to represent to you upon this occasion. May the gods inspire you to determine upon such measures as may be most expedient for the general good and safety of our country!

[The victory gained by Philip at Chœrone'a (338 B.C.) over the combined forces of Athens and Thebes, completed the subjugation of Greece. While Alexander was engaged in his Persian conquests, a movement was excited at Athens against the orators who had opposed the Macedonians, and they were driven into exile. When the death of Alexander was announced at Athens an attempt was made to throw off the Macedonian yoke, and Demosthenes was recalled; but the attempt failing, Athens was required to surrender the orators; upon which Demosthenes fled, but being overtaken by the pursuers, took poison to avoid falling into their hands (322 B.C.).]

Athenian Literature.—*Macaulay.*

[From "Miscellaneous Essays," by T. B. Macaulay.]

1. If we consider merely the subtlety of disquisition, the force of imagination, the perfect energy and elegance of expression which characterize the great works of Athenian genius, we must pronounce them intrinsically most valuable: but what

shall we say when we reflect that from hence have sprung, directly or indirectly, all the noblest creations of the human intellect; that from hence were the vast accomplishments and the brilliant fancy of Cicero, the withering fire of Juvenal, the plastic imagination of Dante, the humor of Cervantes, the comprehension of Bacon, the wit of Butler, the supreme and universal excellence of Shakspeare!

2. All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them, inspiring, encouraging, consoling—by the lonely lamp of Erasmus, by the restless bed of Pascal, in the tribune of Mirabeau, in the cell of Galile'o, on the scaffold of Sidney.

3. But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier, and better, by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage; to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty, liberty in bondage, health in sickness, society in solitude. Her power is, indeed, manifested at the bar, in the senate, in the field of battle, in the schools of philosophy.

4. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain,—wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep,—there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens. The dervise, in the Arabian tale, did not hesitate to abandon to his comrade the camels, with their load of jewels and gold, while he retained the casket of that mysterious juice which enabled him to behold, at one glance, all the hidden riches of the universe.

5. Surely it is no exaggeration to say, that no external advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world, all the hoarded treasures of the primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of its yet unexplored mines.

This is the gift of Athens to man. Her freedom and her power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated, her people have degenerated into timid slaves, her language into a barbarous jargon, her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable.

6. And when those who have rivalled her greatness shall have shared her fate; when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travellers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some mouldering pedestal[v] the name of our proudest chief; shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts,—her influence and her glory will still survive—fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability[v] and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control.

Athens.—*Milton.*

[From "Paradise Regained." In this extract Satan is represented, during the temptation of Christ, as showing Him, among other portions of the world, the city of Athens, and describing her accomplishments in poetry, philosophy, etc.]

Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
Westward, much nearer by southwest; behold
Where on th' Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil,—
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits,
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City, or suburban, studious walks and shades.
See there the olive grove of Academe,*
10. Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There flowery hill Hymettus† with the sound

* *Academia* was a grove or garden in the suburbs of Athens. Here Plato opened his school and gave his lessons in philosophy.

† A hill in Attica, southeast of Athens, famous for its excellent honey.

Of bees, industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus* rolls
His whisp'ring stream. Within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world;
Lyceum† there, and painted Stoa‡ next:
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, various-measured verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes,§ thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem Phœbus‖ challenged for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions and high passions best describing.
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
Shook th' arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.
To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
From heaven descended to the low-roof'd house
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
Whom, well inspired the oracle pronounced
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools
Of Academies old and new, with those
Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe;
These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st at home
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
These rules will render thee a king complete
Within thyself; much more with empire join'd.

* A small stream near Athens, from which the city was supplied with water.

† The *Lyceum* was an inclosure, at Athens, sacred to Apollo. Here Aristotle gave his lessons, walking around. Hence his sect was called *Peripatetic*.

‡ *Stoa*, the Portico, celebrated for its paintings by great Athenian artists, representing glorious events in the history of the republic. Here Zeno taught—hence called the Stoic.

§ Homer is so called by some of the ancients, because he was supposed to have been born on the banks of the river Meles, in Asia Minor.

‖ One of the names of Apollo, the god of music.

Coriolanus.—*Hooke.*

[A short time after the expulsion of the kings of Rome, occurred the conflicts between the nobles and the people, the latter being greatly oppressed, and having no means of redress. This led to the secession of the people to the Sacred Mount, and the establishment of the *Tribunes* of the people. One of the most interesting stories connected with this conflict is that of Coriolanus, who, although he had defeated the Volscians, and thus saved Rome from great perils, fell into disgrace in consequence of his efforts to check the increasing power of the people. In the following extract from Hooke's "Roman History," the legend is expanded in a very picturesque manner. How much of it is true it is of course impossible to say.]

1. CORIOLANUS was a distinguished Roman senator and general, who had rendered eminent services to the republic. But these services were no security against envy and popular prejudices. He was at length treated with great severity and ingratitude by the senate and people of Rome, and obliged to leave his country to preserve his life. Of a haughty and indignant spirit, he resolved to avenge himself; and with this view applied to the Volscians, the enemies of Rome, and tendered them his services against his native country. The offer was cordially embraced, and Coriolanus was made general of the Volscian army. He recovered from the Romans all the towns they had taken from the Volsci; carried by assault several cities in Latium; and led his troops within five miles of the city of Rome.

2. After several unsuccessful embassies from the senate, all hope of pacifying the injured exile appeared to be extinguished; and the sole business at Rome was to prepare, with the utmost diligence, for sustaining a siege. The young and able-bodied men had instantly the guard of the gates and trenches assigned to them; while those of the veterans who, though exempt by their age from bearing arms, were yet capable of service, undertook the defense of the ramparts. The women, in the mean while, terrified by these movements, and the impending danger, into a neglect of their own wonted decorum, ran tumultuously from their houses to the temples. Every sanctuary, and especially the temple of Jupiter Capitoli'nus, resounded with the wailings and loud supplications of women, prostrate before the statues of their divinities.

3. In this general consternation and distress, Valeria (sister of the famous Valerius Poplic'ola), as if moved by a divine impulse, suddenly took her stand upon the top of the steps of the Temple of Jupiter, assembled the women about her, and having first exhorted them not to be terrified by the greatness of the present danger, confidently declared, "That there was yet hope for the republic; that its preservation depended upon them, and upon the performance of the duty they owed their country."

4. "Alas!" cried one of the company, "what resource can there be in the weakness of wretched women, when our bravest men, our ablest warriors themselves, despair?"—"It is not by the sword, nor by strength of arm," replied Valeria, "that we are to prevail; these belong not to our sex. Soft, moving words must be our weapons and our force. Let us all, in our mourning attire, and accompanied by our children, go and entreat Veturia, the mother of Coriolanus, to intercede with her son for our common country. Veturia's prayers will bend his soul to pity. Haughty and implacable as he has hitherto appeared, he has not a heart so cruel and obdurate as not to relent when he shall see his mother, his revered, his beloved mother, a weeping suppliant, at his feet."

5. This motion being universally applauded, the whole train of women took their way to Veturia's house. Her son's wife, Volumnia, who was sitting with her when they arrived, and was greatly surprised at their coming, hastily asked the meaning of so extraordinary an appearance. "What is it," said she; "what can be the motive that has brought so numerous a company of visitors to this house of sorrow?"

6. Valeria then addressed herself to the mother: "It is to you, Veturia, that these women have recourse in the extreme peril with which they and their children are threatened. They entreat, implore, conjure you, to compassionate their distress, and the distress of our common country. Suffer not Rome to become a prey to the Volsci, and our enemies to triumph over our liberty. Go to the camp of Coriolanus; take with you Volumnia and her two sons; let that excellent wife join her inter-

cession to yours. Permit these women with their children to accompany you; they will all cast themselves at his feet. O, Veturia, conjure him to grant peace to his fellow-citizens. Cease not to beg until you have obtained. So good a man can never withstand your tears; our only hope is in you. Come, then, Veturia; the danger presses; you have no time for deliberation; the enterprise is worthy of your virtue; Heaven will crown it with success; Rome shall once more owe its preservation to our sex. You will justly acquire to yourself an immortal fame, and have the pleasure to make every one of us a sharer in your glory."

7. Veturia, after a short silence, with tears in her eyes, answered: "Weak indeed is the foundation of your hope, Valeria, when you place it in the aid of two miserable women. We are not wanting in affection to our country, nor need we any remonstrance or entreaties to excite our zeal for its preservation. It is the power only of being serviceable that fails us. Ever since that unfortunate hour, when the people in their madness so unjustly banished Coriolanus, his heart has been no less estranged from his family than from his country. You will be convinced of this sad truth, by his own words to us at parting.

8. "When he returned home from the assembly, where he had been condemned, he found us in the depth of affliction, bewailing the miseries that were sure to follow our being deprived of so dear a son, and so excellent a husband. We had his children upon our knees. He kept himself at a distance from us; and, when he had awhile stood silent, motionless as a rock, his eyes fixed, and without shedding a tear; 'Tis done,' he said.—'O mother, and thou, Volumnia, the best of wives, to you Marcius is no more. I am banished hence for my affection to my country, and the service I have done it. I go this instant; and I leave forever a city, where all good men are proscribed. Support this blow of fortune with the magnanimity that becomes women of your high rank and virtue. I commend my children to your care. Educate them in a manner worthy of you, and of the race from which they come.

Heaven grant, they may be more fortunate than their father, and never fall short of him in virtue; and may you in them find your consolation!—Farewell.'

9. "We started up at the sound of this word, and with loud cries of lamentation ran to him to receive his last embraces. I led his elder son by the hand; Volumnia had the younger in her arms. He turned his eyes from us, and putting us back with his hand, 'Mother,' said he, 'from this moment you have no son: our country has taken from you the stay of your old age.—Nor to you, Volumnia, will Marcius be henceforth a husband; mayest thou be happy with another, more fortunate!—My dear children, you have lost your father.'

10. "He said no more, but instantly broke away from us. He departed from Rome without settling his domestic affairs, or leaving any orders about them; without money, without servants, and even without letting us know to what part of the world he would direct his steps. It is now the fourth year since he went away; and he has never inquired after his family, nor, by letter or messenger, given us the least account of himself: so that it seems that his mother and his wife were the chief objects of that general hatred which he shows to his country.

11. "What success then can you expect from our entreaties to a man so implacable? Can two women bend that stubborn heart, which even all the ministers of religion were not able to soften? And indeed what shall I say to him? What can I reasonably desire of him?—that he would pardon ungrateful citizens, who have treated him as the vilest criminal? that he would take compassion upon a furious, unjust populace, which had no regard for his innocence? and that he would betray a nation, which has not only opened him an asylum, but has even preferred him to her most illustrious citizens in the command of her armies? With what face can I ask him to abandon such generous protectors, and deliver himself again into the hands of his most bitter enemies? Can a Roman mother, and a Roman wife, with decency, exact, from a son and a husband, compliances which must dishonor him before both gods

and men? Mournful circumstance, in which we have not power to hate the most formidable enemy of our country! Leave us therefore to our unhappy destiny; and do not desire us to make it more unhappy, by an action that may cast a blemish upon our virtue."

12. The women made no answer but by their tears and entreaties. Some embraced her knees; others besought Volumnia to join her prayers to theirs; all conjured Veturia not to refuse her country the last assistance. Overcome at length by their urgent solicitations, she promised to do as they desired. The very next day, all the most illustrious of the Roman women repaired to Veturia's house. There they presently mounted a number of chariots, which the consuls had ordered to be made ready for them; and, without any guard, took the way to the enemy's camp.

13. Coriolanus, perceiving from afar that long train of chariots, sent out some horsemen to learn the design of it. They quickly brought him word that it was his mother, his wife, and a great number of other women, and their children, coming to the camp. He doubtless conjectured what views the Romans had in so extraordinary a deputation; that this was the last expedient of the senate; and, in his own mind, he determined not to let himself be moved.

14. But he reckoned upon a savage inflexibility that was not in his nature; for going out with a few attendants to receive the women, he no sooner beheld Veturia attired in mourning, her eyes bathed in tears, and with a countenance and motion that spoke her sinking under a load of sorrow, than he ran hastily to her; and not only calling her mother, but adding to that word the most tender epithets, embraced her, wept over her, and held her in his arms to prevent her falling. The like tenderness he presently after expressed to his wife, highly commending her discretion in having constantly remained with his mother, since his departure from Rome. And then with the warmest paternal affection, he caressed his children.

15. When some time had been allowed to those silent tears of joy, which often flow plenteously at the sudden and unex-

pected meeting of persons dear to each other, Veturia entered upon the business she had undertaken. After many forcible appeals to his understanding and patriotism, she exclaimed: "What frenzy, what madness of anger transports my son! Heaven is appeased by supplications, vows, and sacrifices; shall mortals be implacable? Will Marcius set no bounds to his resentment? But allowing that thy enmity to thy country is too violent to let thee listen to her petition for peace; yet be not deaf, my son, be not inexorable to the prayers and tears of thy mother.

16. "Thou dreadest the very appearance of ingratitude toward the Volsci; and shall thy mother have reason to accuse thee of being ungrateful? Call to mind the tender care I took of thy infancy and earliest youth; the alarms, the anxiety, I suffered on thy account, when, entered into the state of manhood, thy life was almost daily exposed in foreign wars; the apprehensions, the terrors, I underwent, when I saw thee so warmly engaged in our domestic quarrels, and, with heroic courage, opposing the unjust pretensions of the furious plebeians.

17. "My sad forebodings of the event have been but too well verified. Consider the wretched life I have endured, if it may be called life, the time that has passed since I have been deprived of thee. O Marcius, refuse me not the only request I ever made to thee; I will never importune thee with any other. Cease thy immoderate anger; be reconciled to thy country; this is all I ask: grant me but this, and we shall both be happy. Freed from those tempestuous passions which now agitate thy soul, and from all the torments of self-reproach, thy days will flow smoothly on in the sweet serenity of conscious virtue; and as for me, if I carry back to Rome the hopes of an approaching peace, an assurance of thy being reconciled to thy country, with what transports of joy shall I be received! In what honor, in what delightful repose, shall I pass the remainder of my life! What immortal glory shall I have acquired!"

18. Coriolanus made no attempt to interrupt Veturia while

she was speaking; and when she had ceased, he still continued in deep silence. Anger, hatred, and desire of revenge, balanced in his heart those softer passions which the sight and discourse of his mother had awakened in his breast. Veturia, perceiving his irresolution, and fearing the event, thus renewed her expostulations: "Why dost thou not answer me, my son? Is there then such greatness of mind in giving all to resentment? Art thou ashamed to grant anything to a mother who thus entreats thee, thus humbles herself to thee? If it be so, to what purpose shall I longer endure a wretched life?" As she uttered these words, interrupted by sighs, she threw herself prostrate at his feet. His wife and children did the same; and all the other women, with united voices of mournful accent, begged and implored his pity.

19. The Volscian officers, not able, unmoved, to behold this scene, turned away their eyes; but Coriolanus, almost beside himself to see Veturia at his feet, passionately cried out: "Ah! mother, what art thou doing?" And, tenderly pressing her hand in raising her up, he added, in a low voice: "Rome is saved, but thy son is lost!" Early the next morning Coriolanus broke up his camp, and peaceably marched his army homeward. Nobody had the boldness to contradict his orders. Many were exceedingly dissatisfied with his conduct; but others excused it, being more affected with his filial love to his mother than with their own interests.

Virginia.—*Macaulay.*

[From "Lays of Ancient Rome," by Lord Macaulay. In this poem is told the famous legend of Virginia and the incident which led to the abolition of the Decemvirate at Rome (449 B.C.).]

OVER the Alban mountains the light of morning broke;
From all the roofs of the Seven Hills curled the thin wreaths of smoke:
The city gates were opened; the Forum, all alive
With buyers and with sellers, was humming like a hive:
Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke was ringing,
And blithely o'er her panniers the market-girl was singing;
And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her home:
Ah! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome!

With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm.
She crossed the Forum, shining with the stalls in alleys gay,
And just had reached the very spot whereon I stand this day,
When up the varlet Marcus came; not such as when, erewhile,
He crouched behind his patron's heels, with the true client smile;
He came with lowering forehead, swollen features, and clenched fist,
And strode across Virginia's path, and caught her by the wrist.
Hard strove the frighted maiden, and screamed with look aghast;
And at her scream, from right and left, the folks came running fast;
The money-changer Crispus, with his thin silver hairs,
And Hanno from the stately booth glittering with Punic wares,
And the strong smith Muræna, grasping a half-forged brand,
And Volero the flesher, his cleaver in his hand.
All came in wrath and wonder; for all knew that fair child;
And, as she passed them twice a day, all kissed their hands and smiled;
And the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such a blow,
The caitiff reeled three paces back, and let the maiden go.
Yet glared he fiercely round him, and growled in harsh, fell tone,
"She's mine, and I will have her. I seek but for mine own:
She is my slave, born in my house, and stolen away and sold,
The year of the sore sickness, ere she was twelve hours old.
'Twas in the sad September, the month of war and fright,
Two augurs were borne forth that morn; the consul died ere night.
I wait on Appius Claudius; I waited on his sire:
Let him who works the client wrong, beware the patron's ire!"

So spake the varlet Marcus; and dread and silence came
On all the people at the sound of the great Claudian name.
For then there was no Tribune to speak the word of might,
Which makes the rich man tremble, and guards the poor man's right.
There was no bravo Licinius, no honest Sextius then;
But all the city, in great fear, obeyed the wicked Ten.
Yet ere the varlet Marcus again might seize the maid,
Who clung tight to Muræna's skirt, and sobbed and shrieked for aid,
Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius pressed,
And stamped his foot, and rent his gown, and smote upon his breast,
And sprang upon that column, by many a minstrel sung,
Whereon three mouldering helmets, three rustling swords are hung,
And beckoned to the people, and in bold voice and clear
Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants quake to hear.

"Now, by your children's cradles, now, by your fathers' graves,
Be men to-day, Quiri'tes, or be forever slaves!

For this did Servius give us laws? For this did Lucrece bleed?
For this was the great vengeance done on Tarquin's evil seed?
For this did those false sons make red the axes of their sire?
For this did Scævola's right hand hiss in the Tuscan fire?
Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race that stormed the lion's den?
Shall we, who could not brook one lord, crouch to the wicked Ten?
Oh for that ancient spirit which curbed the Senate's will!
Oh for the tents which in old time whitened the Sacred Hill!
In those brave days our fathers stood firmly side by side;
They faced the Marcian fury; they tamed the Fabian pride;
They drove the fiercest Quinctius an outcast forth from Rome;
They sent the haughtiest Claudius with shivered fasces home.
But what their care bequeathed us our madness flung away:
All the ripe fruit of threescore years was blighted in a day.
Exult, ye proud Patricians! The hard-fought fight is o'er.
We strove for honors—'twas in vain: for freedom—'tis no more.
No crier to the polling summons the eager throng;
No Tribune breathes the word of might that guards the weak from wrong.
Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down beneath your will;
Riches, and lands, and power, and state—ye have them;—keep them still.
Still keep the holy fillets; still keep the purple gown,
The axes, and the curule chair, the car and laurel crown:
Still press us for your cohorts, and, when the fight is done,
Still fill your garners from the soil which our good swords have won.
Still, like a spreading ulcer, which leech-craft may not cure,
Let your foul usance eat away the substance of the poor;
Still let your haggard debtors bear all their fathers bore;
Still let your dens of torment be noisome as of yore;
No fire when Tiber freezes; no air in dog-star heat;
And store of rods for freeborn backs, and holes for freeborn feet.
Heap heavier still the fetters; bar closer still the grate;
Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate.
But, by the Shades beneath us, and the Gods above,
Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more cruel love!
Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage springs
From consuls, and high pontiffs, and ancient Alban kings?
Ladies who deign not on our paths to set their tender feet,
Who from their cars look down with scorn upon the wondering street—
Who in Corinthian mirrors their own proud smiles behold,
And breathe of Capuan odors, and shine with Spanish gold?
Then leave the poor plebeian his single tie to life—
The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of wife,

The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed soul endures,
The kiss, in which he half forgets even such a yoke as yours.
Still let the maiden's beauty swell the father's breast with pride;
Still let the bridegroom's arms enfold an unpolluted bride.
Spare us the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable shame,
That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to flame.
Lest when our latest hope is fled ye taste of our despair,
And learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much the wretched dare."

* * * * *

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,
Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down;
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell, sweet child! Farewell!
Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be,
To thee, thou know'st, I was not so. Who could be so to thee?
And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to hear
My footsteps on the threshold when I came back last year!
And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,
And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown!
Now all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways,
Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays:
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.
Our house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey!
With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.
He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
Foul outrage which thou know'st not, which thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this."

With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.
Then for a little moment all people held their breath;
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death;
And in another moment brake forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall.
Some with averted faces shrieking fled home amain;
Some ran to call a leech, and some ran to lift the slain;
Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life might there be found;
And some tore up their garments fast, and strove to stanch the wound.
In vain they ran, and felt, and stanched; for never truer blow
That good right arm had dealt in fight against a Volscian foe.

When Appius Claudius saw that deed he shuddered and sank down,
And hid his face some little space with the corner of his gown,
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife on high.
"Oh! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain:
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!"
So spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and went his way;
But first cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan; and then with steadfast feet,
Strode right across the market-place unto the Sacred street,
Then up sprang Appius Claudius: "Stop him; alive or dead!
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head."
He looked upon his clients, but none would work his will.
He looked upon his lictors, but they trembled and stood still.
And as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left
And he hath passed in safety into his woeful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done in Rome.

["The unparalleled tale was told by Virginius to his comrades; the eyes of all were opened to the gap which the absence of tribunitian protection had made in the security of law; and what the fathers had done their sons repeated. Once more the armies abandoned their leaders: they marched in warlike order through the city, and proceeded once more to the Sacred Mount, where they again nominated their own tribunes. Still the decemvirs refused to resign their power, and the army appeared with its tribunes in the city, and encamped on the Aventine. Then, at length, when civil war was imminent and the conflict in the streets might hourly begin, the decemvirs renounced their usurped and dishonored power: and Lucius Valerius and Marcus Horatius negotiated a second compromise, by which the tribunate of the plebs was again established. The impeachment of the decemvirs terminated in the two most guilty, Appius Claudius and Spurius Oppius, committing suicide in prison, while the other eight went into exile and the state confiscated their property."—*Mommsen's History of Rome.*]

Battle of Cannæ.—*Arnold.*

[At the commencement of the second Punic War, Hannibal, having completed the conquest of Spain, crossed the Pyrenees and Alps, and at the river Tici'nus met and defeated the Romans under their consul, Scipio (218 B.C.). A few days afterward he inflicted a severe defeat upon the other consul, Sempro'nius, near the river Tre'bia, a short distance from the scene of the first conflict. The next year another great victory was gained by him near the lake Trasime'nus. Hannibal then advanced into Southern Italy; and the Romans, who had somewhat recovered from their previous disasters, and had collected an immense army under the consuls Æmilius and Varro, again gave the invaders battle at Cannæ (216 B.C.). This dreadful conflict is described in the following extract from Dr. Arnold's "History of Rome."]

1. On the first of Sextilis, or August, Hannibal being now quite ready, drew out his army in front of his camp and offered battle. Æmilius, however, remained quiet, resolved not to fight on such ground, and hoping that Hannibal would soon be obliged to fall back nearer the hills, when he found that he could no longer forage freely in the country near the sea. Hannibal, seeing that the enemy did not move, marched back his infantry into his camp, but sent his Numidian cavalry across the river to attack the Romans on that side, as they were coming down in straggling parties to the bank to get water; for the Au'fidus, though its bed is deep and wide, to hold its winter floods, is a shallow or a narrow stream in summer, with many points easily fordable, not by horse only, but by infantry. The watering parties were driven in with some loss, and the Numidians followed them to the very gates of the camp, and obliged the Romans, on the right bank, to pass the summer night in the burning Apulian plain without water.

2. At daybreak the next morning, the red ensign, which was the well-known signal for battle, was seen flying over Varro's head-quarters; and he issued orders, it being his day of command, for the main army to cross the river, and form in order of battle on the right bank. Whether he had any further object in crossing to the right bank than to enable the soldiers on that side to get water in security, we do not know; but Hannibal, it seems, thought that the ground on either bank

suited him equally; and he, too, forded the stream at two separate points, and drew out his army opposite to the enemy.

3. The strong town of Canusium was scarcely three miles off in his rear; he had left his camp on the other side of the river; if he were defeated, escape seemed hopeless. But when he saw the wide, open plain around him, and looked at his numerous and irresistible cavalry, and knew that his infantry, however inferior in numbers, were far better and older soldiers than the great mass of their opponents, he felt that defeat was impossible. In this confidence his spirits were not cheerful merely, but even mirthful; he rallied one of his officers jestingly who noticed the overwhelming numbers of the Romans: those near him laughed; and as any feeling at such a moment is contagious, the laugh was echoed by others; and the soldiers, seeing their great general in such a mood, were satisfied that he was sure of victory.

4. The Carthaginian army faced the north, so that the early sun shone on their right flank, while the wind, which blew strong from the south, but without a drop of rain, swept its cloud of dust over their backs, and carried them full into the faces of the enemy. On their left, resting on the river, were the Spanish and Gaulish horse; next in the line, but thrown back a little, were half of the African infantry, armed like the Romans; on their right, somewhat in advance, were the Gauls and Spaniards, with their companies intermixed; then came the rest of the African foot, again thrown back like their comrades; and on the right of the whole line were the Numidian light horsemen.

5. The right of the army rested, so far as appears, on nothing; the ground was open and level; but at some distance were hills overgrown with copsewood, and furrowed with deep ravines, in which, according to one account of the battle, a body of horsemen and of light infantry lay in ambush. The rest of the light troops, and the Balearian slingers, skirmished as usual in front of the whole line. Meanwhile, the masses of the Roman infantry were forming their line opposite. The sun on their left flashed obliquely on their brazen helmets, now

uncovered for battle, and lit up the waving forests of their red and black plumes, which rose upright from their helmets a foot and a half high.

6. They stood brandishing their formidable pila, covered with their long shields, and bearing on their right thigh their peculiar and fatal weapon, the heavy sword, fitted alike to cut and to stab. On the right of the line were the Roman legions; on the left the infantry of the allies; while between the Roman right and the river were the Roman horsemen, all of them of wealthy or noble families; and on the left, opposed to the Numidians, were the horsemen of the Italians and of the Latin name. The *velites*, or light infantry, covered the front, and were ready to skirmish with the light troops and slingers of the enemy.

7. For some reason or other, which is not explained in any account of the battle, the Roman infantry were formed in columns rather than in line, the files of the maniples containing many more than their ranks. This seems an extraordinary tactic to be adopted in a plain by an army inferior in cavalry, but very superior in infantry. Whether the Romans relied on the river as a protection to the right flank, and their left was covered in some manner which is not mentioned,—one account would lead us to suppose that it reached nearly to the sea,—or whether the great proportion of new levies obliged the Romans to adopt the system of the phalanx, and to place their raw soldiers in the rear, as incapable of fighting in the front ranks with Hannibal's veterans,—it appears, at any rate, that the Roman infantry, though nearly double the number of the enemy, yet formed a line of only equal length with Hannibal's.

8. The skirmishing of the light-armed troops preluded as usual to the battle: the Balearian slingers slung their stones like hail into the ranks of the Roman line, and severely wounded the consul Æmilius himself. Then the Spanish and Gaulish horse charged the Romans front to front, and maintained a standing fight with them, many leaping off their horses and fighting on foot, till the Romans, outnumbered and badly armed, without cuirasses, with light and brittle spears,

and with shields made only of ox-hide, were totally routed and driven off the field.

9. Hasdrubal, who commanded the Gauls and Spaniards, followed up his work effectually; he chased the Romans along the river till he had almost destroyed them; and then, riding off to the right, he came up to aid the Numidians, who, after their manner, had been skirmishing indecisively with the cavalry of the Italian allies. These, on seeing the Gauls and Spaniards advancing, broke away and fled; the Numidians, most effective in pursuing a flying enemy, chased them with unwearied speed, and slaughtered them unsparingly; while Hasdrubal, to complete his signal service on this day, charged fiercely upon the rear of the Roman infantry.

10. He found its huge masses already weltering in helpless confusion, crowded upon one another, totally disorganized, and fighting, each man as best he could, but struggling on against all hope by mere indomitable courage. For the Roman columns on the right and left, finding the Gaulish and Spanish foot advancing in a convex line or wedge, pressed forward to assail what seemed the flanks of the enemy's column; so that, being already drawn up with too narrow a front by this original formation, they now became confused still more by their own movements, the right and left converging toward the centre, till the whole army became one dense column, which forced its way onward by the weight of its charge, and drove back the Gauls and Spaniards into the rear of their own line.

11. Meanwhile, its victorious advance had carried it, like the English column at Fontenoy (*fon-ta-nwah'*), into the midst of Hannibal's army; it had passed between the African infantry on its right and left; and now, whilst its head was struggling against the Gauls and Spaniards, its long flanks were fiercely assailed by the Africans, who, facing about to the right and left, charged it home, and threw it into utter disorder. In this state, when they were forced together into one unwieldly crowd, and already falling by thousands, while the Gauls and Spaniards, now advancing in their turn, were barring further progress in front, and while the Africans were tearing their mass to pieces

on both flanks, Hasdrubal, with his victorious Gaulish and Spanish horsemen, broke with thundering fury upon their rear.

12. Then followed a butchery such as has no recorded equal, except the slaughter of the Persians in their camp, when the Greeks forced it after the battle of Platæa. Unable to fight or fly, with no quarters asked or given, the Romans and Italians fell before the swords of their enemies, till, when the sun set upon the field, there were left, out of that vast multitude, no more than three thousand men alive and unwounded; and these fled in straggling parties, under cover of the darkness, and found a refuge in the neighboring towns. The consul Æmilius, the proconsul Servilius, the late master of the horse, M. Minucius, two quæstors', twenty-one military tribunes, and eighty senators, lay dead amidst the carnage; Varro, with seventy horsemen, had escaped from the rout of the allied cavalry on the right of the army, and made his way safely to Venusia.

13. Less than six thousand men of Hannibal's army had fallen; no greater price had he paid for the total destruction of more than eighty thousand of the enemy, for the capture of their two camps, for the utter annihilation, as it seemed, of all their means of offensive warfare. It is no wonder that the spirit of the Carthaginian officers were elated by this unequalled victory. Mahar'bal, seeing what his cavalry had done, said to Hannibal, "Let me advance immediately with the horse, and do thou follow to support me; in four days from this time thou shalt sup in the capitol." There are moments when rashness is wisdom; and it may be that this was one of them. The statue of the goddess Victory in the capitol may well have trembled in every limb on that day, and have dropped her wings as if forever, but Hannibal came not; and if panic had for one moment unnerved the iron courage of the Roman aristocracy, on the next their inborn spirit revived; and their resolute will, springing beyond its present power, created, as is the law of our nature, the power which it required.

[This was the last important victory gained by Hannibal. The Romans rallied, and

under their great leaders, Fabius and Marcellus, together with Scipio in Spain and Africa, succeeded in turning the tide of victory against the Carthaginians. Hannibal was recalled to defend Carthage itself against the assaults of Scipio, and on the plains of Zama met with a final and disastrous defeat (202 B.C.). This ended the second Punic War.]

Destruction of Carthage.—*Ferguson.*

[The third Punic War was brought on by the inveterate hatred of the Romans toward Carthage; Cato, one of their senators, ending every speech which he made with the words, "*Delenda est Carthago*" (Carthage must be destroyed). A pretext was soon found for attack; and although the Carthaginians complied with every demand of their inveterate foes, even surrendering their arms and military stores, they were told at last that they must leave the city and abandon it to destruction. They then became desperate, shut the city gates, and put to death every Roman within its walls, being determined to defend the city to the last. The result is told in the following extract from the "History of the Roman Republic," by Adam Ferguson, LL.D.]

1. CARTHAGE was situated at the bottom of a spacious bay, covered on the west by the promontory of Apollo, on the east by that of Her'mes, or Mercury, at the distance of about fifteen leagues from each other. The city stood on a peninsula joined to the mainland by an isthmus about three miles in breadth, and covering a basin or harbor, in which their docks and their shipping were secured from storms and hostile attacks. The Byrsa, or citadel, commanded the isthmus, and presented at this only entrance to the town by land a wall thirty feet thick and sixty feet high. The whole circumference of the place was about twenty miles.

2. The besiegers, by their shipping, had access to that side of the town on which the walls were washed by the sea; but were shut out from the harbor by a chain which was stretched across its entrance. Hasdrubal had taken post on the basin over against the town, and by these means still preserved the communication of the city with the country. Scipio,* to dislodge him from this post, made a feint at a distant part of the fortifications to scale the walls, actually gained the battlements, and gave an alarm which obliged the Carthaginian general to throw himself into the city.

3. Scipio, satisfied with having obtained his end, took pos-

* This Scipio had been adopted by the son of the great Scipio Africanus. He was the son of Paulus Æmilius, the conqueror of Perseus. After the destruction of Carthage he was styled Scipio Africanus the Younger.

session of the post which the other had abandoned; and being now master of the isthmus, and the whole continental side of the harbor, advanced to the walls of the Byrsa. In his camp he covered himself as usual with double lines; one facing the fortifications of the enemy, consisting of a curtain twelve feet high, with towers at proper intervals, of which one in the centre was high enough to overlook the ramparts, and to afford a view of the enemy's works. The other line secured his rear from surprise on the side of the country; and both effectually guarded the isthmus, and obstructed all access to the town by land.

4. The besieged, however, still received some supply of provisions by sea; their victuallers took the benefit of every wind that blew fresh and right into the harbor, to pass through the enemy's fleet, who durst not unmoor to pursue them; and Scipio, to cut off this resource, projected a mole from the mainland to the point of the peninsula across the entrance of the harbor. He began to throw in his materials on a foundation of ninety feet, with an intention to contract the mound as it rose to twenty-four feet at the top. The work, when first observed from Carthage, was considered as a vain undertaking; but when it appeared to advance with a sensible progress, gave a serious alarm.

5. The Carthaginians, to provide against the evils which they began to foresee from this obstruction at the entrance of their harbor, undertook a work more difficult, and more vast than that of the besiegers, to cut across the peninsula within their walls, and to open a new passage to the sea; and this they had actually accomplished by the time that the other passage was shut. Notwithstanding the late surrender of all their shipping and stores, they had at the same time, by incredible efforts, assembled or constructed a navy of sixty galleys.

6. With this force they were ready to appear in the bay, while the Roman ships lay unmanned and unrigged, secure against any danger from an enemy whom they supposed shut up by impenetrable bars; and in these circumstances, if the Carthaginians had availed themselves of the surprise with which

they might have attacked their enemy, they must have done great execution on the Roman fleet. But having spent no less than two days in clearing their new passage after it was known to be open, and in preparing for action, they gave the enemy likewise full time to prepare. On the third they engaged, fought for the whole day without gaining any advantage; and in their retreat at night, suffered greatly from the enemy, who pressed on their rear.

7. While the besiegers endeavored to obstruct this new communication with the sea, the besieged made a desperate attempt on their works by land. A numerous body of men, devoting their lives for the defense of their country, without any arms, and provided only with matches, crossed the harbor, and, exposing themselves to certain death, set fire to the engines and towers of the besiegers; and while they were surrounded and put to the sword, willingly perished in the execution of their purpose. In such operations the summer elapsed; and Scipio, with the loss of his engines, and a renewal of all the difficulties which he had formerly to encounter at sea, contenting himself with a blockade for the winter, discontinued the siege.

8. His command being prolonged for another year, he resumed his attack in the spring; and finding the place greatly reduced by despair and famine, he forced his way by one of the docks, where he observed that the battlements were low and unguarded. His arrival in the streets did not put him in possession of the town. The inhabitants, during six days, disputed every house and every passage, and successively set fire to the buildings whenever they were obliged to abandon them. Above fifty thousand persons of different sexes, who had taken refuge in the citadel, at last accepted of quarter, and were led captive from thence in two separate divisions, one of twenty-five thousand women, and another of thirty thousand men.

9. Nine hundred deserters, who had left the Roman army during the siege, having been refused the quarter which was granted to the others, took post in a temple which stood on an eminence, with a resolution to die with swords in their hands, and with the greatest effusion of blood to their enemies. To

these Hasdrubal, followed by his wife and his children, joined himself; but not having the courage to persist in the same purpose with these deserters, he left the temple and accepted of quarter. His wife, in the mean time, with more ferocity or magnanimity than her husband, laid violent hands on her children, and, together with the dead bodies, threw herself into the flame of a burning ruin. The deserters, too, impatient of the dreadful expectations which they felt, in order to hasten their own fate, set fire to the temple in which they had sought a temporary cover, and perished in the flames.

10. The city continued to burn during seventeen days; and all this time the soldiers were allowed to seize whatever they could save from the flames or wrest from the hands of the dying inhabitants, who were still dangerous to those who approached them. The tidings of the taking of Carthage were received at Rome with uncommon demonstrations of joy. The victors, recollecting all the passages of their former wars, the alarms that had been given by Hannibal, and the irreconcilable antipathy of the two nations, gave orders to raze the fortifications of Carthage, and even to destroy the materials of which they were built [146 B.C.].

[Thus perished this magnificent city, after it had existed seven centuries. Under the Emperor Augustus it was rebuilt, and became, in the second century of our era, one of the finest cities of the Roman empire. It was again destroyed by the Arabs in the seventh century, and now only a few ruins remain to mark its site.]

Assassination of Julius Cæsar.—*Merivale.*

[Cæsar, having vanquished his great rival, Pompey, and all the partisans of the latter, became master of Rome, being made *Perpetual Dictator*. He fell a victim, however, to a conspiracy, at the head of which was his friend Brutus, and Cassius, whose previous hostility Cæsar had freely pardoned. This event took place just as Cæsar was about to set out, in order to assume the command of the armies, with the view to extend the dominion of Rome. The following account is from the "History of the Romans," by Charles Merivale.]

1. CÆSAR'S preparations for his departure were almost complete. The Senate was convened for the Ides of March, the fifteenth day of the month; and at that meeting it was confidently expected the odious proposition would be openly made for conferring the royal name and power on the dictator in the

provinces. Among the floating stories of the day, was a prediction that the Ides of March should be fatal to Cæsar. He had received, it appears, intimations from more than one quarter, of the danger which threatened him; but he resolutely rejected all advice to guard himself against it, relying, as he declared, implicitly on the good sense or gratitude of the citizens.

2. It had long been the fixed principle of his philosophy, that the only way to enjoy life was to banish the fear of death. On the eve of the fatal day, he was entertained by Lepidus; and when, in the course of conversation, some one started the question, *What kind of death is the best?* it was remarked that he cut short the discussion abruptly with the reply, *That which is least expected.* The constant tradition of antiquity declared that, among many prognostics of an impending catastrophe, his wife had revealed to him in the morning an ominous dream, and when she prevailed upon him to consult the sacrificers, the signs of the victims were fearfully inauspicious.

3. Whether his own superstitious feelings gained the ascendency, or whether he was overcome by the entreaties of Calpurnia, he consented at last to send Antonius to dismiss the Senate or to excuse his absence. At this moment Decimus Brutus came to attend him on his way to the place of meeting. On hearing the dictator's reluctant avowal of his scruples, he was struck with consternation at the prospect of the victim's escape; for the conspirators, meanwhile, were in momentary apprehension of discovery.

4. Brutus himself, tormented by fear or conscience, had failed to conceal his agitation since he had embarked in the enterprise; and his nervous excitement was shamed by the firmness of his wife, who pierced her own thigh and long concealed the wound, to extract his secret from him by this proof of her self-control. With Porcia, indeed, the secret of the tyrannicides[v] was secure; but not so with many of the wild, unprincipled men to whom it had been confided; every moment of delay made the danger of its divulgement more imminent.

5. Under pretense of escorting the son of Cassius, who had just assumed the gown of manhood, the conspirators assembled early, and proceeded in a body to the Portico before the theatre of Pompeius, the place assigned for the meeting of the Senate being a hall immediately adjacent. It had never been the ordinary custom of the Romans to wear arms in the city, and when the commotions of Milo and Clodius were put down, a special enactment had been introduced to check such a practice, which seemed to be creeping in through the license and perilousness of the times. But the Roman senator carried his iron stylus[v] in a little case, and in the place of the implement of writing, the conspirators had furnished themselves each with a dagger.

6. While awaiting the arrival of the dictator, Brutus and Cassius occupied themselves as prætors[v] with listening to casual applications, and the freedom with which the former expressed himself, rebuking those who boasted that Cæsar would reverse his decisions, was especially remarked. But as the morning wore on, the conspirators were exposed to redoubled risks. A senator, addressing Casca with a significant smile, said, *You have concealed your secret from me, but Brutus has revealed it.* In another moment, Casca would have pressed his hand and communicated the design, but the other went on to allude to his meditated competition for the ædileship[v], and the conspirator saw that he was undiscovered. Popil'ius Lænas whispered to Brutus, *What you have in hand dispatch quickly,* and was immediately lost in the crowd. It was never known to what he referred, but the conscious assassins were disconcerted and alarmed.

7. Meanwhile, Decimus Brutus had recovered his presence of mind. He saw that all was lost unless Cæsar could be brought to the spot where the ambush awaited him. He rallied him on the weakness of Calpurnia, hinted some friendly disparagement of the hero's own resolution, and assured him that so favorable a moment might not again arrive for the sanction of his views and wishes by the decree of the subservient senators. Cæsar yielded, and quitted his house. Hardly had he turned his back when a slave besought an audience of

Calpurnia, declared to her that there was some design in agitation against her husband's life, and desired to be kept in confinement till the event should prove his assertion.

8. As Cæsar proceeded along the Forum and Velabrum from the mansion of the chief pontiff to the theatre of Pompeius, more than one person, it seems, pressed toward him to warn him of his doom. But the conspirators to whom that part of the business was assigned, crowded closely about him, and the press of his attendants was almost too great to allow of a mere stranger's approach. One man, indeed, succeeded in thrusting a paper into his hand, and earnestly exhorted him to read it instantly. It was supposed to have contained a distinct announcement of the impending danger; but Cæsar was accustomed to receive petitions in this way, and paid no immediate attention to it, though he had it still rolled up in his hand when he entered the senate-house. As he was borne along in his litter (for he affected sickness to countenance the excuse which Calpurnia had persuaded him to send to the Senate), he observed, complacently, to the augur Spurinna, who had foreboded evil on that fatal day, *The Ides of March are come. Yes,* muttered the sage; *but not yet passed.*

9. At the moment when Cæsar descended from his litter at the door of the hall, Popilius Lænas, the same who had just before spoken so mysteriously to Brutus, approached him, and was observed to enter into earnest conversation with him. The conspirators regarded one another, and mutually revealed their despair with a glance. Cassius and others were grasping their daggers beneath their robes; their last resource was to dispatch themselves. But Brutus, observing that the manner of Popilius was that of one supplicating rather than warning, restored his companions' confidence with a smile.

10. Cæsar entered: his enemies closed in a dense mass around him, and while they led him to his chair kept off all intruders. Trebonius was specially charged to detain Antonius in conversation at the door. Scarcely was the victim seated when Tillius Cimber approached with a petition for his brother's pardon. The others, as was concerted, joined in

the supplication, grasping his hands and embracing his neck. Cæsar at first put them gently aside, but, as they became more importunate, repelled them with main force. Tillius seized his toga with both hands, and pulled it violently over his arms. Then Casca, who was behind, drew a weapon and grazed his shoulder with an ill-directed stroke. Cæsar disengaged one hand and snatched at the hilt, shouting, *Cursed Casca, what means this? Help*, cried Casca to his brother Lucius, and at the same moment the others aimed each his dagger at the devoted object.

11. Cæsar for an instant defended himself, and even wounded one of the assailants with his stylus; but when he distinguished Brutus in the press, and saw the steel flashing in his hand also, *What! thou too, Brutus!* he exclaimed, let go his hold of Casca, and drawing his robe over his face, made no further resistance. The assassins stabbed him through and through, for they had pledged themselves, one and all, to bathe their daggers in his blood. Brutus himself received a wound in their eagerness and trepidation. The victim reeled a few paces, propped by the blows he received on every side, till he fell dead at the foot of Pom-pe'i-us's statue.

[Cæsar was in his fifty-sixth year at the time of his assassination. He fell pierced with twenty-three wounds, only one of which, as the physician who examined the body affirmed, was in itself mortal. The deed of atrocity and base treachery by which he fell has found defenders and even panegyrists in ancient as well as modern times, on the plea that Cæsar was the destroyer of his country's liberties and hence beyond the pale of human and divine law. Shakspeare, however, justly sums up the motives of the conspirators in the following lines on the character of Brutus, who slew himself after the disastrous battle of Philippi.]

Brutus.—*Shakspeare.*

THIS was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

Julius Cæsar, Act V., Scene V.

Character of Julius Cæsar.—*Middleton.*

[From the "Life of Cicero," by Dr. Conyers Middleton.]

1. CÆSAR was endowed with every great and noble quality that could exalt human nature, and give a man the ascendant in society; formed to excel in peace, as well as in war; provident in counsel; fearless in action; and executing what he had resolved with amazing celerity; generous beyond measure to his friends; placable to his enemies; and for parts, learning, eloquence, scarcely inferior to any man. His orations were admired for two qualities which are seldom found together—strength and elegance. Cicero ranks him among the greatest orators that Rome ever bred; and Quintilian says, that he spoke with the same force with which he fought; and if he had devoted himself to the bar, would have been the only man capable of rivalling Cicero.

2. Nor was he a master only of the politer arts; but conversant also with the most abstruse and critical parts of learning; and, among other works which he published, addressed two books to Cicero on the analogy of language, or the art of speaking and writing correctly. He was a most liberal patron of wit and learning wheresoever they were found; and out of his love of those talents, would readily pardon those who had employed them against himself; rightly judging that by making such men his friends, he should draw praises from the fountain from which he had been aspersed.

3. His capital passions were ambition and love of pleasure, which he indulged in their turns to the greatest excess; yet the first was always predominate, to which he could easily sacrifice all the charms of the second, and draw pleasure even from toils and dangers when they ministered to his glory. For he thought Tyranny, as Cicero says, the greatest of goddesses; and had frequently in his mouth a verse of Euripides, which expressed the image of his soul, that, if right and justice were ever to be violated, they were to be violated for the sake of reigning.

4. This was the chief end and purpose of his life; the scheme that he had formed from his early youth; so that, as Cato truly declared of him, he came with sobriety and meditation to the subversion of the republic. He used to say that there were two things to acquire and support power—soldiers and money; which yet depended mutually upon each other. With money, therefore, he provided soldiers, and with soldiers extorted money; and was, of all men, the most rapacious in plundering both friends and foes, sparing neither prince, nor state, nor temple, nor even private persons who were known to possess any share of treasure.

5. His great abilities would necessarily have made him one of the first citizens of Rome; but disdaining the condition of a subject, he could never rest till he made himself a monarch. In acting this last part, his usual prudence seemed to fail him, as if the height to which he was mounted had turned his head and made him giddy; for, by a vain ostentation of his power, he destroyed the stability of it; and as men shorten life by living too fast, so, by an intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end.

Motives of Cæsar's Conduct.—*Napoleon.*

[From the "History of Julius Cæsar," by the late Emperor of France, Napoleon III.]

1. We have represented Cæsar obeying only his political convictions, whether as an ardent advocate of all the popular measures, or as an avowed partisan of Pompey; we have also shown him aspiring, by a noble ambition, to power and honors; but we are not ignorant that historians in general assign other motives to his conduct. They represent him, even from the year 684,* as having already his plans determined, his snares laid, his instruments prepared. They attribute to him an absolute prescience of the future, a faculty of directing men and things according to his will, and of rendering every one the unconscious accomplice of his deep designs. All his ac-

* Year after the building of Rome, same as 69 B.C.

tions have a concealed motive, which the historian boasts to have discovered after the fact.

2. If Cæsar assumes the standard of Marius, making himself the defender of the oppressed, and the prosecutor of the venal assassins of a perished tyranny,* it is in order to acquire followers necessary to gratify his ambition; if he contends with Cicero in favor of proceedings strictly legal, against the accomplices of Catiline, or in order to support an agrarian law, the political object of which he approves;—if, in order to repair a great injustice committed by Sylla, he advocates that the children of the proscribed should be restored to their rights, it is to compromise the great orator with the popular party; if, on the contrary, he places his influence at the service of Pompey; if, on the occasion of the war against the pirates, he aids in obtaining for him an extraordinary authority; if he supports the decree, which, in addition to this, confers upon him the command of the army against Mithrida'tes; if, later, he causes to be decreed to him, while absent, extraordinary honors, he has still only in view the Machiavellian object of turning the greatness of Pompey to his own advantage.

3. So that if he defends liberty, it is to destroy his enemies: if he defends power, it is to accustom the Romans to tyranny. Finally, if Cæsar seeks the consulship, like all the other members of the Roman nobility, it is, say they, because he already viewed across the fasces of the consul, and through the dust of battles, the dictatorship—even the throne. Such an interpretation arises from the too common fault of not considering the nature of events themselves, but only in relation to the character of an individual which they have served to develop.

4. Strange inconsistency, to attribute at the same time to men of superior genius, paltry motives, and superhuman prescience! No, it was not the petty design of checking Cicero which actuated Cæsar: it was not mere policy, more or less adroit, to which he had recourse; he obeyed a deeply-impressed conviction; which is manifestly proved by the fact that as soon

* This refers to the dictatorship of Sylla.

as he rose to power, his first acts were to carry into effect, as consul or dictator, the very measures which he had advocated as a private citizen. Of this, the agrarian law and the restoration of the proscribed to their rights are examples.

5. No, if he supports Pompey, it is not because he believed himself able to abase him whom he had exalted; but because that illustrious general had embraced the same cause as himself; for it has been given to no one so to read the future as to divine what use the conqueror of Mithridates would make of his triumphs and his popularity. Indeed, when Pompey landed in Italy on his return, Rome was in a state of anxiety. *Will he disband his army?* This was the universal cry of alarm. *If he returns as a master, no one will be able to resist him.* Contrary to the general expectation, Pompey disbanded his troops. Now, how could Cæsar have anticipated a moderation so rare in those times?

6. Is it any more true to say of Cæsar when he became proconsul, that he aspired to absolute power? No, in departing for Gaul, he could not think of being able to reign at Rome, any more than General Bonaparte could have anticipated the Empire, when, in 1796, he took command of the army of Italy. Was it possible for Cæsar to foresee, that during an absence of ten years in Gaul, fortune would never desert him, and that at the end of that time, circumstances at Rome would still favor his projects?

7. Was he able to foresee that the death of his daughter would break the ties which attached him to Pompey?—that Crassus, instead of returning in triumph from the East, would be defeated and slain by the Parthians?—that the assassination of Clodius would convulse all Italy?—finally, that the anarchy which he had designed to prevent by the establishment of the triumvirate would be the means of his own elevation? Cæsar had before his eyes great examples to follow; he advanced gloriously in the footsteps of Scipio and Paulus Æmilius: like Sylla, the hatred of his enemies compelled him to seize the dictatorship, but for a cause more noble, and by means devoid both of vengeance and cruelty.

8. Let us not sedulously strive to find little passions in great minds. The success of superior men (and it is a consoling thought) depends rather upon the loftiness of their sentiments than upon artifice and selfish schemes; it depends much more on their skill in profiting by circumstances than upon the blind presumption of believing that they are able to control those events which are in the hand of God alone. Without doubt, Cæsar had faith in his destiny and confidence in his genius; but faith is instinct, not calculation; and genius presses on to the future, without foreseeing its mysterious march.

Cruelty of Tiberius.—*Tacitus.*

[The picture which Tacitus graphically presents of Tiberius, the successor of Augustus, is that of a suspicious and merciless despot. During the latter part of his life he took up his abode in the island of Capreæ, where he abandoned himself to every species of licentiousness and cruelty. The incidents related in the following extract from the "Annals" of Tacitus, forcibly illustrate his character.]

1. It will not be unfit to mention in this place, a few instances of that savage cruelty which the tyrant practiced in his lone retreat; and which, though well authenticated, cannot now be referred to any particular year. The place of execution, where so many unhappy wretches died in misery, is still shown amidst the rocks of Ca'preæ. It stood on a jutting eminence; and from that fatal spot all who incurred his displeasure were, after enduring the most exquisite torments, thrown headlong into the sea, where a crew of mariners waited to receive them, with orders, lest any spark of life might remain unextinguished, to break their limbs and crush their mangled bodies.

2. Besides a number of his old friends and confidential intimates whom he retained near his person, he drew from Rome no less than twenty of the most eminent citizens to be his chief advisers, and to form his cabinet council. Of these chosen favorites, if we except two or three at most, the whole number were, for various reasons, put to death. Sejanus was the most distinguished victim; a man taken into favor, at first, perhaps, with personal regard and motives of real friendship; but, as there is now room to think, continued in office for political reasons.

3. By raising this man to the summit of power, and styling him his associate in the administration, Tiberius probably meant to throw the odium of his worst and most oppressive deeds on the favorite minister: with his assistance, perhaps, he thought that the hated house of Germanicus would be more easily crushed, and, in consequence of that measure, that the succession to the imperial dignity might be secured for the surviving issue of his son Drusus.

4. That point accomplished, a politic and designing prince like Tiberius would not be at a loss how to discard, or even ruin a minister who had conducted his pernicious measures to the end desired. It is highly probable that when he conferred the highest honors on Sejanus, he had even then planned his destruction. While he raised the superstructure, he was secretly employed in sapping the foundation. Such was the genius of Tiberius; by nature subtle, dark, designing, and always mysterious, he had exercised his talents in the school of politics, and became, by constant practice, the great master of craft and dissimulation.

5. What he could do by an act of power, he chose rather to accomplish by the crooked means of deceit and stratagem. There never occurred a juncture in which he was not able to overwhelm Sejanus, by barely signifying his will and pleasure. An obsequious Senate was ready either to pay homage to the favorite, or at a blow to dispatch the man whom they beheld with envy and secret detestation. The charge against Sejanus was no sooner opened than the fathers, without any further inquiry, pronounced his final doom. The event showed the nature of that assembly.

6. In all cases of importance, when either a real delinquent was to be brought to justice, or an eminent citizen was to suffer for his talents and his virtue, we have seen that Tiberius affected still to preserve the forms of a regular constitution, and to consider the Senate as the supreme court of judicature. From the decision of the fathers he hoped to borrow some degree of sanction to color the violence of his own proceedings. This policy, however, was confined to persons of high consid-

eration in the State. In his solitary island he committed petty murders without remorse or ceremony.

7. He had ordered a person whom he suspected as an accomplice in the destruction of his son Drusus, to attend his presence in the isle of Capreæ; and it happened that he invited, at the same time, a friend from Rhodes on a visit of pleasure. The friend arrived first, and no sooner set his foot on the shore than he was seized by the guards, and, as a delinquent, hurried away and put to the rack. Tiberius heard of the mistake, but was not otherwise moved than to say, with calm composure, "Since you have begun with him, you may finish your work, and put the man out of his pain."

8. Upon another occasion, when a funeral was passing by, a person of some pleasantry said to the corpse, "Go, and inform Augustus that the legacies which he left to the common people have not as yet been paid." Tiberius ordered the unfortunate wit to be brought before him; and, after paying him what was computed to be his share, sent him to immediate execution, saying, at the same time, "Go, and tell Augustus that you have received your legacy." Not a day passed without some new proof of that sullen malignity, which he pampered in solitude, and converted, at length, into a rooted hatred of mankind. The most common occurrences irritated his passions, and disclosed the rancor of his heart

9. In a few days after he arrived at Capreæ, as he was walking in a sequestered part of the island, a fisherman, eager to mark his respect for the emperor, made his way over rugged steeps and pointed rocks, to present a barbel of uncommon size. Alarmed by this intrusion on his privacy, Tiberius ordered the man's face to be well rubbed with his own barbel. The astonished fisherman, as soon as he recovered from his fright, congratulated himself that he had not brought with him a large crab which he had taken on the coast. Tiberius called for the crab, and with the claws and edge of the shell cut and mangled the poor fellow's features, till he made his countenance a woeful spectacle.

10. These, it must be acknowledged, are minute particulars,

and may be thought unworthy of the historian's pen; but when they serve to produce strokes of character, and lay open the inward temper of the man, even such materials may be allowed to merit our attention. The merciless disposition of Tiberius, and the unrelenting cruelty with which he took away the lives of the most illustrious citizens, have been seen in a variety of tragic issues, and, perhaps, will be placed in a conspicuous light by those smaller incidents which the diligence of other writers has collected, and which, for that reason, deserve to be here recorded.

11. Death was considered by Tiberius as the end of human sorrow, and, consequently, as the slightest punishment that he could inflict. Whenever the unhappy prisoner wished to die, and lay down at once his load of affliction, that relief was sure to be denied; he was condemned to groan in misery. It happened that a man, of the name of Carvilius, finding himself accused of some real or pretended crime, put a period to his days. Being informed of the fact, Tiberius exclaimed, "That man has escaped from me." Upon another occasion he thought fit to make all his prisoners pass in review before him. One of them, harassed out with pain, petitioned for a speedy execution. "No," said Tiberius; "I have not yet made up my quarrel with you."

12. Historians relate another transaction, which, by a difference of opinion among themselves, they have rendered somewhat doubtful; but since they have transmitted it as a problem to exercise the judgment of posterity, it may with propriety be inserted in this place, and left to try its fortune with the reader. A man, whose name is not mentioned, but, as it seems, an architect by profession, was employed by Tiberius to repair an arch that was tottering to its fall. He succeeded in his work, to the surprise of all who beheld it; and, after receiving a reward for his skill and ingenuity, was, by the jealous malignity of the emperor, sent into banishment.

13. Addicted to the mechanic arts and fond of useful inventions, this man found the method of manufacturing glass to a degree of perfection unknown before. Having prepared his

materials, and made a vase of the most beautiful composition, he went to present it to Tiberius in the isle of Capreæ, little doubting that, for so fine a piece of workmanship, he should obtain his pardon. Tiberius had a circle of his courtiers around him. The transparent vessel excited the admiration of all. The artist received it from the hands of the emperor, and, to show the wonders of his skill, dashed it on the ground.

14. The company were alarmed, but in a short time stood astonished to see that, instead of flying into fragments, it was only bent and flattened in the part that struck against the ground. Their surprise was still more increased when they saw the ingenious mechanic take out his hammer and restore the glass to its original form, as if it had the flexibility of a malleable metal. Tiberius desired to know whether he had communicated the secret of his art to any other person; and being assured that no one knew it, he ordered him to be hurried away to instant execution, giving for his reason that a manufacture which could transmute ordinary ingredients into so fine a form would lessen the value of brass and gold and silver, and ought, for that reason, to be abolished forever.

15. Such were the repeated acts of fell and savage cruelty which Tiberius hoped to hide in the solitude of Capreæ. Rome, in the mean time, was a scene of slaughter, where superior talents, virtue, truth, and innocence perished by the stroke of lawless power. The charge of violated majesty [treason] was the signal of destruction, and a letter from Capreæ was a warrant for execution. The Senate obeyed the mandate; no rule of law prevailed; justice was trampled under foot; reason and humanity were never heard; and all who did not dispatch themselves, were sure to perish by the judgment of a corrupt tribunal.

[Notwithstanding his vicious excesses, Tiberius lived to the age of seventy-eight. He was succeeded by Caligula (A.D. 37), under whose reign the Romans continued to suffer the calamities of the previous administration. Nor was their condition greatly improved when Claudius ascended the throne; while under his successor, Nero, it became still worse, that emperor proving a monster of cruelty and wickedness.]

Death of Nero.—*De Quincey.*

[After a reign of about fourteen years, during which he had perpetrated the most revolting crimes and cruelties, Nero found himself compelled to flee from his palace to escape an ignominious death, the army in Spain having proclaimed Galba emperor in his stead. The precise mode of Nero's death is thus described by Thomas De Quincey in his historical essay entitled "The Cæsars."]

1. NERO now prepared for flight; and sending forward commissioners to prepare the fleet at Ostia for his reception, he tampered with such officers of the army as were at hand, to prevail upon them to accompany his retreat. But all showed themselves indisposed to such schemes, and some flatly refused. Upon which he turned to other counsels; sometimes meditating a flight to the king of Parthia, or even to throw himself on the mercy of Galba; sometimes inclining rather to the plan of venturing into the forum in mourning apparel, begging pardon for his past offenses, and, as a last resource, entreating that he might receive the appointment of Egyptian prefect[v].

2. This plan, however, he hesitated to adopt, from some apprehension that he should be torn in pieces in his road to the forum; and, at all events, he concluded to postpone it to the following day. Meantime events were now hurrying to their catastrophe, which forever anticipated that intention. His hours were numbered, and the closing scene was at hand. In the middle of the night he was aroused from slumber with the intelligence that the military guard who did duty at the palace had all quitted their posts. Upon this the unhappy prince leaped from his couch, never again to taste the luxury of sleep, and dispatched messengers to his friends.

3. No answers were returned; and upon that he went personally, with a small retinue, to their hotels. But he found their doors everywhere closed, and all his importunities could not avail to extort an answer. Sadly and slowly he returned to his own bedchamber; but there again he found fresh instances of desertion, which had occurred during his short absence. The pages of his bedchamber had fled, carrying with

them the coverlids of the imperial bed, which were probably inwrought with gold, and even a golden box in which Nero had, on the preceding day, deposited poison prepared against the last extremity.

4. Wounded to the heart by this general desertion, and perhaps by some special case of ingratitude, such as would probably enough be signalized in the flight of his personal favorites, he called for a gladiator of the household to come and dispatch him. But none appearing, "What," said he, "have I neither friend nor foe?" And so saying, he ran toward the Tiber with the purpose of drowning himself. But that paroxysm, like all the rest, proved transient, and he expressed a wish for some hiding-place, or momentary asylum, in which he might collect his unsettled spirits, and fortify his wandering resolution.

5. Such a retreat was offered him by his freedman, Phaon, in his own rural villa, about four miles distant from Rome. The offer was accepted; and the emperor, without further preparation than that of throwing over his person a short mantle of a dusky hue, and enveloping his head and face in a handkerchief, mounted his horse and left Rome with four attendants. It was still night, but probably verging toward the early dawn, and even at that hour the imperial party met some travellers on their way to Rome (coming up, no doubt, on law business), who said, as they passed, "These men are certainly in chase of Nero."

6. Two other incidents of an interesting nature are recorded of this short but memorable ride. At one point of the road the shouts of the soldiery assailed their ears from the neighboring encampment of Galba. They were probably then getting under arms for their final march to take possession of the palace. At another point an accident occurred of a more unfortunate kind, but so natural and so well circumstantiated, that it serves to verify the whole narrative: a dead body was lying on the road, at which the emperor's horse started so violently as nearly to dismount his rider, and, under the difficulty of the moment, compelled him to withdraw the hand

which held up the handkerchief, and suddenly to expose his features. Precisely at this critical moment it happened that an old half-pay officer passed, recognized the emperor, and saluted him.

7. Perhaps it was with some purpose of applying a remedy to this unfortunate rencontre, that the party dismounted at a point where several roads met, and turned their horses adrift to graze at will amongst the furze and brambles. Their own purpose was to make their way to the back of the villa; but, to accomplish that, it was necessary that they should first cross a plantation of reeds, from the peculiar state of which they found themselves obliged to cover successively each space upon which they trod with parts of their dress, in order to gain any supportable footing. In this way, and contending with such hardships, they reached at length the postern side of the villa. Here we must suppose that there was no regular ingress; for, after waiting until an entrance was pierced, it seems that the emperor could avail himself of it in no more dignified posture than by creeping through the hole on his hands and feet.

8. Now, then, after such anxiety, alarm, and hardship, Nero had reached a quiet rural asylum. But for the unfortunate occurrence of his horse's alarm, with the passing of the soldier, he might perhaps have counted on a respite of a day or two in this noiseless and obscure abode. But what a habitation for him who was yet ruler of the world in the eye of law, and even *de facto* was so, had any fatal accident befallen his aged competitor! The room in which (as the one most removed from notice and suspicion) he had secreted himself, was a *cella*, or little sleeping closet of a slave, furnished only with a miserable pallet and a coarse rug. Here lay the founder and possessor of the Golden House, too happy if he might hope for the peaceable possession even of this miserable crypt.

9. But that, he knew too well, was impossible. A rival pretender to the empire was like the plague of fire—as dangerous in the shape of a single spark left unextinguished, as in that of a prosperous conflagration. But few brief sands yet remained to run in the emperor's hour-glass; much variety of degrada-

tion or suffering seemed scarcely within the possibilities of his situation, or within the compass of the time. Yet, as though Providence had decreed that his humiliation should pass through every shape, and speak by every expression which came home to his understanding, or was intelligible to his senses, even in these few moments he was attacked by hunger and thirst. No other bread could be obtained (or, perhaps, if the emperor's presence were concealed from the household, it was not safe to raise suspicion by calling for better) than that which was ordinarily given to slaves,—coarse, black, and, to a palate so luxurious, doubtless disgusting.

10. This accordingly he rejected; but a little tepid water he drank. After which, with the haste of one [illegible] fears that he may be prematurely interrupted, but otherwise, [illegible] with all the reluctance which we may imagine, and which his [illegible] in tears proclaimed, he addressed himself to the *last* lab[illegible] which he supposed himself to have any interest on this ear[illegible] that of digging a grave. Measuring a space adjusted to [illegible] proportions of his person, he inquired anxiously for any l[illegible] fragments of marble, such as might suffice to line it. He [illegible] quested also to be furnished with wood and water, as the mat[illegible] rials for the last sepulchral rites. And these labors we[illegible] accompanied, or continually interrupted by tears and lamenta[illegible] tions, or by passionate ejaculations on the blindness of fortune, in suffering so divine an artist to be thus violently snatched away, and on the calamitous fate of musical science, which *then* stood on the brink of so dire an eclipse.

11. In these moments he was most truly in an *agony*, according to the original meaning of that word, for the *conflict* was great between two master principles of his nature: on the one hand, he clung, with the weakness of a girl, to life, even in that miserable shape to which it had now sunk, and, like the poor malefactor with whose last struggles Prior has so atrociously amused himself, "he often took leave, but was loath to depart." Yet, on the other hand, to resign his *life* very speedily seemed his only chance for escaping the contumelies, perhaps the tortures, of his enemies; and, above al[illegible]

other considerations, for making sure of a burial, and possibly of burial rites, to want which, in the judgment of the ancients, was the last consummation[v] of misery.

12. Thus occupied and thus distracted—sternly attracted to the grave by his creed, hideously repelled by infirmity of nature—he was suddenly interrupted by a courier with letters for the master of the house—letters, and from Rome! What was their import? That was soon told—briefly that Nero was adjudged to be a public enemy by the Senate, and that official orders were issued for apprehending him, in order that he might be brought to condign punishment according to the method of ancient precedent. Ancient precedent! And how was that? eagerly demanded the emperor. He was answered, that the State criminal in such cases was first stripped naked, then impaled, as it were, between the prongs of a pitchfork, and in that condition scourged to death.

13. Horror-struck with this account, he drew forth two poniards or short swords, tried their edges, and then in utter imbecility of purpose, returned them to their scabbards, alleging that the destined moment had not yet arrived. Then he called upon Sporus, the infamous partner in his former excesses, to commence the funeral anthem. Others, again, he besought to lead the way in dying, and so sustain him by the spectacle of their example. But this purpose also he dismissed at the very moment of utterance; and turning away despairingly, he apostrophized[v] himself in words reproachful or aniinating, now taxing his nature with infirmity of purpose, now calling on himself by name, with adjurations[v], to remember his dignity, and to act worthy of his supreme station.

14. Thus, and in similar efforts to master the weakness of his reluctant nature—weakness which would extort pity from the severest minds, were it not from the odious connection which in him it had with cruelty the most merciless—did this unhappy prince consume the flying moments, until at length his ear caught the fatal sounds or echoes from a body of horsemen riding up to the villa. These were the officers charged with his arrest; and if he should fall into their hands alive he

knew that his last chance was over for liberating himself by a Roman death, from the burden of ignominious life, and from a lingering torture.

15. He paused from his restless motions, listened attentively, then repeated a line from Homer—(The resounding tread of swift-footed horses reverberates upon my ears);—then under some momentary impulse of courage, gained, perhaps, by figuring to himself the bloody populace rioting upon his mangled body, yet even then needing the auxiliary hand and vicarious courage of his private secretary, the feeble-hearted prince stabbed himself in the throat. The wound, however, was not such as to cause instant death. He was still breathing, and was not quite speechless, when the centurion who commanded the party entered the closet; and to this officer, who uttered a few hollow words of encouragement, he was still able to make a brief reply. But in the very effort of speaking he expired, and with an expression of horror impressed upon his stiffened features, which communicated a sympathetic horror to all beholders.

16. Such was the too memorable tragedy which closed forever the brilliant line of the Julian family, and translated the august title of Cæsar from its original purpose as a proper name to that of an official designation. It is the most striking instance upon record of a dramatic and extreme vengeance overtaking extreme guilt; for, as Nero had exhausted the utmost possibilities of crime, so it may be affirmed that he drank off the cup of suffering to the very extremity of what his peculiar nature allowed. And in no life of so short a duration have there ever been crowded equal extremities of gorgeous prosperity and abject infamy.

Destruction of the Temple at Jerusalem.—*Josephus.*

[The most noted event of the reign of Vespasian was the taking and destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, the son of the emperor (A.D. 70). This was accomplished after a terrible siege of six months, the particulars of which are minutely narrated by Josephus in his "Wars of the Jews," from which account the following is a short extract.]

1. So Titus retired into the tower of Antonia, and resolved to storm the temple the next day, early in the morning, with

his whole army, and to encamp round about the holy house; but, as for that house, God had, for certain, long ago doomed it to the fire. And now that fatal day was come, according to the revolution of ages; it was the tenth day of the month Lous, upon which it was formerly burnt by the king of Babylon; although these flames took their rise from the Jews themselves, and were occasioned by them; for upon Titus's retiring, the seditious lay still for a little while, and then attacked the Romans again, when those that guarded the holy house fought with those that quenched the fire that was burning in the inner court of the temple; but these Romans put the Jews to flight, and proceeded as far as the holy house itself.

2. At which time one of the soldiers, without staying for any orders, and without any concern or dread upon him at so great an undertaking, and being hurried on by a certain divine fury, snatched somewhat out of the materials that were on fire, and being lifted up by another soldier, set fire to a golden window, through which there was a passage to the rooms that were round about the holy house, on the north side of it. As the flames went upward the Jews made a great clamor, such as so mighty an affliction required, and ran together to prevent it; and now they spared not their lives any longer, nor suffered anything to restrain their force, since that holy house was perishing, for whose sake it was that they kept such a guard about it.

3. And now a certain person came running to Titus, and told him of this fire, as he was resting himself in his tent after the last battle; whereupon he rose up in great haste, and, as he was, ran to the holy house, in order to have a stop put to the fire; after him followed all his commanders, and after them the several legions in great astonishment; so there was a great clamor and tumult raised, as was natural, upon the disorderly motion of so great an army.

4. Then did Cæsar, by both calling to the soldiers that were fighting, with a loud voice, and by giving a signal to them with his right hand, order them to quench the fire; but they did not hear what he said, though he spoke so loud, having

their ears already dinned by a greater noise another way; nor did they attend to the signal he made with his right hand, as still some of them were distracted with fighting, and others with passion. But as for the legions that came running thither, neither any persuasions nor any threatenings could restrain their violence, but each one's own passion was his commander at the time; and as they were crowding into the temple together, many of them were trampled on by one another, while a great number fell among the ruins of the cloisters, which were still hot and smoking, and were destroyed in the same miserable way with those whom they had conquered; and when they had come near the holy house, they made as if they did not so much as hear Cæsar's orders to the contrary; but they encouraged those that were before them to set it on fire.

5. As for the seditious, they were in too great distress already to afford their assistance toward quenching the fire; they were everywhere slain, and everywhere beaten; and as for a great part of the people, they were weak and without arms, and had their throats cut whenever they were caught. Now, round about the altar lay dead bodies heaped one upon another; as at the steps going up to it ran a great quantity of their blood, whither also the dead bodies that were slain above, on the altar, fell down.

6. And now, since Cæsar was no way able to restrain the enthusiastic fury of the soldiers, and the fire proceeded on more and more, he went into the holy place of the temple, with his commanders, and saw it, with what was in it, which he found to be far superior to what the relations of foreigners contained, and not inferior to what we ourselves boasted of and believed about it; but as the flame had not as yet reached to its inward parts, but was still consuming the rooms that were about the holy house, and Titus supposing what the fact was, that the house itself might yet be saved, came in haste and endeavored to persuade the soldiers to quench the fire, and gave orders to Liberalius the centurion, and one of those spearmen that were about him, to beat the soldiers that were refractory with their staves, and to restrain them.

7. Yet were their passions too hard for the regard they had for Cæsar, and the dread they had for him who forbade them was not as great as their hatred of the Jews, and a certain vehement inclination which they had to fight them. Moreover, the hope of plunder induced many to go on, as having this opinion, that all the places within were full of money, and as seeing that all round about it was made of gold; and besides, one of those that went into the place prevented Cæsar, when he ran so hastily out to restrain the soldiers, and threw the fire upon the hinges of the gate, in the dark; whereby the flame burst out from within the house itself immediately, when the commanders retired, and Cæsar with them; and then nobody any longer forbade those that were without to set fire to it, and thus was the holy house burnt down without Cæsar's approbation.

8. Now, although any one would justly lament the destruction of such a work as this was, since it was the most admirable of all the works that we have seen or heard of, both for its curious structure and its magnitude, and also for the vast wealth bestowed upon it, as well as for the glorious reputation it had for its holiness; yet might such a one comfort himself with this thought, that it was fate that decreed it so to be, which is inevitable, both as to living creatures and as to works and places also.

9. However, one cannot but wonder at the accuracy of this period thereto relating; for the same month and day were now observed, wherein the holy house was burnt formerly by the Babylonians. Now the number of years that passed from its first foundation, which was laid by King Solomon, till this its destruction, which happened in the second year of the reign of Vespasian, are collected to be one thousand one hundred and thirty, besides seven months and fifteen days; and from the second building of it, which was done by Hag'ga-i, in the second year of Cyrus the king, till its destruction under Vespasian, these were six hundred and thirty-nine years and forty-five days.

[Nearly three centuries afterward, the attempt was made by the Emperor Julian to

rebuild the Temple; and the Jewish population entered zealously into the project. "The men forgot their avarice and the women their delicacy; spades and pickaxes of silver were provided by the vanity of the rich, and the rubbish was transported in mantles of silk and purple. Every purse was opened in liberal contributions, every hand claimed a share in the pious labor."* Their efforts were, however, frustrated. One historian of the time says, "Whilst Alypius, assisted by the governor of the province, urged, with vigor and diligence, the execution of the work, horrible balls of fire breaking out near the foundation, with frequent and reiterated attacks, rendered the place, from time to time inaccessible to the scorched and blasted workmen; and the victorious element continuing in this manner obstinately and resolutely bent, as it were, to drive them to a distance, the undertaking was abandoned."†]

Titus before Jerusalem.—*Milman.*

[From a dramatic poem entitled the "Fall of Jerusalem," by Rev. H. H. Milman.]

Titus. It must be—
And yet it moves me, Romans! It confounds
The counsel of my firm philsophy,
That Ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass o'er,
And barren salt be sown on yon proud city.
As on our olive-crowned hill we stand,
Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
Distills from stone to stone with gentle motion,
As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,
How boldly doth it front us how majestically!
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill-side
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer
To the blue heavens. There bright and sumptuous palaces,
With cool and verdant gardens interspersed;
There towers of war that frown in massy strength;
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory to that fated city.
And, as our clouds of battle, dust and smoke,
Are melted into air, behold the temple,
In undisturbed and lone serenity,
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven! It stands before us
A mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles!
The very sun, as though he worshipped there,
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs;

* Gibbon.

† This singular phenomenon is thought to have been caused by the accumulation of inflammable gases in the great excavations which lay under the city.

And down the long and branching porticoes,
On every flowery-sculptured capital,
Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
By Hercules! the sight might almost win
The offended majesty of Rome to mercy.

The Defeat of Attila.—*Creasy.*

[Of all the barbarous nations that contributed to the destruction of the Roman empire, the Huns, under their terrible leader, Attila, were the most ferocious. On the plains of Chalons their victorious progress was checked by Ætius, called sometimes the "Last of the Romans." The following account of this battle is from "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," by E. S. Creasy.]

1. THE pressure of the Huns upon Europe had first been felt in the fourth century of our era. They had long been formidable to the Chinese empire, but the ascendancy in arms which another nomadic tribe of Central Asia, the Sienpi, gained over them, drove the Huns from their Chinese conquest westward; and this movement once being communicated to the whole chain of barbaric nations that dwelt northward of the Black Sea and the Roman empire, tribe after tribe of savage warriors broke in upon the barriers of civilized Europe.

2. The Huns crossed the Tan a-is into Europe in 375 A.D., and rapidly reduced to subjection the Alans, the Ostrogoths, and other tribes that were then dwelling along the course of the Danube. The armies of the Roman emperor that tried to check their progress were cut to pieces by them, and Pannonia and other provinces south of the Danube were speedily occupied by the victorious cavalry of these new invaders. Not merely the degenerate Romans, but the bold and hardy warriors of Germany and Scandinavia, were appalled at the number, the ferocity, the ghastly appearance, and the lightning-like rapidity of the Huns. Strange and loathsome legends were coined and credited, which attributed their origin to the union of

"Secret, black, and midnight hags,"

with the evil spirits of the wilderness.

3. Tribe after tribe, and city after city, fell before them. Then came a pause in their career of conquest in southwestern

Europe, caused, probably, by dissensions among their chiefs, and also by their arms being employed in attacks upon the Scandinavian nations. But when Attila (or Atzel, as he is called in the Hungarian language) became their ruler, the torrent of their arms was directed, with augmented terrors, upon the west and the south, and their myriads marched beneath the guidance of one master-mind to the overthrow both of the new and the old powers of the earth.

4. Attila's fame has not come down to us through the partial and suspicious medium of chroniclers and poets of his own race. It is not from Hunnish authorities that we learn the extent of his might; it is from his enemies, from the literature and the legends of the nations whom he afflicted with his arms that we draw the unquestionable evidence of his greatness. Besides the express narratives of Byzantine, Latin, and Gothic writers, we have the strongest proof of the stern reality of Attila's conquests in the extent to which he and his Huns have been the themes of the earliest German and Scandinavian lays.

5. Wild as many of those legends are, they bear concurrent and certain testimony to the awe with which the memory of Attila was regarded by the bold warriors who composed and delighted in them. Attila's exploits, and the wonders of his unearthly steed and magic sword, repeatedly occur in the Sagas of Norway and Iceland; and the celebrated Niebelungen Lied, the most ancient of Germanic poetry, is full of them. There Etsel, or Attila, is described as the wearer of twelve mighty crowns, and as promising to his bride the land of thirty kings, whom his irresistible sword had subdued. He is, in fact, the hero of the latter part of this remarkable poem; and it is at his capital city, Etselenburgh, which evidently corresponds to the modern Buda, that much of its action takes place.

6. When we turn from the legendary to the historic Attila, we see clearly that he was not one of the vulgar herd of barbaric conquerors. Consummate military skill may be traced in his campaigns; and he relied far less on the brute force of

armies for the aggrandizement of his empire, than on the unbounded influence over the affections of friends, and the fears of foes, which his genius enabled him to acquire. Austerely sober in his private life—severely just on the judgment-seat—conspicuous among a nation of warriors for hardihood, strength, and skill in every martial exercise—grave and deliberate in counsel, but rapid and remorseless in execution, he gave safety and security to all who were under his dominion, while he waged a warfare of extermination against all who opposed or sought to escape from it.

7. He watched the national passions, the prejudices, the creeds, and the superstitions of the varied nations over which he ruled, and of those which he sought to reduce beneath his sway: all these feelings he had the skill to turn to his own account. His own warriors believed him to be the inspired favorite of their deities, and followed him with fanatic zeal; his enemies looked on him as the pre-appointed minister of heaven's wrath against themselves; and though they believed not in his creed, their own made them tremble before him.

8. In one of his early campaigns, he appeared before his troops with an ancient iron sword in his grasp, which he told them was the god of war whom their ancestors had worshipped. It is certain that the nomadic tribes of Northern Asia, whom Herodotus described under the name of Scythians, from the earliest times worshipped as their god a bare sword. That sword-god was supposed, in Attila's time, to have disappeared from earth; but the Hunnish king now claimed to have received it by special revelation.

9. It was said that a herdsman, who was tracking in the desert a wounded heifer by the drops of blood, found the mysterious sword standing fixed in the ground as if it had darted down from heaven. The herdsman bore it to Attila, who thenceforth was believed by the Huns to wield the Spirit of Death in battle; and their seers prophesied that that sword was to destroy the world. A Roman, who was on an embassy to the Hunnish camp, recorded in his memoirs Attila's acquisition of this supernatural weapon, and the immense influence

over the minds of the barbaric tribes which its possession gave him. In the title which he assumed, we shall see the skill with which he availed himself of the legends and creeds of other nations as well as of his own. He designated himself "Attila, descendant of the Great Nimrod. Nurtured in Engaddo. By the Grace of God, King of the Huns, the Goths, the Danes, and the Medes. The Dread of the World."

10. An attempt to assassinate Attila, made, or supposed to have been made, at the instigation of Theodoric the Younger, the Emperor of Constantinople drew the Hunnish armies, in 445, upon the Eastern empire, and delayed for a time the destined blow against Rome. Probably a more important cause of delay was the revolt of some of the Hunnish tribes to the north of the Black Sea against Attila, which broke out about this period, and is cursorily mentioned by Byzantine writers. Attila quelled this revolt, and having thus consolidated his power, and having punished the presumption of the Eastern Roman emperor by fearful ravages of his fairest provinces, in 450, he prepared to set his vast forces in motion for the conquest of Western Europe. He sought unsuccessfully by diplomatic intrigues to detach the king of the Visigoths from his alliance with Rome, and he resolved first to crush the power of Theodoric, and then to advance with overwhelming power to trample out the last sparks of the doomed Roman empire.

11. A strange invitation from a Roman princess gave him a pretext for the war, and threw an air of chivalric enterprise over his invasion. Honoria, sister of Valentinian III., the emperor of the West, had sent to Attila to offer him her hand and her supposed right to share in the imperial power. This had been discovered by the Romans, and Honoria had been forthwith closely imprisoned. Attila now pretended to take up arms in behalf of his self-promised bride, and proclaimed that he was about to march to Rome to redress Honoria's wrongs. Ambition and spite against her brother must have been the sole motives that led the lady to woo the royal Hun; for Attila's face and person had all the natural ugliness of his

race, and the description given of him by a Byzantine embassador must have been well known in the imperial courts.

12. Herbert has well versified the portrait drawn by Priscus of the great enemy of both Byzantium and Rome:

"Terrific was his semblance, in no mould
Of beautiful proportion cast; his limbs
Nothing exalted, but with sinews braced
Of Chalybean temper, agile, lithe,
And swifter than the roe; his ample chest
Was overbrow'd by a gigantic head,
With eyes keen, deeply sunk, and small, that gleam'd
Strangely in wrath, as though some spirit unclean,
Within that corporal tenement enstalled,
Look'd from its windows, but with temper'd fire
Beam'd mildly on the unresisting. Thin
His beard and hoary; his flat nostrils crown'd
A cicatrized, swart visage; but, withal,
That questionable shape such glory wore
That mortals quail'd beneath him."

13. Two chiefs of the Franks, who were then settled on the Lower Rhine, were at this period engaged in a feud with each other; and while one of them appealed to the Romans for aid, the other invoked the assistance and protection of the Huns. Attila thus obtained an ally whose co-operation secured for him the passage of the Rhine, and it was this circumstance which caused him to take a northward route from Hungary for his attack upon Gaul. The muster of the Hunnish hosts was swollen by warriors of every tribe that they had subjugated; nor is there any reason to suspect the old chroniclers of willful exaggeration in estimating Attila's army at seven hundred thousand strong.

14. Having crossed the Rhine probably a little below Coblentz, he defeated the king of the Burgundians, who endeavored to bar his progress. He then divided his vast forces into two armies, one of which marched northwest upon Tongres and Arras, and the other cities of that part of France, while the main body, under Attila himself, advanced up the Moselle, and destroyed Besançon and other towns in the country of

the Burgundians. One of the latest and best biographers of Attila well observes that, "having thus conquered the eastern part of France, Attila prepared for an invasion of the West Gothic territories beyond the Loire.

15. "He marched upon Orleans, where he intended to force the passage of that river, and only a little attention is requisite to enable us to perceive that he proceeded on a systematic plan. He had his right wing on the north for the protection of his Frank allies; his left wing on the south, for the purpose of preventing the Burgundians from rallying, and of menacing the passes of the Alps from Italy; and he led his centre toward the chief object of the campaign—the conquest of Orleans, and an easy passage into the West Gothic dominion. The whole plan is very like that of the allied powers in 1814, with this difference, that their left wing entered France through the defiles of the Jura, in the direction of Lyons, and that the military object of the campaign was the capture of Paris."

16. It was not until the year 451, that the Huns commenced the siege of Orleans; and during their campaign in eastern Gaul, the Roman general Aëtius had strenuously exerted himself in collecting and organizing such an army as might, when united to the Visigoths, be fit to face the Huns in the field. He enlisted every subject of the Roman empire whom patriotism, courage, or compulsion could collect beneath the standard; and round these troops, which assumed the once proud title of the legions of Rome, he arrayed the large forces of barbaric auxiliaries, whom pay, persuasion, or the general hate and dread of the Huns brought to the camp of the last of the Roman generals. King Theodoric exerted himself with equal energy. Orleans resisted her besiegers bravely as in after times. The passage of the Loire was skillfully defended against the Huns; and Aëtius and Theodoric, after much manœuvering and difficulty, effected a junction of their armies to the south of that important river.

17. On the advance of the allies upon Orleans, Attila instantly broke up the siege of that city and retreated toward the

Marne. He did not choose to risk a decisive battle with only the central corps of his army against the combined power of his enemies, and he therefore fell back upon his base of operations, calling in his wings from Arras and Besançon, concentrating the whole of the Hunnish forces on the vast plains of Châlons-sur-Marne. A glance at the map will show how scientifically this place was chosen by the Hunnish general as the point for his scattered forces to converge upon; and the nature of the ground was eminently favorable for the operations of cavalry, the arms in which Attila's strength peculiarly lay.

18. It was during the retreat from Orleans that a Christian hermit is reported to have approached the Hunnish king, and said to him, "Thou art the scourge of God for the chastisement of the Christians." Attila instantly assumed this new title of terror, which thenceforth became the appellation by which he was most widely and most fearfully known.

19. The confederate armies of Romans and Visigoths at last met their great adversary face to face on the ample battle-ground of Châlons plains. Aêtius commanded on the right of the allies; King Theodoric on the left; and Sangipan, king of the Alans, whose fidelity was suspected, was placed purposely in the centre, and in the very front of the battle. Attila commanded his centre in person, at the head of his own countrymen, while the Ostrogoths, the Gepidæ, and other subject allies of the Huns were drawn up on the wings. Some manœuvering appears to have occurred before the engagement, in which Aêtius had the advantage, inasmuch as he succeeded in occupying a sloping hill, which commanded the left flank of the Huns.

20. Attila saw the importance of the position taken by Aêtius on the high ground, and commenced the battle by a furious attack on this part of the Roman line, in which he seems to have detached some of his best troops from his centre to aid his left. The Romans having the advantage of the ground, repulsed the Huns, and while the allies gained this advantage on their right, their left, under King Theodoric, assailed the Ostrogoths, who formed the right of Attila's army.

The gallant king was himself struck down by a javelin, as he rode onward at the head of his men; and his own cavalry, charging over him, trampled him to death in the confusion. But the Visigoths, infuriated, not dispirited by their monarch's fall, routed the enemies opposed to them, and then wheeled upon the flank of the Hunnish centre, which had been engaged in a sanguinary and indecisive contest with the Alans.

21. In this peril Attila made his centre fall back upon his camp; and when the shelter of its intrenchments and wagons had once been gained, the Hunnish archers repulsed, without difficulty, the charges of the vengeful Gothic cavalry. Aëtius had not pressed the advantage which he gained on his side of the field, and when night fell over the wild scene of havoc, Attila's left was still undefeated; but his right had been routed and his centre forced back upon his camp.

22. Expecting an assault on the morrow, Attila stationed his best archers in front of the cars and wagons, which were drawn up as a fortification along his lines, and made every preparation for a desperate resistance. But the "Scourge of God" resolved that no man should boast of the honor of having either captured or slain him, and he caused to be raised in the centre of his encampment a huge pyramid of the wooden saddles of his cavalry; round it he heaped the spoils and the wealth that he had won; on it he stationed his wives who had accompanied him on the campaign; and on the summit Attila placed himself, ready to perish in the flames, and balk the victorious foe of their choicest booty, should they succeed in storming his defenses.

23. But when the morning broke and revealed the extent of the carnage with which the plains were heaped for miles, the successful allies saw also, and respected the resolute attitude of their antagonist. Neither were any measures taken to blockade him in his camp, and so to extort by famine that submission which it was too plainly perilous to enforce with the sword. Attila was allowed to march back the remnants of his army without molestation, and even with the semblance of success.

24. It is probable that the crafty Aëtius was unwilling to be too victorious. He dreaded the glory which his allies, the Visigoths, had acquired, and feared that Rome might find a second Alaric in Prince Thorismund, who had signalized himself in the battle, and had been chosen on the field to succeed his father Theodoric. He persuaded the young king to return at once to his capital, and thus relieved himself, at the same time, of the presence of a dangerous friend, as well as of a formidable though beaten foe.

25. Attila's attacks on the western empire were soon renewed, but never with such peril to the civilized world as had menaced it before his defeat at Châlons; and on his death, two years after that battle, the vast empire which his genius had founded was soon dissevered by the successful revolts of the subject nations. The name of the Huns ceased for some centuries to inspire terror in Western Europe, and their ascendency passed away with the life of the great king by whom it had been so fearfully augmented.

The First Crusade.—*Michelet.*

[When the Turks took possession of Syria and captured Jerusalem (1076), the Christain pilgrims were treated with the most shocking cruelty and insult; and the news of these atrocities excited the deepest indignation throughout Christendom. This led to a combination of forces in order to wage war against the infidels; and as all who entered into it were obliged to wear a cross of red stuff on the shoulder, the war was called a *Crusade*, and those who engaged in it Crusaders. The following account of the first of these expeditions is from Michelet's "History of France."]

1. A PICARD, vulgarly called Peter the Hermit, is said to have powerfully contributed, by his eloquence, to the great popular movement. On his return from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, he persuaded the French pope, Urban II., to preach the crusade, first at Placenza, then at Clermont (A.D. 1095). In Italy the call was unheeded; in France every one rushed to arms. At the council of Clermont, four hundred bishops or mitred abbots were present; it was the triumph of the Church and the people; and the condemnation of the greatest names on the earth, those of the emperor and the king of France, no less than the Turks; and of the dispute as well, concerning

the right of investiture, which had got mixed up with the question of advance on Jerusalem. All mounted the red cross on their shoulders. Red stuffs and vestments of every kind were torn in pieces, yet were insufficient for the purpose.

2. An extraordinary spectacle was then presented: the world seemed turned upside down. Men suddenly conceived a disgust for all they had before prized; and hastened to quit their proud castles, their wives, and children. There was no need of preaching; they preached to each other, says a contemporary, both by word and example. "Thus," he proceeds to say, "was fulfilled the saying of Solomon—'The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands.' These locusts had not soared on deeds of goodness so long as they remained stiffened and frozen in their iniquity; but no sooner were they warmed by the rays of the sun of justice, than they rose and took their flight.

3. "They had no king. Each believing soul chose God alone for his guide, his chief, his companion in arms. Although the French alone had heard the preaching of the crusade, what Christian people did not supply soldiers as well? You might have seen the Scotch, covered with a shaggy cloak, hasten from the heart of their marshes. I take God to witness, that there landed in our ports barbarians from nations I wist not of: no one understood their tongue, but placing their fingers in the form of a cross, they made a sign that they desired to proceed to the defense of the Christian faith.

4. "There were some who at first had no desire to set out, and who laughed at those who parted with their property, foretelling them a miserable voyage and a more miserable return. The next day, these very mockers, by some sudden impulse, gave all they had for money, and set out with those whom they had just laughed at. Who can name the children and aged women who prepared for war; who count the virgins and old men trembling under the weight of years? You would have smiled to see the poor shoeing their oxen like horses, dragging their slender stock of provisions and their little children in carts; and these little ones at each town or castle they came

to, asked in their simplicity, 'Is not that the Jerusalem that we are going to?'"

5. The people set forth without waiting for anything, leaving the princes to deliberate, to arm, and to reckon; men of little faith! The little troubled themselves with nothing of the kind: they were certain of a miracle. Would God refuse one for the deliverance of the holy sepulchre? Peter the Hermit marched at their head, bare-footed, and girt with a cord? Others followed a brave and poor knight whom they called *Walter the Penniless*. Among so many thousands of men there were not eight horses. Some Germans followed the example of the French, and set out under the guidance of a countryman of their own, named Gotteschalk. The whole descended the valley of the Danube—the route followed by Attila, the highway of mankind.

6. On their road they took, plundered, and indemnified themselves beforehand for their holy war. Every Jew they could lay hands upon they put to death with tortures; believing that they were bound to punish the murderers of Christ before delivering his tomb. In this guise, fierce, and dripping with blood, they reached Hungary and the Greek empire; where they inspired such horror, that the inhabitants set upon their traces, and hunted them down like wild beasts. The emperor furnished vessels to the survivors, and transported them into Asia, trusting to the arrows of the Turks to do the rest; and the excellent Anna Comne'na is happy in the belief that they left in the plain of Nicæa mountains of bones, which served for the building of the walls of a town.

7. Meanwhile the unwieldly armies of princes, barons, and knights put themselves slowly into motion. No king took part in the crusade, but many lords more powerful than kings. Hugh of Vermandois (*-dwah*), brother of the king of France, and son-in-law of the king of England, wealthy Stephen of Blois (*blwah*); Robert Curt-Hose, William the Conqueror's son, and the count of Flanders, set out at the same time—all equal, none chief. They did but little honor to the crusade. The fat Robert, the man of all others who lost a kingdom with the

best grace, only went to Jerusalem through idleness: Hugh and Stephen returned without reaching it.

8. Raymond de Saint-Gille, count of Toulouse, was, beyond comparison, the wealthiest of all who took the cross. The countships of Rouergue (*roo-airg'*) and of Nîmes (*neem*), and the Duchy of Narbonne, had just centered in his person; and his hopes beat high with the greatness he had attained. He had sworn not to return, bore with him immense riches, and was followed by the whole of the South—by the lords of Orange, Foret, Roussillon, Montpellier, Turenne, and Albret, besides the ecclesiastical head of the crusade, the bishop of Puy, the pope's legate, who was Raymond's subject. These men of the South, as commercial, industrious, and civilized as the Greeks, had hardly a better reputation than they for piety and valor. They were reputed to know too much, to be too keen in worldly matters, and too great talkers.

9. The Normans of Italy were not the last to set forward to Jerusalem; and less wealthy than the Languedocians, they reckoned on turning the expedition to their advantage. However, the successors of Guis'card and Roger would not have quitted their conquest for this hazardous enterprise, had not one Bo'hemond, a natural son of Robert Guiscard, and not less wise than his father, received no other inheritance than Tarentum and his sword. One Tancred, too, a Norman by the mother's side, but supposed to be a Piedmontese by the father's, likewise took up arms. Bohemond was laying siege to Amalfi (*ah-mal'fe*), when the news of the march of the crusaders reached him. He informed himself minutely of their names, number, arms, and resources; and then, without saying a word, took the cross and left Amalfi.

10. The portrait drawn of him by Anna Comnena, the daughter of Alexis, who saw him at Constantinople, and entertained so great a dread of him, is curious. She watched him with all a woman's interest and curiosity. "He was taller than the tallest by a cubit, thin-flanked, wide-shouldered, and broad-chested, and neither lean nor fat. His arms were powerful, his hands fleshy and rather large. On scanning him closely,

you perceived that he was somewhat bowed. His skin was very white, and his hair inclining to flaxen; and, instead of floating wildly, as the other barbarians wore it, it did not fall below his ears.

11. "I cannot tell the color of his beard, as his cheeks and skin were shaved. I think, however, it was red. His eye, of a blue approaching to a sea-green, bespoke his valor and his passionate temperament. His large nostrils took in the air freely, at the pleasure of the ardent heart which pulsated in his vast chest. There was an agreeableness in his appearance, but the agreeableness was partly destroyed by terror. There was something one could not like, and which even seemed not human, in that stature and look of his. His smile seemed to be alive with threat. He was all artifice and cunning; his speech was precise, and his replies could not be laid hold of, or wrested to his disadvantage."

12. However great the deeds of Bohemond, the voice of the people, which is that of God, has ascribed all the glory of the crusade to Godfrey, son of the Count of Boulogne (*boo-lone'*), margrave of Antwerp, duke of Bouillon and of Lothier, and king of Jerusalem. While yet a child, he had often said that he would go with an army to Jerusalem; and as soon as the crusade was proclaimed he sold his lands to the Bishop of Liege, and set out for the Holy Land, at the head of an army of ten thousand horsemen and seventy thousand foot, French, Lorrains, and Germans. . . .

13. The crusaders who, in the first transports of enthusiasm into which they had been thrown at the sight of the holy city, had felt assured of taking it by assault, were repulsed by the besieged. They found themselves compelled to resort to the slow process of a siege, and to sit down before the city in this desolate region, alike destitute of trees and of water. It seemed as if the demon had blasted everything with his breath, at the approach of the army of Christ.

14. Sorceresses appeared on the walls, who hurled fatal words at the besiegers, but it was not by words that they were answered; and one of them, in the midst of her conjurations,

was struck by a stone launched from the machines of the Christians, which had been made under the direction of the viscount of Bearn, from the trees of the only wood which the neighborhood furnished, and which, by his orders, had been cut down by the Genoese and Gascons. Two movable towers were built, one for the count of St. Gille, and the other for the duke of Lorraine.

15. Daily for eight days, and barefooted, the crusaders had walked in procession round Jerusalem; which done, a general assault was made by the whole army, Godfrey's tower rolled to the walls, and on Friday, the 15th of July, 1099, at three o'clock, on the very day, and at the very hour of the Passion, Godfrey of Bouillon descended from his tower on the walls of Jerusalem. The city was taken, and a fearful massacre followed; for the crusaders, in their blind fury, not taking into account the distance of time, believed that in each infidel they slew in Jerusalem, they put to death one of the executioners of Jesus Christ.

16. When it appeared to them that they had sufficiently avenged our Saviour, that is, when hardly an inhabitant was left alive in the city, they repaired, with tears and groans and beatings of the breast, to worship the holy tomb. The next question was, who was to be king of the conquest,—who was to have the melancholy honor of defending Jerusalem. Godfrey resigned himself to the burden, but would not assume the kingly crown in a spot where the Saviour had worn one of thorns. The only title he would accept was that of defender and baron of the holy sepulchre.

17. And what is the effect of the crusade on the Christians of regards each other? Humanity, charity, and equality have been the lessons taught by this fellowship in extremity of peril and of misery. Christendom, momentarily collected under the same banner, has felt a sort of European patriotism. Whatever the temporal views mixed up with their enterprise, the greater number have tasted the sweets of virtue, and at least dreamed of holiness; have striven to rise above themselves, and have become Christians, at least in hate of the infidels.

18. The day on which, without distinction of freemen and

of serfs, the powerful among them called their followers, OUR POOR,—that day was the era of freedom. Man having been for a moment drawn out of local servitude, and led in full blaze of day through Europe and Asia by the great movement of the crusade, encountered liberty while he sought Jerusalem. The liberating trumpet of the archangel, which the world fancied it had heard in the year 1000, was sounded a century later by the preaching of the crusade.

19. At the foot of the feudal tower, which oppressed it by its darkening shadow, awoke the village; and that ruthless man who had only stooped down from his vulture's nest to despoil his vassals, armed them himself, led them with him, lived with them, suffered with them: community of suffering touched his heart. More than one serf could say to his superior, "My lord, I found a cup of water for you in the desert—I shielded you with my body at the siege of Antioch or of Jerusalem."

Arnold of Winkelried.—*Montgomery.*

[The oppression of the Swiss by the German emperor led to a confederacy of several of the cantons; and at Sempach a great victory was gained by them (1386), chiefly through the patriotic devotion of Arnold of Winkelried (*win'kel-reed*). The historian, Van Müller, thus describes the incident: "The hostile lines stood unbroken and firm. Sixty Swiss had already been slain. They feared the sudden effect of some unperceived movement by the vanguard from the rear, or of some surprise by the troops of Bonstetten. This moment of delay and indecision was terminated by a man from the canton of Unterwalden, Arnold Strutthan of Winkelried, knight. He said to his companions, 'I'll make a lane for you,' leaped from out the ranks, called with a loud voice, 'Take care of my wife and children; faithful, dear confederates, remember my race;' rushed upon the enemy, grasped some lances with his hands, buried them in his breast, and, being a very tall and strong man, he pressed them with him to the ground as he sank down. Instantly his companions threw themselves over his body; and all the hosts of the confederates, in succession, pressed on with the utmost force. The lines of the astonished enemy pressed one upon another to receive them; whereby, through fear, haste, horror, and heat, many lords, wounded in their armor, were suffocated; while large bands, hastening from the forest, strengthened the forces of the Swiss." This instance of sublime self-devotion is beautifully described in the following lines by James Montgomery.]

"MAKE way for Liberty!" he cried;
Made way for liberty, and died!
In arms the Austrian* phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood!

*The Emperor of Germany was Duke of Austria also, and as such claimed dominion over the Swiss.

A wall where every conscious stone
Seem'd to its kindred thousands grown;
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames should wear;
A wood, like that enchanted grove*
In which with fiends Rinaldo strove,
Where every silent tree possess'd
A spirit prison'd in its breast,
Which the first stroke of coming strife
Would startle into hideous life;
So dense, so still the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears,
Whose polish d points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendors run
Along the billows, to the sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their native land:
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
And forged their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords:
And what insurgent rage had gain'd,
In many a mortal fray, maintain'd:
Marshall'd once more at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquer'd, he who fell,
Was deem'd a dead or living Tell!
Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,
That whereso'er his arrows flew,
Heroes in his own likeness grew,
And warriors sprang from every sod
Which his awakening footsteps trod.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burnt within,
The battle trembled to begin:

* This is an allusion to a passage in Tasso's poem, "Jerusalem Delivered."

Yet while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was nowhere found,
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet,—
How could they rest within their graves
And leave their homes the homes of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanging chains above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates the oppressor's power;
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she cannot yield—
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few men the number she could boast;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on *one*, indeed;
Behold him,—Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmark'd he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face,
And by the motion of his form
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And by the uplifting of his brow
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.
But 'twas no sooner thought than done.
The field was in a moment won:—
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried:
Their keen points met from side to side:
He bow'd amongst them like a tree,
And thus made way for Liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly;
"Make way for Liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rush'd the spears through Arnold's heart;
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all:
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free:
Thus death made way for Liberty!

The Storming of Constantinople.—*Gibbon.*

[Constantinople, the capital of the Eastern empire, was taken by storm, by the Turks under Mahomet II., May 29, 1453, after a siege of fifty-three days. This event terminated the empire after an existence of one thousand and fifty-eight years. The following description is from Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."]

1. In the confusion of darkness, an assailant may sometimes succeed; but in this great and general attack the military judgment and astrological knowledge of Mahomet advised him to expect the morning, the memorable twenty-ninth of May, in the fourteen hundred and fifty-third year of the Christian era. The preceding night had been strenuously employed: the troops, the cannons, and the fascines, were advanced to the edge of the ditch, which, in many parts, presented a smooth and level passage to the breach, and his fourscore galleys almost touched with the prows and their scaling-ladders, the less defensible walls of the harbor.

2. Under pain of death, silence was enjoined; but the physical law of motion and sound are not obedient to discipline or fear; each individual might suppress his voice and measure his footsteps; but the march and labor of thousands must inevitably produce a strange confusion of dissonant clamors, which reached the ears of the watchmen of the towers. At daybreak, without the customary signal of the morning gun, the Turks assaulted the city by sea and land; and the similitude of a twined or twisted thread has been applied to the closeness and continuity of their line of attack.

3. The foremost ranks consisted of the refuse of the host, a

voluntary crowd who fought without order or command; of the feebleness of age or childhood, of peasants and vagrants, and of all who had joined the camp in the blind hope of plunder and martyrdom. The common impulse drove them onward to the wall; the most audacious to climb were instantly precipitated; and not a dart, not a bullet, of the Christians, was idly wasted on the accumulated throng. But their strength and ammunition were exhausted in this laborious defense; the ditch was filled with the bodies of the slain; they supported the footsteps of their companions; and of this devoted vanguard the death was more serviceable than the life.

4. Under their respective bashaws, the troops of Anatolia and Romania were successively led to the charge; their progress was various and doubtful; but, after a conflict of two hours, the Greeks still maintained and improved their advantage; and the voice of the emperor was heard, encouraging his soldiers to achieve, by a last effort, the deliverance of their country. In that fatal moment the Janizaries arose, fresh, vigorous, and invincible. The sultan himself on horseback, with an iron mace in his hand, was the spectator and judge of their valor; he was surrounded by ten thousand of his domestic troops, whom he reserved for the decisive occasion; and the tide of battle was directed and impelled by his voice and eye.

5. His numerous ministers of justice were posted behind the line, to urge, to restrain, and to punish; and if danger was in the front, shame and inevitable death were in the rear of the fugitives. The cries of fear and of pain were drowned in the martial music of drums, trumpets, and attaballs; and experience has proved that the mechanical operation of sounds, by quickening the circulation of the blood and spirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reason and honor.

6. From the lines, the galleys, and the bridge, the Ottoman artillery thundered on all sides; and the camp and city, the Greeks and the Turks, were involved in a cloud of smoke, which could only be dispelled by the final deliverance or de-

struction of the Roman empire. The single combats of the heroes of history or fable amuse our fancy and engage our affections; the skillful evolutions of war may inform the mind, and improve a necessary, though pernicious, science. But in the uniform and odious pictures of a general assault, all is blood, and horror, and confusion; nor shall I strive, at the distance of three centuries, and a thousand miles, to delineate a scene of which there could be no spectators, and of which the actors themselves were incapable of forming any just or adequate idea.

7. The immediate loss of Constantinople may be ascribed to the bullet or arrow which pierced the gauntlet of John Justiniani. The sight of his blood and the exquisite pain appalled the courage of the chief, whose arms and counsels were the firmest rampart of the city. As he withdrew from his station in quest of a surgeon, his flight was perceived and stopped by the indefatigable emperor. "Your wound," exclaimed Palæol'ogus, "is slight; the danger is pressing; your presence is necessary; and whither will you retire?" "I will retire," said the trembling Genoese, "by the same road which God has opened to the Turks;" and at these words he hastily passed through one of the breaches of the inner wall.

8. By this pusillanimous act he stained the honors of a military life; and the few days which he survived in Gal'ata, or the Isle of Chios (*ki'os*), were embittered by his own and the public reproach. His example was imitated by the greatest part of the Latin auxiliaries, and the defense began to slacken when the attack was pressed with redoubled vigor. The number of the Ottomans was fifty, perhaps a hundred, times superior to that of the Christians; the double walls were reduced by the cannon to a heap of ruins: in a circuit of several miles, some places must be found more easy of access, or more feebly guarded; and if the besiegers could penetrate in a single point, the whole city was irrecoverably lost.

9. The first who deserved the sultan's reward was Hassan the Janizary, of gigantic stature and strength. With his cimeter in one hand and his buckler in the other, he ascended the

outward fortification; of the thirty Janizaries who were emulous of his valor, eighteen perished in the bold adventure. Hassan and his twelve companions had reached the summit; the giant was precipitated from the rampart; he rose on one knee, and was again oppressed by a shower of darts and stones. But his success had proved that the achievement was possible; the walls and towers were instantly covered with a swarm of Turks; and the Greeks, now driven from the vantage ground, were overwhelmed by increasing multitudes.

10. Amidst these multitudes the emperor, who accomplished all the duties of a general and a soldier, was long seen and finally lost. The nobles who fought round his person sustained, till their last breath, the honorable names of Palæol'ogus and Cantacuze'ne: his mournful exclamation was heard, "Cannot there be found a Christian to cut off my head?" and his last fear was that of falling alive into the hands of the infidels. The prudent despair of Constantine cast away the purple; amidst the tumult he fell by an unknown hand, and his body was buried under a mountain of the slain.

11. After his death, resistance and order were no more; the Greeks fled toward the city; and many were pressed and stifled in the narrow pass of the gate of St. Romanus. The victorious Turks rushed through the breaches of the inner wall; and as they advanced into the streets, they were soon joined by their brethren, who had forced the gate Phenar on the side of the harbor. In the first heat of the pursuit, about two thousand Christians were put to the sword; but avarice soon prevailed over cruelty; and the victors acknowledged that they should immediately have given quarter if the valor of the emperor and his chosen bands had not prepared them for a similar opposition in every part of the capital. It was thus, after a siege of fifty-three days, that Constantinople was irretrievably subdued by the arms of Mahomet the Second. Her empire only had been subverted by the Latins; her religion was trampled in the dust by the Moslem conquerors.

Assassination and Character of William the Silent.

Motley.

[Under William of Orange, surnamed the "Silent," the Seven United Provinces of Holland revolted against the cruelties perpetrated by Philip II. of Spain, through his merciless minister, the Duke of Alva, and achieved their independence. William becoming the first Stadtholder or President (1579). The enemies of this illustrious man had made various attempts to effect his assassination, the last of which was successful (1584). The following account of the event and of his character is taken from the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," by John Lothrop Motley.]

1. On Tuesday, the 10th of July, 1584, at about half-past twelve, the prince, with his wife on his arm, and followed by the ladies and gentlemen of his family, was going to the dining-room. William the Silent was dressed upon that day, according to his usual custom, in very plain fashion. He wore a wide-leaved, loosely shaped hat of dark felt, with a silken cord around the crown—such as had been worn by the Beggars* in the early days of the revolt. A high ruff encircled his neck, from which also depended one of the Beggars' medals, while a loose surcoat of gray frieze cloth, over a tawny leather doublet, with wide, slashed under-clothes, completed his costume.

2. Gérard† presented himself at the doorway, and demanded a passport. The princess, struck with the pale and agitated countenance of the man, anxiously questioned her husband concerning the stranger. The prince calmly observed that "it was merely a person who came for a passport," ordering, at the same time, a secretary forthwith to prepare one. The princess, still not relieved, observed in an undertone that "she had never seen so villainous a countenance." Orange, however, not at all impressed with the appearance of Gérard, conducted himself at table with his usual cheerfulness, conversing much with the burgomaster of Leeuwarden, the only guest present at the family dinner, concerning the political and religious aspects of Friesland.

3. At two o'clock the company rose from table. The prince led the way, intending to pass to his private apartment above.

* The name of an association or brotherhood that took an active part in the insurrection.

† *Balthazar Gérard*, the murderer. He had on the previous day presented dispatches from France to William, and was, therefore, known to him. For a long time he had cherished the design to assassinate the stadtholder.

The dining-room, which was on the ground-floor, opened into a little square vestibule, which communicated, through an arched passage-way, with the main entrance into the court-yard. This vestibule was also directly at the foot of the wooden staircase leading to the next floor, and was scarcely six feet in width. Upon its left side, as one approached the stairway, was an obscure arch, sunk deep in the wall, and completely in the shadow of the door. Behind this arch a portal opened to the narrow lane at the side of the house. The stairs themselves were completely lighted by a large window half-way up the flight.

4. The prince came from the dining room, and began leisurely to ascend. He had only reached the second stair when a man emerged from the sunken arch, and, standing within a foot or two of him, discharged a pistol at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence against the wall beyond. The prince exclaimed in French, as he felt the wound, "O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!"

5. These were the last words he ever spoke, save that when his sister, Catharine of Schwartzburg, immediately afterward asked him if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ, he faintly answered, "Yes." His master of the horse, Jacob van Maldere, had caught him in his arms as the fatal shot was fired. The prince was then placed on the stairs for an instant, when he immediately began to swoon. He was afterward laid upon a couch in the dining-room, where, in a few minutes, he breathed his last in the arms of his wife and sister.*

6. God alone knows the heart of man. He alone can unweave the tangled skein of human motives, and detect the hidden springs of human action, but as far as can be judged by a careful observation of undisputed facts, and by a diligent colla-

* Gérard, the murderer, fled, but was arrested just as he reached the ramparts which encompassed the house. He was subjected repeatedly to the most excruciating tortures, and finally put to death in the most shocking and cruel manner. His constancy and fortitude amid the dreadful sufferings which he underwent seemed almost miraculous. Philip II. had promised a reward to the man who should murder William, and this reward was paid to the heirs of Gérard.

tion of public and private documents, it would seem that no man—not even Washington—has ever been inspired by a purer patriotism than that of William of Orange.

7. Whether originally of a timid temperament or not, he was certainly possessed of perfect courage at last. In siege and battle—in the deadly air of pestilential cities—in the long exhaustion of mind and body which comes from unduly protracted labor and anxiety—amid the countless conspiracies of assassins—he was daily exposed to death in every shape. Within two years, five different attempts against his life had been discovered. Rank and fortune were offered to any malefactor who would compass the murder. He had already been shot through the head, and almost mortally wounded.

8. Under such circumstances even a brave man might have seen a pitfall at every step, a dagger in every hand, and poison in every cup. On the contrary, he was ever cheerful, and hardly took more precaution than usual. "God in His mercy," said he, with unaffected simplicity, "will maintain my innocence and my honor during my life and in future ages. As to my fortune and my life, I have dedicated both, long since, to His service. He will do therewith what pleases Him for His glory and my salvation." Thus his suspicions were not even excited by the ominous face of Gérard when he first presented himself at the dining-room door. The prince laughed off his wife's prophetic apprehension at the sight of his murderer, and was as cheerful as usual to the last.

9. He possessed, too, that which to the heathen philosopher seemed the greatest good—the sound mind in the sound body. His physical frame was, after death, found so perfect, that a long life might have been in store for him, notwithstanding all which he had endured. The desperate illness of 1574, the frightful gunshot wound inflicted by Jaureguy in 1582, had left no traces. The physicians pronounced that his body presented an aspect of perfect health. His temperament was cheerful. At table, the pleasures of which, in moderation, was his only relaxation, he was always animated and merry, and this jocoseness was partly natural, partly intentional. In the darkest

hours of his country's trial, he affected a serenity which he was far from feeling, so that his apparent gayety at momentous epochs was even censured by dullards, who could not comprehend its philosophy, nor applaud the flippancy of William the Silent.

10. He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime, commended his soul, in dying, "to the great Captain, Christ." The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their "Father William," and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind to which they were accustomed, in their darkest calamities, to look for light. As long as he lived he was the guiding-star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets.

Venice at the Close of the Fifteenth Century.—*Smedley.*

[From Smedley's "Sketches of Venetian History."]

1. THE close of the fifteenth century may be considered the epoch of the loftiest elevation of Venice. The discovery of Vasco di Gama and of Columbus had begun, indeed, to awaken her jealousy, but had not as yet invaded her almost exclusive monopoly of trade; and in her long range of maritime stations, from the Po to the eastern boundary of the Mediterranean and the mouth of the Don, she continued to gather and to disperse the merchandise of the whole known world. At home, her silk manufactures, long cultivated in the colonies, and introduced to the Lagune from Constantinople on a much greater scale toward the beginning of the fourteenth century, while interdicted to all but her magistrates for domestic use, supplied the remainder of Christendom with its most costly and most delicate attire.

2. Spain and England contributed their richest fleeces to the

fabric of her unrivalled cloths; and for linen, the flax of Lombardy afforded inexhaustible materials. One hundred thousand ducats were annually produced by a single commodity, at first sight, of apparently trifling value—gilt leather. Liqueurs, confectionery, and waxen tapers, of which last article the consumption in ecclesiastical services at Rome was of considerable extent, swelled the exports of the Adriatic mart. In her laboratories were distilled and sublimated the choicest chemical preparations required either by medicine or the arts. The glass houses of Murano, which, like her silk-looms, Venice had borrowed from the East, furnished some of their most coveted luxuries to both the civilized and the savage world, decorated the gorgeous palaces of Europe with mirrors, and the person of the naked African with beads.

3. And, to omit numerous minor sources from which was derived an influx of wealth and reputation, Venice claimed the glory of adopting at an early date, and advancing with a rapid hand, that invention which, above every other, has most beneficially affected the permanent welfare of mankind. Not more than fifteen years, perhaps even sooner, after the discovery of printing, John de Spira (*spe'rah*) transported it from Germany to Venice; and Sanuto notices a patent granted to him for the exclusive publication, during five years, of the Epistles of Cicero and Pliny.

4. Nicolas Jansen, and others of much eminence, succeeded him; but the triumph of the art was consummated when Aldus Manutius (*mah-nu'she-us*), a native of Bassia'no, in the Ecclesiastical States, established himself in the Republic in 1488. The zeal of that illustrious scholar first opened at large the hitherto partially revealed stores of Greek literature. He invented the italic or cursive letter, in imitation, it is said, of the hand-writing of Petrarch; he collected around him the most distinguished learned men of his time; and in the *Neacademia*, which he instituted, most of the celebrated names of the age were counted, including that of Erasmus.

5. That brilliant company discussed in their weekly meetings the authority and the various readings of manuscripts, decided

what works most deserved to be published, assisted in their collation and transcription, and even corrected the sheets as they passed through the press. To the zeal of the elder Aldus, of his son, and of his son's son—for the honorable labors of this family were continued during three successive generations—literature is indebted not only for some of the choicest specimens of typography which still adorn our libraries, but for the very existence of numerous works, which, unless for their skill and assiduity, would most probably have been lost to us forever. Such were some of the many springs from which riches were derived by the descendants of the fishermen of Rialto (*re-ahl'to*). Their territory, during the lapse of a thousand years, had stretched itself from the coasts of the *Lagune* and the narrow ancient *Dogado* over some of the fairest provinces of Northern Italy. . . .

6. The "Marriage of the Adriatic" was a ceremony instituted by the Pope after the victory gained in 1177 by the Venetians over the fleet of the German emperor, to make known to all posterity that the right of conquest had "subjugated the Adriatic to Venice, as a spouse to her husband!" Of all the privileges with which the Venetians were ever gifted, this papal grant appears to have been cherished by them with the most tenacious pride. The Adriatic is now widowed of her lord; but during the long course of more than six hundred years, every fresh return of the Feast of Ascension witnessed the renewal of her figurative nuptials.

7. The Doge and his nobles, having heard mass in the church of San Nicolo, embarked on board the gorgeous Bu'centaur—a state galley blazing with gold, enriched with costly ornaments, and preserving such fanciful identity with the original fabric as could be obtained by perpetual repair without total reconstruction. Gliding through the canals, amid festive shouts and triumphal music, this superb pageant arrived at the shore of Lido, near the mouth of the harbor, and there the princely bridegroom, dropping a golden ring into the bosom of his betrothed, espoused her with this brief but significant greeting, "We wed thee with this ring, in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty!"

Modern Venice.—*Byron.*

[From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."]

1. I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,*
A palace and a prison on each hand;
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand;
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the wing'd lion's marble piles,
When Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

2. She looks a sea Cybele,† fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers;
And such she was—her daughters had their dowers
From the spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarch's partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

3. In Venice Tasso's‡ echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy.

* The communication between the ducal palace and the prisons of Venice is by a gloomy bridge, or covered gallery, high above the water, and divided by a stone wall into a passage and a cell. The state dungeons were sunk into the thick walls of the palace; and the prisoner, when taken out to die, was conducted across the gallery to the other side, and being then led back into the other compartment or cell, upon the bridge, was there strangled. The low portal through which the criminal was taken into the cell is now walled up; but the passage is still open, and is still known by the name of the "Bridge of Sighs."—*Note by Lord Byron.*

† Cybele (*sib'e-le*), the goddess of nature or the earth, is frequently represented with a sceptre in her hand, and her head is always covered with towers.

‡ Before the conquest of Venice, the gondoliers were accustomed to sing a song taken from Tasso's famous poem, "Jerusalem Delivered;" but it is said that the song has died with the independence of the republic.

4. But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto: Shylock and the Moor,*
And Pierre,* cannot be swept or worn away—
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

* * * *

5. The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord;
And, annual marriage now no more renew'd,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood;
St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood.
Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd power,
Over the proud Place where an emperor sued,†
And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour,
When Venice was a queen with an unequall'd dower.

6. The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns—
An emperor tramples where an emperor knelt;
Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
Clank over sceptred cities; nations melt
From power's high pinnacle, where they have
The sunshine for a while, and downward go
Like lauwine‡ loosen'd from the mountain's belt;
Oh, for one hour of blind old Dandolo!
Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.§

7. Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;
But is not Doria's menace come to pass?
Are they *not bridled?*—Venice, lost and won,

* *Shylock* is the chief character of Shakspeare's play, "The Merchant of Venice;" by the *Moor* is meant *Othello*, the chief character in Shakspeare's tragedy of that name, the scene of which is chiefly laid in Venice. *Pierre* has reference to Otway's "Venice Preserved," in which the chief character bears that name.

† A victory was gained in 1177 over the fleet of Frederick Barbarossa, one of the Suabian emperors; and at the congress which was held at Venice a short time afterward, Frederick approached the throne on which Pope Alexander III. was sitting, and, in the presence of the doge and other dignitaries, prostrated himself, and allowed the pope to put his foot upon his neck in token of submission.

‡ A German word meaning *avalanche*.

§ Constantinople was taken by the Crusaders in 1204, chiefly through the skill and prowess of the Venetians, under their doge, Dandolo, then ninety years of age. The throne of the Eastern Empire was offered to him, and he refused to accept it.

Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose!
Better be whelm'd beneath the waves, and shun,
Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,
From whom submission wrings an infamous repose.

8. In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre,—
Her very by-word sprung from victory,
The "Planter of the Lion," which through fire
And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea;
Though making many slaves, herself still free,
And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite;
Witness Troy's rival, Candia! Vouch it, ye
Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight!
For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight.

9. Statues of glass—all shiver'd—the long file
Of her dead doges are declined to dust;
But where they dwelt the vast and sumptuous pile
Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust;
Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
Have yielded to the stranger: empty halls,
Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must
Too oft remind her who and what enthrals,
Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lonely walls.

The Fall of Poland.—*Campbell.*

[The third partition of Poland occurred in 1795. It was preceded by an unsuccessful attempt of the Poles, under their gallant leader, Kosciusko, to achieve their independence. The following lines, from Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," are descriptive of the sad result of their efforts.]

1. Oh! Sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression pour'd to northern wars
Her whisker'd pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er the van,
Presaging wrath to Poland and to man?

2. Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
Oh! heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?

Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!

3. He said, and on the rampart heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,—the watchword and reply;
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!

4. In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew;—
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career;—
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell!

5. The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous horror shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields away,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

6. Oh! righteous heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O vengeance! where thy rod
That smote the foes of Zion and of God;
That curb'd proud Ammon when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?

Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast,
Then bade the deep and wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

7. Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn!

The Dirge of Nicholas.—*Daniel.*

[Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, was a stern and remorseless despot. The insurrection of Poland (1830), and the cruel punishments inflicted by Nicholas upon the unfortunate Poles; the crushing out of the Hungarian insurrection by the interference of the Czar, and the Crimean war, were the most noted events of his reign. Nicholas died while the latter was in progress (1855). The following lines are from the "Lays of the Crimean War," by William S. Daniel.]

1. Hark, hark! to the telegraph bell!
There are news on the trembling wire,
That well their mighty message tell
In words of living fire;
A man lies dead
On a royal bed,
Who hath spilt man's blood like rain;
But his hour is come,
And his lips are dumb,
And he'll never shed blood again:
Coffin him, coffin him under the sod,
Nicholas Romanoff meets his God!

2. Speed the news by the swelling sail
And the hoof of the desert steed,
To darksome nooks where mourners wail,
And fields where brave men bleed;—
Speed the news to the freeman's strand,
And the captive's rayless cell—
Breathe them o'er Siberian land,
Where the despot's victims dwell,

Crush'd in body, sear'd in heart,
By the fell tormentor's art,—
And whisper low
O'er the silent snow—
"Exile! raise your drooping head,
The monarch of the knout is dead!"

3. Send the welcome tidings forth,
O'er the pine-woods of the North—
Finland! arm you for the fight
With the hated Muscovite—
Swedes! whom great Gustavus led,
Claim your own—the tyrant's dead!

4. Bear the tale to Schamyl Bey,*
The gray old Lion of the Hill,
Where, amid his wild array,
He defies the Russian still;—
And the lion's whelps will roar,
Like the waves that lash their shore:
Launch the news, like darts of fire,
To fair Warsaw's shatter'd wall,
And let every trembling spire
Thunder forth the tocsin-call;
Up, thou gallant Polish land!
Back the steed, and grasp the brand;
Let your lances shine like flame,—
On! in Kosciusko's name!
Lord and peasant, boy and man,
Forward, forward to the van!
He who on your birthright trod,
Stands before wrong'd Poland's God!

5. Mourning woman! lift your voice
From the black abyss of woe;
Let your stricken soul rejoice
That the spoiler's head is low—
Ye who blistering tears have shed
For brothers, lovers, husbands dead—

* Schamyl (English, *Samuel*), the celebrated hero of the Caucasus, up to the death of Nicholas had for years defended his country successfully against the attacks of the Russians. In 1859 his last stronghold was taken, and he became for a short time a hunted fugitive. He was at last surprised, taken prisoner, and sent a captive to St. Petersburg, where he was kindly received by the czar, Alexander, and assigned a residence with a pension.

Georgian, Turk, Circassian fair!
Dry the cheek and braid the hair,
In the festal song take part,
Send the chorus from the heart—
Polish lady, Polish lass,
Sing the dirge of Nicholas!

History.—*Southey.*

Thou chronicle of crimes! I read no more
For I am one who willingly would love
His fellow-kind. O gentle Poesy,
Receive me from the court's polluted scenes;
From dungeon horrors, from the fields of war,
Receive me to your haunts,—that I may nurse
My nature's better feelings; for my soul
Sickens at man's misdeeds!
I spake, when lo!
There stood before me, in her majesty,
Clio, the strong-eyed muse. Upon her brow
Sate a calm anger. Go, young man, she cried,
Sigh among myrtle bowers, and let thy soul
Effuse itself in strains so sorrowful sweet,
That love-sick maids may weep upon thy page,
Soothed with delicious sorrow. Oh, shame! shame!
Was it for this I waken'd thy young mind?
Was it for this I made thy swelling heart
Throb at the deeds of Greece, and thy boy's eye
So kindle when that glorious Spartan died?
Boy! boy! deceive me not! What if the tale
Of murder'd millions strike a chilling pang;
What if Tiberius in his island's stews
And Philip at his beads, alike inspire
Strong anger and contempt; hast thou not risen
With nobler feelings,—with a deeper love
For freedom? Yes; if righteously thy soul
Loathes the black history of human crim
And human misery, let that spirit fill
Thy song, and it shall teach thee, boy! to raise
Strains such as Cato might have deign'd to hear,
As Sidney in his hall of bliss may love.

VOCABULARY

OF DIFFICULT AND UNUSUAL WORDS.

A-baft'. Toward the stern of a vessel.
Ab-o-rig'i-nes (*-rij'e-neez*). The first inhabitants of a country.
Ab-so-lu'tion. Act of freeing from guilt; acquittal.
Ad-ju-ra'tion. Act of charging solemnly, or with oath.
Ad'ju-tant. An assistant; a military officer.
Ad'mi-ral. The commander-in-chief of a fleet.
Æ'dile-ship. The office of an edile, a magistrate at Rome, who had the charge of the temples, public buildings, and streets.
Af-fil'-i-a-ted. Having a close connection with.
Al-le'giance (*-jance*). Obligation of a subject; loyalty.
Al-lu'vi-al. Formed by the flowing of water; carried down by the flow of rivers.
Am-a-teur'. A lover of any science or art; not a professor.
Am-mu-ni'tion. Military stores, as powder, balls, etc.
Am-pli-fi-ca'tion. Act of enlarging or exaggerating.
An-al'o-gy. Resemblance of things in some respects unlike.
An-tag'o-nist. An opponent.
An-te-di-lu'vi-an. Existing before the deluge.
An'ti-dote. That which counteracts the effects of any drug.
A-pos'tro-phize. To address in a formal manner.
Aq'ui-line. Resembling an eagle; bent like an eagle's beak.
Ar'que-buse (*-bus*). A gun; a musket.
Ar-til'le-ry. Weapons of war; troops that manage cannon, etc.
As-trol'o-gy. Pretended science of foretelling future events by the appearance of the stars.
Au'gu-ry. Foretelling events by signs or omens.
Aus-pi'cious. Having omens of success; favorable.
Au-then'ti-cate. To establish the truth of anything by authority.

Bal'sa. A kind of boat used in Peru.
Bar'bel. A kind of fish, having appendages at its mouth. (Hence its name, from *barba*, a beard.)
Bat-tal'ion. A body of soldiers, varying from 500 to 800 in number.
Bay'ou (*bi'oo*). An inlet connecting with rivers or lakes.
Be-hoove'ful. Useful: necessary; profitable.
Be'ma. The platform or rostrum whence the Greek orators spoke.
Be-nig'ni-ty. Kindness; good-will; mildness.
Bib-li-og'ra-phy. The science of books; knowledge of authors, editions of books, etc.
Bi-og'ra-pher. A writer of lives; one who gives an account of the lives of persons.
Biv'ouac (*biv'wak*). Passing the night in the open air, as soldiers.
Blas'phe-my. Impious words; profanity.
Boom. A spar used for attaching a sail; a deep, hollow sound.
Bourn. A bound or limit.
Broad'side. The discharge of all the guns on one side of a ship.
Bul'warks. The boarding around a vessel above the deck; ramparts; fortifications.

Ca-bal'. A small body of persons associated for intrigue.
Ca-cique' (*-seek*). The name of a chief in Mexico.
Cal'a-bash. A species of gourd; a vessel made from it.
Cal-cine'. To reduce to powder by heat.
Cam-paign'. The part of a year an army is in active service.
Can-non-ade'. An assault with cannon.
Ca-pit'u-late. To yield on expressed conditions.
Car-a-van'. A body of travellers in the East.
Car'a-vel. A small or light ship.
Cas-sa'va. The plant from which tapioca is obtained.

Ca-tas'tro-phe. The termination of an event; a calamity.
Ca-the'dral. The principal church in a diocese, or district of a bishop.
Cav-a-lier' (*-leer*). An armed horseman; a knight.
Chiv'al-rous. Knightly; gallant; generous and brave.
Chron'i-cler. A narrator of events; an historian.
Cic'a-trize. To form a scar to heal a wound.
Cir-cum-nav'i-gate. To sail around.
Clay'more. A large two-handed sword.
Col'league'. A partner; an associate.
Col'lop. A small cut or slice of meat; a chop or steak.
Co-los'sus. A statue of immense size.
Com-bus'ti-bles. Materials for setting fire to anything.
Com-mem-o-ra'tion. Keeping in memory by public celebration.
Com'mon-wealth. A free state; the public good.
Com-pat'i-ble. Suitable to; consistent with
Con-cep'tion. Act of conceiving; idea.
Con-cil'i-ate. To gain the favor of; to obtain by concession.
Con-cur'rent. Uniting; agreeing.
Con-fis-ca'tion. Transferring to the state as a penalty; forfeiture.
Con-fla-gra'tion. An extensive fire.
Con'greve-rock'et. A destructive rocket invented by Sir William Congreve.
Con-nois-seur'. One skilled in judging works of art.
Con-nu'bi-al. Pertaining to marriage; conjugal.
Con-sum-ma'tion. Completion.
Con-tem'po-ra-ry. Existing at the same time.
Con-tig'u-ous. Adjoining.
Con-tour' (*-toor*). Outline of any figure or object.
Con'tu-me-ly. Disdainful treatment; scorn; reproach.
Cor'net-cy. Office of a cornet, or one who bears the ensign of a troop of cavalry.
Cor'sair. A pirate; a piratical vessel.
Cors'let. A light armor for the body.
Cou'rier. A messenger sent in haste.
Cre-du'li-ty. Readiness to believe without proof.
Crypt. A cell; a concealed nook; a grave or tomb.
Cui-ras-sier' (*kwe-ras-seer'*). A soldier in armor.
Cul'ver-in. A species of ordnance; a long cannon.
Cu-pid'i-ty. Intense desire of gain;
Cu'po-la. A dome; an arched or vaulted roof.
Cur'few. A bell rung in the evening as a signal to extinguish fires.

Dau'phin. The title formerly given to the eldest son of the King of France.
De-cap-i-ta'tion. Act of beheading.
De-cen'ni-al. Continuing ten years.
Del-e-ga'tion. Act of sending away on commission; the persons commissioned.
Dem'a-gogue. A factious popular leader.
De-mise'. Decease; death.
De-nom-i-na'tion. A name; sect of Christians.
Der'vis. An Eastern priest or monk.
Di-a-bol'i-cal. Relating to the devil; devilish; wicked.
Di-cas'te-ry. The associate body of judges among the Greeks.
Di'o-cese. District in charge of a bishop; a bishop's see.
Dis-crim'i-nate. To judge between; to distinguish.
Dog'ma. A settled truth; established doctrine.
Do-mes'ti-cate. To accommodate to the house; to tame.
Don. To put on; reverse of *doff*, to put off.
Dow'a-ger. The widow of a king; a widow with a jointure.
Duc'at. A European coin struck by a duke.
Dy'nas-ty. A race of sovereigns reigning in succession.

Ec-cle-si-as'ti-cal. Relating to the church.
E-jac-u-la'tion. An exclamation; a prayer.
E-lab'o-rate. To finish with labor and skill.
Em-bla'zon. To adorn with heraldic figures and ensigns; to deck with glaring colors.
E'mir. A civil officer of distinction in the East.
Em'is-sa-ry. One sent on a mission.
Em-po'ri-um. A place of commerce; a mart.
En-fran'chise-ment. Making free; conferring the privileges of a citizen.
En-grossed'. Entirely occupied in; copied in a large hand.
E-phem'e-ral. Lasting only a day; transient.
Ep-i-dem'ic. Affecting the whole people; a general distemper.
E-pis-co-pa'li-an. Relating to episcopacy, or the government of a church by a bishop.
Ep-i-sod'i-cal. Relating to an episode; digressive.
Ep'i-thet. A term used to denote the quality of anything; a title.
E-quip'ment. Fitting out; furnishing; preparation.
Er-u-di'tion. Knowledge obtained from books; learning.
Es'pi-o-nage. Suspicious observation; the close watch of a spy.
Es-pouse'. To marry; to assume the defense of.
Es'tu-a-ry. Arm of the sea in which the tide rises.
Eu'lo-gy. A speech or writing in praise of any person.
E-vac-u-ate. To make empty; to quit.

Ex-as'per-ate. To make angry; to provoke.
Ex-cru'ci-ate. To afflict with great pain; to torture.
Ex'em-pla-ry. Worthy of imitation; serving as an example or copy.
Ex-ter-mi-na'tion. Utter destruction.
Ex'pi-ate. To atone for; to make satisfaction for.
Ex-pos'tu-late. To reason with, against any proposed act.
Ex-tir'pate. To root out; to destroy.

Fal'chion (*fawl'chun*). A short curved sword.
Fal-la'cious. Deceptive; seeming true, but really false.
Fan-tas'tic. Fanciful; whimsical.
Fast (*nautical*). A rope used to secure a boat or other vessel.
Fe'al-ty. Duty to a superior; loyalty; homage.
Feoff'ment (*fef'ment*). Grant of real property.
Flo-til'la. A small fleet; or collection of vessels.
Frig'ate. A ship of war, next in size to a ship of the line.
Ful'mined. Exploded with noise as of thunder.
Func'tion-a-ry. One who holds an office.
Fun-da-men'tal. Pertaining to the foundation; essential.
Fu'sil-lade. A discharge of musketry.

Gal'ax-y. The milky way; the luminous tract encompassing the heavens.
Gal'le-on. A large Spanish ship with several decks.
Gar'ri-son. A body of soldiers in charge of a fort.
Gar-rote'. Execution by strangling with an iron collar and screw.
Garter-King-at-Arms. An officer of the English Order of the Garter.
Ge'ni-al. Productive; cheerful or gay.
Gouv-er-nan'te. A Spanish governess.
Greaves. Armor for the legs.
Gren-a-dier'. A tall foot-soldier.
Guer-ril'la. Irregular warfare.
Guil'lo-tine' (*ghil'lo-teen'*). A frame with a large blade used in France for beheading.
Gun'wales (*gun'nels*). Upper part of a ship's side.
Gyves (*jivs*). Chains for the limbs.

Ha-bil'i-ments. Garments; clothing.
Hatches. Openings in a ship's deck; coverings for these openings.
Haw'ser. A rope or cable to fasten a ship (sometimes written *halser*).
Hem'i-sphere. Half of a sphere or globe; half of the earth.
Her'ald-ry. System of distinguishing families and their descendants by emblems, such as coats of arms, etc.
He-red'i-ta-ry. Descending by inheritance.
Hes-pe'ri-an. Western.
Hop'li-tes (*Greek*). Heavy-armed soldiers.
Ho-ri'zon. The circle which divides the visible from the invisible part of the heavens.

Id'i-om. A mode of speech peculiar to a language.
Ig-no-min'i-ous-ly. With public disgrace; scandalously.
Il-lit'er-a-cy. Want of learning; ignorance.
Il-lu-mi-na'tion (*of books*). Adornment with pictures and colors.
Il-lu'sive. Deceiving by a false appearance.
Im-mo-la'tion. Sacrifice.
Im-mu'ni-ty. Freedom from obligation; special exemption.
Im-per'vi-ous. Impenetrable.
Im-pet-u-os'i-ty. Violence; onward force.
Im-pla'ca-ble. Not to be appeased or satisfied.
Im-preg'na-ble. Not to be taken by assault.
Im-promp'tu. Without preparation; off-hand.
In-ac-cess'i-ble. Not to be reached; unapproachable.
In'ca. The title given to a king by the ancient Peruvians.
In-can-ta'tion. Ceremony or process of enchantment.
In-cor'po-rate. To unite with; to form into a body.
In-dig'e-nous (*-dij-*). Belonging to a particular country; native.
In-dom'i-ta-ble. Not to be subdued; unconquerable; untamable.
In-fal'li-ble. Incapable of error; unfailing.
In-flam'ma-ble. Easily set on fire; very combustible.
In-hos'pit-a-ble. Unkind or cruel to strangers; repulsive.
In-sid'i-ous. Ensnaring; treacherous.
In-su'per-a-ble. Not to be overcome; insurmountable.
In-ter'ment. Burial.
In-tim'i-date. To frighten; to alarm.
In-tol'er-ance. Want of forbearance toward others of different religious views from ourselves; disposition to persecute.
In-trin'sic. Inherent; internal; belonging to the essence of a thing.

Ketch (*nautical*). A small vessel with two masts.
Knot (*nautical*). A mile.

Lab'y-rinth. A place full of windings; a maze.
Lar'board (*nautical*). The left-hand side of a ship as we look toward the head.
Leg'end-a-ry. Traditional; not authentic.
Le'man. One loved; a lover or mistress.

Leth'ar-gy. Morbid dullness or drowsiness.
Li-ba'tion. A sacrifice by pouring out wine.
Lieu-ten'ant. An officer second in rank; a deputy.
Log'ic. Science and art of reasoning.
Lu-gu'bri-ous. Sad; mournful; doleful.
Lus-tra'tion. Purification by expiatory offering.

Mag-na-nim'i-ty. Greatness of mind; generosity.
Mag-net'ic needle. A needle affected with magnetism, and having the property of pointing toward the north.
Mam'mon. Riches; the god of riches.
Man'i-ple. A small body of soldiers among the Romans.
Ma-nœu'vre. A dexterous movement; a stratagem.
Mar'i-time (*-tim*). Pertaining to the sea.
Mar'i-net. One very precise in discipline.
Mar-tyr-ol'o-gy. History of martyrs.
Mel-lif'lu-ous. Flowing sweetly, as with honey.
Mez'zo-tint. A kind of engraving on copper, resembling in its effects drawings in India ink.
Mid'ship-man. A young naval officer or cadet.
Min'a-ret. A slender and lofty turret; the spire of a mosque.
Min'ver. The fine white fur of the ermine.
Mir'a-cle. A wonderful event; an occurrence at variance with the established laws of nature.
Miz'zen (*mez'n*). Hindmost.
Mon'as-ter-y. A home for religious retirement; an abbey or convent.
Mosque (*mosk*). A Mohammedan temple.
Mu-nic'i-pal. Belonging to a corporation or city.
Mu-ta-bil'i-ty. Liability to change; inconstancy.
Mu-ti-neer'. One who commits mutiny.
Mu'ti-ny. A revolt in the navy or army.
Mys'ti-cal. Obscure; unintelligible.
Myth-ol'o-gy. A history of the ancient fables, including those relating to the heathen deities.

Nec'ro-man-cy. Foretelling events by calling up the dead; conjuration; sorcery.
No-mad'ic. Pastoral; wandering from place to place with flocks.

Ob'e-lisk. A tall and slender stone pyramid.
Ob'se-quies. Funeral ceremonies.
Oc-to-ge-na'ri-an. A person eighty years of age.
Op-pro'bri-um. Disgrace; infamy; reproach.
Or'a-to-ry. Public speaking; eloquence; rhetoric.
Ord'nance. Cannon; heavy artillery.
Or-gan-zine' (*zeen*). A kind of silk thread made like rope by twisting several strands into one thread.
Or'i-flamme. The ancient royal standard of France.

Pal'a-din. A knight errant.
Pa-la'ver (*-lah-*). Idle talk; conference.
Pan-e-gy'ric. A laudatory speech, a eulogy.
Par'a-dox. A statement which, although true, appears to be absurd.
Par'a-site. A flatterer; a hanger-on; a sycophant.
Par'lia-ment. The legislature of Great Britain, consisting of Lords and Commons.
Par'ox-ysm. A spasm or fit.
Par'si-mo-ny. Penuriousness; excessive desire to save or spare expense.
Pa-ter'nal. Pertaining to a father.
Pa-thet'ic. Exciting emotion; affecting with sadness.
Pau'ci-ty. Fewness; smallness of number or quantity.
Peag, or Wam'pum. A string of shells used by the North American Indians for money, and worn as a belt.
Ped'es-tal. The base of a pillar or statue.
Per-fid'i-ous-ness. Treachery; faithlessness.
Per-sim'mon. A small tree, bearing a plum-like fruit, somewhat astringent in flavor, but rendered sweet by the frost.
Pha'lanx. A compact body of infantry.
Phe-nom'e-non (Plural *-na*). An appearance; anything remarkable.
Phleg-mat'ic. Dull; cold; abounding in phlegm (*flem*).
Pi-que' blanc (*pe-ka'blawng*). White quilted stuff (*French*).
Pla-teau' (*plah-to'*). A lofty plain; a table-land.
Plau'si-ble. Having a truthful appearance.
Plight. To pledge; to give as surety.
Po-lem'ic. Involving a dispute or discussion; controversial.
Por'ti-co. A series of columns; a porch.
Pos-ter'i-ty. Descendants; succeeding generations.
Po'ten-tate. One invested with great power; a prince or sovereign.
Prætor. A Roman magistrate; a kind of judge.
Pre'am-ble. An introduction, or preface.
Pre-ca'ri-ous. Uncertain; depending on another's will.
Pred'a-to-ry. Subsisting on rapine or plunder.
Pred-e-ces'sor. One who precedes another in an office.
Pre-des'tine. To decree or appoint beforehand.
Pre-dom'i-nance. Superior influence; prevalence.
Pre-em'i-nence. Superiority in rank; priority.

Pre'fect. A governor; a commander.
Preg'nant. Fruitful; full.
Pre-ma-ture'. Ripe before the time; too early; unseasonable.
Pre'sage. Something that foreshows what is to occur; an omen.
Pre-sent'i-ment. A notion of what is about to occur.
Pri-me'val. Original; first.
Proc-la-ma'tion. A public announcement; an edict.
Pro-con'sul. The governor of a province among the Romans.
Prog-nos'tic. Foreshowing: PROGNOSTICS, signs.
Prom'on-to-ry. A high and rocky cape.
Pro-pri'e-ta-ry. A possessor in his own right; an owner.
Pro-scribe'. To set down as condemned; to outlaw.
Prot'est-ant. Protesting against the decree of the Diet of Spires in 1529; opposed to the doctrine of the Catholic Church.
Prov'ince. A country subject to a foreign government.
Prox-im'i-ty. Nearness; being adjacent.
Pur'fled. Bordered with embroidery and other fancy work.
Pu'ri-tans. The Dissenters from the Church of England, so called from their alleged purity of doctrine.
Pu-sil-lan'i-mous. Cowardly; devoid of courage.

Quæs'tor. A Roman magistrate who collected the revenues, etc.
Que'ry. A question; an inquiry.
Quin-tes'sence. An extract from any substance containing all its virtues; the *fifth*, or most subtle, essence.

Ram'part. A wall or bank around any place; a fortification.
Ran'sack. To plunder; to search for booty or plunder.
Rec-on-noi'tre. To view or survey for military purposes.
Reg'i-men. Regulation of diet; government.
Ren-con'tre. Collision; personal combat. (English form, *Rencounter.*)
Ren'e-gade. One who deserts to the enemy.
Re'qui-em. A hym ing over the dead.
Re-ver'ber-ate. To echo; to resound.
Rhet'or-ic. Art of persuasion or oratory; art of prose composition.
Rit'u-al. Relating to church service; a book of religious rites.
Ro-tun'da. A round building with hemispherical dome.

Sa'chem. The chief of an Indian tribe.
Sanc'tu-a-ry. A sacred place; an asylum.
San'guin-a-ry. Attended with bloodshed; eager to shed blood.
Sat'el-lite. A small planet revolving round a large one.
Se-di'tious. Disposed to rebellion; factious.
Sep'ul-ture. Burial.
Serge. A coarse woollen stuff.
Ser'ried. Close; compact; crowded.
Shal'lop. A boat with two masts.
Si-mul-ta'ne-ous. Existing or occurring at the same time.
Spec'tre. An apparition; an illusive appearance; a ghost.
Spon-ta'ne-ous. Acting without external force, voluntary.
Spu'ri-ous. Not genuine; counterfeit.
Squad'ron. A body of troops; a division of a fleet.
Stern'fast. The rope attached to the stern of a vessel in order to secure it.
Sto'i-cism. Insensibility to pain; the system of Zeno, the stoic.
Sty'lus. A sharp-pointed instrument used by the ancients for writing on waxen tablets.
Sua'vi-ty. Sweetness; mildness.
Sub-or-di-na'tion. Subjection; inferiority of rank.
Sub-orn'. To procure to take a false oath.
Sub-side'. To settle down into a quiet state.
Sub'si-dy. Aid in money.
Su-per-nat'u-ral. Beyond what is natural; contrary to the laws of nature.
Su-prem'a-cy. The highest rank and authority.
Sur-veil'lance (*vāl'yans*). Suspicious watch.
Sweep. A long oar.
Syc'o-phant. A mean flatterer; a parasite.
Symptom. A sign or token

Tam'bour. A kind of embroidery; the frame for such work.
Tap'es-try. Woven hangings, sometimes ornamented with figures.
Tar-paul'in. Canvas tarred; a sailor's tarred hat.
Tar'tan. A kind of cloth of various colors.
Te De'um. A hymn of thanksgiving, so named from the first two words.
Ter-ra'que-ous. Consisting of land and water.
The'o-ry. A supposition; exposition of the principles of a subject.
Ti-a'ra. A crown; a diadem, or headdress.
Toc'sin. An alarm-bell.
Tol-er-a'tion. Permission given for freedom of worship.
Tra-di'tion. That which is handed down by oral communication.
Tran'sept. A cross aisle in a church.
Tri-um'vir-ate. An association of three men.
Trou'ba-dour. A poet and musician in France during the middle ages.
Trun'cheon. An officer's staff.
Ty-pog'ra-phy. The art of printing.
Ty-ran'ni-cide. One who kills a tyrant.

U-biq'ui-ty. Omnipresence; the being everywhere at the same time.
Um'brage. Offense; an affront.
U-ten'sil. An instrument for any use; a vessel.
U-to'pi-an. Fanciful; imaginary.

Valet-de-chambre (*val'a-dul-shongbr*). A body-servant.
Vam'dal-ism. Barbarity; reckless ferocity.
Vas'sal. A subject; a dependent.
Vas'sal-age. The condition of a vassal.
Vi-ca'ri-ous. Done or suffered for another.
Vice'roy. One who rules in place of a king.
Vi-ril'i-ty. Manhood; character of a man.

Wam'pum. (See *peag.*)
Wat'tled. Covered with osiers or twigs.
Whit'tle. A knife; *generally*, a pocket-knife.
Wig'wam. An Indian hut.
Wold. A plain open country.
Yat'a-gan. A short curved sword or cimeter.

GEOGRAPHICAL INDEX.

[CONTAINING THE NAMES OF THE PRINCIPAL PLACES MENTIONED IN THE READER, WITH THEIR PRONUNCIATION AND LOCATION.]

Adda (*ad'dah*), a river in Northern Italy tributary to the Po.
Agincourt (*ad-jin-kŏr*), a village in the northern part of France.
Albuera (*al-bwa'rah*), a town in the southwestern part of Spain.
Alexandria, a seaport in the northern part of Egypt, founded by Alexander the Great.
Amsterdam, a noted seaport, the largest and most important city of Holland.
Anatolia (*an-ah-to'le-ah*), a name sometimes given to Asia Minor.
Anjou (*awng'joo*), an old province in the western part of France.
Antwerp (*ant'werp*), a noted city of Belgium on the Scheldt River.
Armenia (*ar-me'ni-a*), a mountainous country now forming the northern part of Asiatic Turkey.
Athelney (*ath'el-ney*), a small tract of land in the western part of England, formerly an island.
Athens (*ath'ens*), the capital of Greece; in ancient times the capital of Attica, and the most celebrated city in all Greece. Its seaport was *Piræus*.
Ayr (*air*), a seaport town in the southwestern part of Scotland.

Babylon (*bab'y-lon*), the ancient capital of the Assyrian empire, situated on the Euphrates River.
Balaklava (*bah-lah-klah'vah*), a town of Russia, on the Black Sea.
Bannockburn (*ban'nock-burn*), a town in the southern part of Scotland, on the Bannock River, a branch of the Forth.
Barbary (*bar'ba-ry*), an extensive region forming nearly all the northern part of Africa.
Benares (*ben-ah'res*), a large city of Hindostan, on the Ganges.
Beresina (*ber-e-ze'nah*), a river in the western part of Russia, tributary to the Dnieper.
Bla'densburg, a village of Maryland, six miles northeast of Washington.
Blenheim (*blen'ime*), a village in Bavaria, on the Danube River.
Blois (*blwah*), an ancient city of France, on the Loire River.
Bombay (*bom-bay'*), a large seaport, capital of the presidency of Bombay, in the western part of Hindostan.
Brus'sels, an important city of Europe, capital of Belgium.

Cadiz (*ka'diz*), a seaport in the southern part of Spain.
Calais (*kal'is*), a seaport in France on the Strait of Dover.
Calcut'ta, a large city in the northeastern part of Hindostan, the capital of British India.
Cambridge, a city of Massachusetts, near Boston, the seat of Harvard University.
Canary Isles, a group of islands in the Atlantic Ocean, about sixty miles from the west coast of Africa.
Cannæ (*kan'ne*), an ancient town in the southeastern part of Italy. The field of Cannæ is still called the "Field of Blood."
Canterbury, a city and county in the southeastern part of England.
Capreæ (*cap're-æ*), an island of Italy, at the entrance of the Bay of Naples, now called *Capri*.
Carnat'ic, formerly a subdivision of India, extending along the eastern coast.
Carthage, a famous city of the ancient world, situated on the northern coast of Africa, near the present site of Tunis.
Castile (*kas-teel'*), a former kingdom of Spain, occupying all the central part of the peninsula.
Cathay', the name by which China was formerly known to Europeans.
Caxamalca, a city of ancient Peru.
Chalons (*shah-long'*), a city on the Marne River, about ninety miles east from Paris.
Champagne (*sham-pahn'*), an old province in the eastern part of France.
Charlestown, a city of Massachusetts, near Boston.

Chios (*ki'os*), an island off the western coast of Asia Minor. Its modern name is Scio (*shee'o*).
Cipango (*che-pan'go*), an island spoken of by Marco Polo, probably one of the Japan Islands.
Clermont (*klare-mong'*), a city in the southern part of France.
Cologne (*ko-lone'*), a city in the western part of Prussia.
Cor'inth, a celebrated city of Greece, on the Isthmus of Corinth, in ancient times noted for its commerce and wealth.
Crecy (*kres'se*), a town in the northern part of France.
Cullo'den, a moor in the northeastern part of Scotland, a few miles from Inverness.
Cumberland, the most northwest county of England, noted for its picturesque scenery.
Cuzco (*koos'ko*), a city of Peru, once the capital of the empire and the residence of the Incas; supposed to be the most ancient of the Peruvian cities.

Darien (*da-re-en'*), a former province of South America, bordering on the Isthmus of Darien.
Dartmouth, a seaport of England, near the English Channel.
Delft Haven (*delf*), a town and harbor of Holland.
Dunbar (*dun-bar'*), a seaport town of Scotland, at the mouth of the Frith of Forth.

Elba, an island of Italy, near the Tuscan coast.

Falkirk (*fawl-kirk'*), a town and parish of Scotland, about twenty-five miles west of Edinburgh.
Flanders, a former country of Europe, now included in Belgium, Holland, and France.
Flod'den, a hill in Northumberland County, England, noted for the battle fought around its base in 1513.
Fotheringay, a parish in Northampton County, in the central part of England.
Friesland (*frees'land*), a province in Holland, on the north side of the Zuyder Zee.

Galata (*gah'lah-tah*), a suburb of Constantinople.
Garonne, a large river of France, flowing into the Gironde, a tributary to the Bay of Biscay.
Genoa, a city of Northern Italy, once a famous republic.
Glastonbury, an ancient town in the southwest of England, noted for its abbey, which is said to have been founded in 60 A.D.
Gomera (*go-ma'rah*), one of the Canary Islands.
Gravesend, a town in the southeastern part of England, on the Thames, twenty miles east from London.
Greenwich (*grin'idge*), a town in England, on the Thames, about four miles from London.
Guadalquiver (*gaw-dal-quiv'er*), an important river in the southwestern part of Spain.

Hastings, a town on the southeastern coast of England.
Hecla, a noted volcano in the island of Iceland.
Hispaniola, the name given by Columbus to the island of Hayti.
Holland, a low country in the western part of Europe, bordering on the North Sea.

Iax'artes, a river of Independent Toorkistan, tributary to the Sea of Aral; now *Sir Daria*.
Iceland, a large island in the Atlantic Ocean, between Europe and North America.
Il'ium, the ancient name of the city of Troy, in Asia Minor.
India, a large country in the southern part of Asia, deriving its name from its great river, the Indus.
Ivry (*eev're*), a small town in the northern part of France.

Jamestown, a former town of Virginia, on the James River, noted as the first settlement.
Java (*jah'vah*), a large island in the Malay Archipelago, near the northern coast of Asia.
Jerusalem, a famous city of Palestine, between the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean Sea.

Kent, a county in the southeastern part of England.

Lan'ark, an ancient borough and town of Scotland, thirty miles southwest of Edinburgh.
Lieuwarden (*loo'war-den*), a town of Holland, seventy miles northeast of Amsterdam.
Leyden (*li'den*), an important city of Holland, about seventeen miles southwest of Amsterdam.
Lochlev'in, a small lake in the eastern part of Scotland, on one of the islands in which stood the castle in which Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned. It is now in ruins.
Lodi (*lo'dee*), a city of Lombardy in the north of Italy, on the Adda River.
Lorraine (*lor-rane'*), a former extensive province in the eastern part of France.
Lucerne (*lu-sern'*), a canton in the central part of Switzerland. Its capital is the town of Lucerne.

Madras (*mah-dras'*), a maritime city on the western coast of Hindostan.
Malta (*mawl'tah*), a noted island in the Mediterranean Sea, south of Sicily. It belongs to the British.

Maracan'da, an ancient city of Asia, now *Samarcand*, in Independent Toorkistan.

Mar'athon, a hamlet and plain of Greece, eighteen miles northeast of Athens.

Marston Moor, in Yorkshire, in the north of England, a few miles west of York.

Meck'lenburg, a division of Germany, bordering on the Baltic Sea.

Me'dia, an ancient kingdom of Asia, now forming a part of Persia.

Milan (*mil'an*), a large city in Northern Italy, north of the Po River.

Montmorency, a river of Canada which flows into the St. Lawrence six miles from Quebec.

Montpellier (*mong-pel'le-a*), a town in France, about six miles north of the Mediterranean.

Montreal (*mon-tre-awl'*), a large city of Canada, on the island of Montreal, in the St. Lawrence River.

Mos'cow, a noted city in the interior of Russia, formerly the capital of the empire.

Mount Ver'non, in Virginia, once the residence of Washington, on the west side of the Potomac, eight miles below Alexandria.

Narbonne (*nar-bon'*), a town in France, near the southern coast.

Naseby (*naze'be*), a parish of England, near the central part, about twelve miles from Northampton.

Natch'ez, an important city in Mississippi, on the Mississippi River.

Navarete (*nah-vah-ra'la*), a former town in the northern part of Spain, near the Ebro River.

Newcastle, a town in the State of Delaware, on the Delaware River.

New Madrid, a town in the State of Mis-ouri, on the Mississippi River.

Nicæa (*ni-se'ah*), an ancient city of Bithynia, in the northern part of Asia Minor. Its modern name is *Nice*.

Nimes (*neem*), a town in the southern part of France.

Normandy, an ancient province in the northern part of France.

Nova Zembla, a large island in the Arctic Ocean, near the northern coast of Europe and Asia.

Numid'ia, an ancient kingdom in the northern part of Africa.

Orange (*o-ronzh'*), a district in the southeast of France.

Orino'co, a large river of Venezuela, in South America.

Ork'ney Isles, a group of islands in the Atlantic Ocean, north of Scotland.

Orleans (*or'le-anz*), a noted city of France, on the Loire.

Os'tia, the ancient port of Rome, at the mouth of the Tiber. It was wholly destroyed in the middle ages. The modern village of Ostia is about a mile and a half distant.

Oxford, an important city in Central England, the seat of one of the great Universities.

Paisley (*paze'le*), a manufacturing town of Scotland, about seven miles west of Glasgow.

Panama (*pan-ah mah'*), a seaport of Colombia, South America, on a bay of the same name.

Par'thia, an ancient empire embracing an extensive region to the south of the Caspian Sea, and between the Tigris and the Indus Rivers. It lasted about five centuries, from B.C. 256 to A.D. 226.

Patapsco, a river in Maryland, on which is situated the city of Baltimore.

Peloponne'sus, the ancient name of the peninsula forming the southern part of Greece, now called the *Morea*.

Penob'scot, a river in the State of Maine.

Pev'ensey, a parish of England, ten miles west-southwest of Hastings. Here Cæsar is supposed to have landed.

Piræus (*pi-re'us*), the port of Athens, and five miles southwest of that city.

Placenza, or **Placenza** (*pe-ah-chen'zah*), a city of Italy, near the right bank of the Po.

Plym'outh, a noted seaport on the southern coast of England.

Po, the largest river of Italy. It flows through the plain of Lombardy into the Adriatic Sea.

Poictiers, or **Poitiers** (*poi-teerz'*), a town in the western part of France.

Potosi (*po-to'se*), a city of Bolivia, situated on a declivity about 13,000 feet high, noted for its rich mines of gold and silver.

Provence (*pro'vonss*), an old province in the southeastern part of France.

Puna (*poo-nah'*), an island in the Gulf of Guayaquil, on the western coast of South America.

Puy (*pwee*), or **Le Puy,** a town in the south of France, southwest of Lyons.

Rasay (*rah'sa*), an island of the Hebrides, between Skye and the coast of Scotland.

Ravenspurg, or **Ravenspur,** a locality on the coast of Yorkshire, in England, noted as the landing-place of Henry IV. in 1399.

Rheims (*reems*), a city of France, about twenty-five miles northwest of Châlons.

Richmond, a town in England, on the Thames, ten miles west of London. The capital of Virginia, on the north bank of the James.

Rouen (*roo'en*), a city in the northern part of France, the old capital of Normandy.

Rouergue (*roo-airg'*), an ancient district of France.

Roussillon (*roo-seel-yong'*), an old province of France, on the border of Spain.

St. Albans (*awl'banz*), a town of England, twenty miles northwest of London.

St. Helena, a small rocky island in the Atlantic Ocean, about 1400 miles from the coast of Africa.

Salamanca (*sah'-lah-mang'kah*), a noted city in the western part of Spain, noted for its University.

Schonbruun (*shon'brone*), an imperial palace near Vienna, the summer residence of the emperor.

Sebastopol (*seb-as-to'pol*), a port and naval station of Russia, at the southern extremity of the Crimea.

Sedge moor, a wild tract of country in the southwestern part of England.

Sempach (*sem'pak*), a town of Switzerland, eight miles northwest of Lucerne.

Senlis (*song-le'*), a town of France, twenty-five miles northeast of Paris.

Seville (*se-vil'*), a famous city of Spain, on the Guadalquiver.

Sinope (*sin'o-pe*), a seaport town of Asia Minor, on the Black Sea.

Skye (*Ski*), a large island belonging to the Hebrides, near Scotland.

Soissons (*swahs'song*), a city of France, about sixty-five miles northeast of Paris.

Southampton, a seaport town of England, on the southern coast.

Spitzbergen, a large island in the Arctic Ocean, north of Europe.

Stamford Bridge, a locality in Yorkshire, on the Derwent River, noted for the victory gained by Harold over the Norwegians, 1066.

Stirling, a town of Scotland, on the Forth River, thirty-one miles west of Edinburgh.

Talavera (*tah-lah-ra'rah*), a city of Spain, on the Tagus River, about forty miles west of Madrid.

Tanjore, a city of Hindostan, near the southeastern coast.

Tarrytown, a post-village of Westchester County, near the Hudson River, twenty-seven miles north of New York.

Terra Firma, the name formerly given to the mainland of South America, now Colombia.

Tewkesbury, a town in the western part of England, at the junction of the Avon and Severn Rivers.

Thermopylæ (*ther-mop e-le*), a famous pass in the eastern part of Greece, between Mount Œta and the sea.

Tow ton, a township of England, in Yorkshire.

Tripoli, a seaport town on the north coast of Africa, capital of Tripoli.

Tumbez (*toom bes*), a small town in Ecuador, South America.

Turenne (*tu-ren'*), a town in the southwestern part of France.

Uist, South (*wist*), one of the Hebrides group of islands.

Utrecht (*yoo'trekht*), a town of Holland, thirty three miles southeast of Amsterdam.

Vera Cruz (*ra'rah kroos*), a seaport town of Mexico, on the Gulf.

Versailles (*ver-salz'*), a city of France, ten miles southwest of Paris.

Vienna (*ve en'nah*), the capital and metropolis of the empire of Austria, on the Danube River.

Vimeira (*ve-ma'e-rah*), a town of Portugal, near the western coast.

Vittoria, or **Vitoria,** a town in the northern part of Spain.

Wakefield, a town in Yorkshire, England, nine miles south of Leeds.

Washita (*wash-e-taw'*), a tributary of Red River in Arkansas and Louisiana.

Waterloo, a village of Belgium, nine miles southeast of Brussels.

Watlings, one of the Bahama Islands, fifty miles east of San Salvador.

Woodstock, a town in England, eight miles northwest of Oxford.

Worcester, a city in the western part of England, on the Severn River.

York, a large and important city in the North of England.

Yucatan (*yoo-kah-tan'*), a state and peninsula in the southeastern part of Mexico.

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX OF AUTHORS.

[Embracing the various authors from whose writings selections have been made for the Reader.]

Addison (*Joseph*), one of the most distinguished of English writers, was born May 1st, 1672. His poetical compositions include the tragedy of "Cato," and a poem, entitled the "Campaign," which he wrote in praise of the Duke of Marlborough. The merit of these is, however, eclipsed by his prose writings, particularly the essays which he wrote for the *Spectator*, on which his fame chiefly rests. His style is natural and elegant, although not entirely accurate. Dr. Johnson said, "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." The death of Addison occurred June 17th, 1719.

Alison (*Sir Archibald*), son of a distinguished author of the same name, was born in England, December 29th, 1792, but was educated at Edinburgh. At first he devoted himself to the study of law, and wrote several treatises on that subject. He is chiefly known as the author of the "History of Europe, from the commencement of the French Revolution to the accession of Louis Napoleon," and by his miscellaneous essays contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and other periodicals.

Allston (*Washington*), eminent as an artist and a poet, was born at Charleston, S. C., November 5th, 1779. His most finished poem is that entitled "The Sylphs of the Seasons," published in 1813. Among his fugitive pieces, the ode entitled "America to Great Britain," has always been greatly admired. He died at Cambridge, Mass., July 9th, 1843, just after finishing his great picture of *Belshazzar's Feast*.

Arnold (*Thomas, D.D.*), noted especially as the head master of Rugby School, was born in 1795. His chief works are the "History of Rome," which he did not live to finish; the "Later Roman Commonwealth," and "Lectures on Modern History," He was a ripe scholar, an acute critic, and an elegant writer; and as a teacher was unsurpassed for his power to impress his scholars with a love of learning, and to instill into their minds those principles of morality and religion which made them virtuous and high-minded men. His death occurred in 1842.

Bancroft (*George*), one of the most eminent of American historians, was born at Worcester, Mass., in the year 1800. He early manifested remarkable talent, graduating at Harvard College with the highest honors at the age of seventeen. The publication of his great work, "The History of the United States," was commenced in 1834, and is still unfinished. Mr. Bancroft has filled several important political offices, having been Secretary of the Navy under President Polk, and having, as Minister-Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, represented the United States from 1846 to 1849. He is now (1871) Minister-Plenipotentiary to Prussia.

Berkeley (*George*), Bishop of Cloyne, was born in Ireland in 1684, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. His tastes directed him to philosophical research, for which he evinced a singular talent. His greatest work, the "Principles of Human Knowledge," was published in 1710, and at once gave him a high reputation for originality and subtlety of reasoning. Its doctrines have, however, been very generally derided, since its author assumes the singular position that there is no

evidence of the existence of matter, our knowledge of external objects consisting only of *ideas existing in the mind*. He published several other works, among them the "Minute Philosopher," the object of which was to illustrate and advocate his peculiar philosophical principles. It was with respect to a plan he had conceived of establishing an educational system in the island of Bermuda, that he wrote the well-known lines, ending "Time's noblest offspring is the last." The singular amiability and purity of his life were the subjects of general admiration, ascribing in the language of Pope, "To Berkeley every virtue under heaven." Died 1753.

Bourienne (*Louis A. F. de*), the secretary and early friend of Napoleon I., was born at Sens, in July, 1769, and educated at Brienne, where he formed the acquaintance of the future emperor. He accompanied Napoleon to Egypt and to Italy, and afterward filled various offices, in which he incurred disgrace by peculation. He subsequently joined the Bourbons against his former friend and master, and losing his fortune by the revolution of 1830, he became deranged, and died in a lunatic asylum in 1834. His most valuable writings are his *Memoirs concerning Napoleon, the Directory, Consulate*, etc. His accuracy, however, in some respects, has been called in question.

Bryant (*William Cullen*), the distinguished American poet, was born in Massachusetts, in 1794. His poetic genius was very early displayed, his verses written at the age of ten being considered worthy of publication. His poetry is of a very high order, both as to sentiment and expression. As a man he is universally esteemed for his active beneficence, unbending integrity, and kindliness of disposition.

Bulwer (*Sir Edward L.—Lord Lytton*), the celebrated English author and politician, was born in 1805, in Norfolk, England. His writings are very numerous and include a wide range—poetry, history, romance, and criticism—and show in each of these departments very decided, if not the highest, merit. Few writers have shown so great a degree of versatility, and have been so generally successful. His novels have been most generally popular, and it is upon these that his fame seems chiefly to depend.

Burke (*Edmund*), one of the most illustrious of British orators and statesmen, was born in Dublin, in 1730. He at first determined to devote himself to the study of law, and with this view took up his residence in London. Soon abandoning this, he engaged in literary pursuits, and in 1756 published his famous "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," by which his reputation was immediately established. His orations subsequently delivered in Parliament, his "Reflections on the French Revolution," and other publications, attest the splendor of his genius. His death occurred in 1797.

Burnet (*Gilbert*), Bishop of Salisbury, was born at Edinburgh, in 1643. He received a very thorough education in his own and other countries, and devoted himself with great assiduity to the study of theology. The publication of his "History of the Reformation" was commenced in 1679. Subsequently he incurred the displeasure of Charles II. by his faithful adherence to his friend, Lord William Russell, and he quitted England for the Continent. In 1684 he was introduced to William of Orange, and in 1688 accompanied him as royal chaplain to England, and a short time after the accession of William was appointed Bishop of Salisbury. He died in 1715. His *History of his Own Time* was not published till after his death. While valuable to the student of history, his writings are neither elegant nor always accurate in statement; their fullness of detail and simplicity, however, make them interesting to the general reader.

Byron (*George Gordon—Lord*), the celebrated English poet, was born in London in 1788. His poems are very numerous, and some of them, as "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," "Manfred," and "The Corsair," are of a high order of excellence. The moodiness and misanthropy of much of the sentiment of these writings, and the violence of passion which they express, unregulated and unrestrained by any sound moral or

religious principles, seriously detract from their merit, and render these poems, in general, dangerous to the young. Lord Byron died at Missolonghi in 1824, where he was engaged at that time in aiding the Greeks in their struggle for independence.

Campbell (*Thomas*), the author of "Pleasures of Hope," and many other poems, was born at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1777. His poetry is remarkable for the beauty and force of the language, the tenderness and loftiness of the sentiment, and the richness of its imagery. His lyric poems are models of this kind of composition. Campbell died in 1844.

Carlyle (*Thomas*), one of the most distinguished of living British authors, was born in Scotland, in 1795. His most popular works are the "History of the French Revolution," "Sartor Resartus," "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays" and the "Life of Frederick the Great." The peculiarity of his style renders him a difficult author to read, and nothing but the remarkable originality and intensity of his thoughts, and the fertility of his imagination, could have made his writings popular in spite of the affectation and obscurity of his language.

Channing (*William Ellery*), distinguished as a pulpit orator as well as a writer, was born at Newport, R. I., April 17th, 1780. His writings, which are mostly of a moral and religious character, are distinguished for accuracy and elegance of style, force of argumentation, and justness of sentiment. His essays on *Milton*, *Fenelon*, *Napoleon Bonaparte*, and *Self-Culture*, are among the gems of American literature. Dr. Channing died at Bennington, Vt., in 1842.

Chatham (*Lord—William Pitt*), was born in 1708. At the age of twenty-seven, he entered Parliament, and soon attracted attention by the fervor and brilliancy of his oratory, and the fearless independence with which he assailed the measures of the administration. In 1757, he was placed at the head of the government, through the influence of the popular party; and by his energetic and sagacious policy the war in which Great Britain was engaged with France at that time, was everywhere crowned with success. On the accession of George III. he resigned. Subsequently he earnestly opposed the urgent measures of Parliament toward the American colonies; but when their separation from the mother country was proposed in 1778, he eloquently opposed the measure. Indeed it was in this that he made his last speech, dying soon afterward, May 11th, 1778.

Clarendon (*Edward Hyde, Earl of*), an English statesman and historian, was born in 1609. When the civil war broke out, he acted with the royal party, and afterward accompanied Charles II. in his exile. During this period he commenced his "History of the Rebellion," and wrote various papers in defense of the king's cause. After the Restoration, he became Lord Chancellor, and received his title (1660); but in 1663, becoming a victim to the intrigues of his enemies, he fell into disgrace, and went into exile. He died at Rouen, in 1674. His daughter, Anne Hyde, had been married in 1659 to the Duke of York, afterward James II., and was the mother of *Mary* and *Anne*, both queens of England. Lord Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," with his Life, written by himself, and his *Diary* and *Correspondence*, are very valuable and interesting works.

Cook (*Eliza*), an English poetess of some celebrity. Her poetry is characterized by grace and beauty of expression, with tenderness as well as truthfulness of sentiment. Some of her pieces, as the *Old Arm-Chair*, the *Last Good-Bye*, etc., have become widely popular.

Cooper (*James Fenimore*), the distinguished American novelist, was born in 1789. At the age of sixteen he entered the Navy as a midshipman, and followed the life of a sailor for six years. His writings are very numerous, including the "Leather Stocking Tales," and other novels, and the "Naval History of the United States." In his description of the sea, and the various incidents of a sailor's life, as well as of the Indians and their savage manners, no author can claim any comparison with Cooper. His death occurred in 1851.

Cozzens (*Frederick S.*), an American merchant, who gained considerable literary fame by his contributions to the *Knickerbocker Magazine* and other periodicals. These writings showed considerable taste and humor, with a charming readiness and felicity of expression. His work entitled the "Sparrow-grass Papers" is among the most popular of his writings. He died in 1869.

Creasy (*Sir Edward S.*), an English writer, author of several historical works, among which are the "History of the Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," "History of the Ottoman Turks," "History of England," etc. These writings show careful research and justness of reflection.

Croly (*Rev. George*), a native of Dublin, Ireland, for many years rector of St. Stephen's Church, London, and quite a voluminous and versatile writer. His published writings include many theological works, sermons, historical sketches, tales, romances, and poems. Many of the latter have been much admired for their richness of imagery and loftiness of diction; but they are too deficient in tenderness and simplicity to be widely popular. The most celebrated are the "Angel of the World," "Paris in 1815," and "Gems from the Antique."

Custis (*George Washington Parke*), the adopted son of Washington. His "Recollections and Private Memories of Washington," is a work of great historical value, and of precious interest to every American. Mr. Custis died in 1857, at the age of seventy-six.

Daniel (*William S.*), a British author, who acquired considerable reputation by his "Lays of the [Crimean] War," and some other poems. He died in 1861, in Edinburgh.

De Foe (*Daniel*), the celebrated author of "Robinson Crusoe," was born in London, in 1661. He was educated for a dissenting minister, but became a political writer, afterward a soldier under the Duke of Monmouth, then a hosier and woollen merchant. Turning his attention again to literature, he wrote political tracts, for the publication of one of which he was imprisoned in Newgate for two years. "Robinson Crusoe" was first published in 1719, and was followed by several other works, among which "A Journal of the Plague in 1665," was probably the most popular. He died in 1731.

D'Israeli (*Isaac*), the son of a Venetian merchant of Jewish extraction, was born in England, in 1766. He devoted himself entirely to literary pursuits, and enriched the literature of England by the publication of many works of very great value and merit. Among these the most celebrated are the "Curiosities of Literature," the "Quarrels of Authors," the "Calamities of Authors," and the "Amenities of Literature." The latter was unfinished, the gifted author being afflicted with partial blindness induced by his long-continued application to study and composition. His death occurred in 1848. His son, the Right Hon. Benjamin D'Israeli, is one of the most noted statesmen and writers in Great Britain.

De Quincey (*Thomas*), the author of "Confessions of an Opium Eater," was born in Manchester, England, in 1786. His writings are very numerous, consisting chiefly of essays on various subjects, contributed to the various Reviews and other periodicals of Great Britain, and are quite remarkable for their originality, power of thought and reasoning, and brilliancy of diction. He died in 1859.

Dickens (*Charles*), the popular novelist, was born at Portsmouth, England, in 1812. His writings, chiefly novels, are very numerous, and are much admired for their graphic delineations of character, their sympathy with the joys and sorrows of every grade of society, their merciless invectives and satire against hypocrisy and every species of wickedness, and the accuracy, beauty, and simplicity of their style. Few writers have touched the popular heart so deeply, and probably none have ever secured so large a number of readers. The death of this gifted author occurred in 1870.

Everett (*Edward*), the celebrated American orator and statesman, was born in Mas-

sachusetts, in 1794, and died in 1864. His speeches were characterized by their elaborate finish, peculiar elegance of style, and justness of sentiment; while his delivery was exceedingly dignified and graceful. Mr. Everett was for ten years a member of Congress, and for four successive years governor of Massachusetts. He was also Secretary of State, and Minister to the Court of Great Britain.

Ferguson (*Adam*), was born in Scotland, in 1724, and died in 1816. He was for several years a professor in the University of Edinburgh. His principal writings are "Institutes of Moral Philosophy," and the "History of the Roman Republic," by the latter of which he is chiefly known. As an historical work, it is authentic and reliable, written in an interesting style, and abounding in useful and pertinent reflections.

Freeman (*Edward A.*), an English writer, author of "Old English History for Children," an interesting, useful, and well-written work. His "Conquest of the Normans" is regarded as a standard authority.

Froude (*James Anthony*), an English historian, born in 1818. His great work, the "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth," is comparatively of recent publication. Its statements, as far as they differ from those of previous writers, are based on a careful study of the state documents of the time. Some of these statements have, however, been severely impugned. Mr. Froude's style is strong and brilliant, and the work is of great value and interest.

Gibbon (*Edward*), the historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," was born in England, in 1737, and died in 1794. The first volume of his great work was published in 1776, but it was not finished till 1787. It is, without doubt, one of the mightiest achievements of thought and erudition ever given to the world. While its accuracy is unimpeachable, its value is impaired by the author's bias against Christianity, which he loses no opportunity to assail by cynical and sarcastic remarks. No course of historical reading can be complete that omits this work; but the student must constantly bear in mind the peculiar views of the author in this respect.

Goldsmith (*Oliver*), one of the most celebrated of English writers, was born in Ireland, in 1728. The works by which he is most widely known are the two poems, "The Traveller" and the "Deserted Village," the "Vicar of Wakefield," a tale replete with pathos and beauty, and his popular histories of Greece, Rome, and England. His comedies, "She Stoops to Conquer," and the "Good-natured Man" still retain a place on the stage. The characteristics of Goldsmith's poetry are an artlessness and tenderness of sentiment, and a simplicity and elegance of language, without the least attempt at pompous declamation or splendor of imagery. The general style of his writings is easy, graceful, and natural. Indeed, in these respects, it presents probably the best model in the language. While Goldsmith was loved for the simplicity and benevolence of his character, his general conduct was marked with great imprudence and want of self-control. He died in 1774.

Grahame (*James*), a Scotch writer of some eminence. His principal work is the "Colonial History of the United States," which was published in 1827. This work has been generally commended, although some of its statements have been called in question. Mr. Grahame died in 1842, at the age of fifty-one. With regard to him Josiah Quincey remarks, "To Americans, in all future times, it cannot fail to be an interesting and gratifying circumstance, that the foreigner who first undertook to write a complete history of their republic from the earliest period of the colonial settlements, was a Briton, eminently qualified to appreciate the merits of its founders, and at once so able and so willing to do justice to them."

Greeley (*Horace*), one of the most distinguished journalists of this country, was born in New Hampshire, in 1811, and commenced life as a printer. The *New York Tribune*, which was commenced by him in 1841, has been for several years one of the leading journals of the United States. Mr. Greeley's style is vigorous and pun-

gent, and his writings abound in useful information, addressed to the practical common sense of the reader. His most extensive work is the "American Conflict," in which he gives, with considerable fullness, the events of that great struggle between the two sections of the country, together with the political and social causes that led to it.

Grote (*George*), an English writer and politician, is chiefly known for his "History of Greece," the publication of which was commenced in 1846, and finished in 1851. This is a most masterly work, showing profound scholarship and research, as well as great literary ability. No student of ancient history can dispense with its perusal. Grote's death occurred in 1871.

Hemans (*Mrs. Felicia D.*), a celebrated English poetess, was born in Liverpool, in 1794, and very early showed remarkable talent for poetical composition, publishing her first volume of poems in her fifteenth year. Her subsequent writings, which are very numerous, are characterized by great beauty, both of sentiment and expression. Her death occurred in Dublin, in 1835.

Herodotus, the famous historian, was born 484 B.C., at Halicarnassus, a city of Caria. He publicly repeated at the Olympic games the history which has gained him so much fame, and has given him the title of "Father of History." The principal design of the work is to give an account of the Persian war; but, in the form of digressions, he introduces the history of all the principal nations in the world. It is perhaps the most interesting of the works of antiquity which have come down to us.

Hildreth (*Richard*), a distinguished American writer and journalist. His chief work is a "History of the United States," which is especially valuable for its accuracy and directness of statement, its dignified but unpretending style, and the fullness of its information in regard to the political history of the country. This work was published between 1849 and 1855.

Hooke (*Nathaniel*), author of a very interesting and valuable history of Rome and some other works, among the latter an "Account of the Conduct of the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough," for which the duchess made him a present of £5000. He was the friend of Alexander Pope, and was highly esteemed for the excellence of his character. He died in 1763.

Howitt (*Mary*), an English authoress of great merit and celebrity, particularly distinguished for her numerous poems, the beauty, simplicity, and naturalness of which have made her very widely popular both in England and in this country. She has also published numerous translations from the Swedish writings of Frederika Bremer, from the Danish of Hans Christian Andersen, and from various German authors. Her husband, *William Howitt*, has also published very many interesting and meritorious works.

Hume (*David*), one of the most distinguished of British philosophers and historians, was born in Scotland, in 1711. His philosophical treatises are numerous, and remarkable for deep and original thought, if not for correctness of doctrine. His great work, however, is the "History of England," which, although in some of its statements it displays a certain degree of inaccuracy or a partisan bias, is yet a model for this species of composition. It is direct and clear in its statements, and easy and graceful in style; and generally, in relation to the great questions which have at various times convulsed the English nation, presents the arguments on each side with force and impartiality. This history ends with the abdication of James II. Hume died in 1776, and was interred at Edinburgh, where a monument was erected to his memory.

Irving (*Theodore*), nephew of Washington Irving, was born in the city of New York, in 1809. He was Professor of History and Belles-Lettres at Geneva College from 1836 to 1849, and subsequently held for three years a similar professorship in the Free Academy (now College) of the City of New York. His history of the "Conquest of Florida by Hernando de Soto" is an interesting and valuable work, truth-

ful in its statements and elegant in style. His other writings consist of fugitive essays and a work entitled, "The Fountain of Living Waters," an appeal to the young in behalf of spiritual religion.

Irving (*Washington*), the illustrious American author, was born in New York City, in 1783. He at first devoted himself to legal studies, which he soon abandoned for the more congenial pursuits of literature. His first writings consisted of contributions to the *Morning Chronicle*, a journal edited by his brother, Peter Irving. "Salmagundi" appeared in 1807, a series of amusing articles, partly written by himself, James K. Paulding, and his brothers, Peter and William. The production which first gave him a decided reputation was the famous "History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," published in 1809. This is a work of inimitable humor, and was read with the greatest delight on both sides of the Atlantic. Sir Walter Scott enthusiastically admired it. The "Sketch Book" was published in London, and greatly enhanced the author's reputation. It contains some of the most beautiful and touching pieces of composition in the language. He also published "Life and Voyages of Columbus," "The Alhambra," "Bracebridge Hall," "Life of Washington," and many other popular works. Irving's style is remarkable for its elegance and copiousness; while the purity of his sentiments, his sympathy with mankind, his geniality and kindliness, his innocent and playful satire, mixed with the pathetic, make his writings an inexhaustible fountain of intellectual enjoyment. He died at his residence, Sunnyside, a charming spot on the banks of the Hudson, November 28th, 1859, universally loved and esteemed for his artlessness and benevolence of character, and honored, not only for his genius, but for the virtues by which it was adorned.

Jerrold (*Douglas*), a celebrated English writer, author of "Black-Eyed Susan," and other dramatic productions, "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," novels, humorous sketches, etc. These writings show great originality and keenness of wit, with a ready command of powerful and expressive language. He was not only a man of genius, but possessed a strong moral purpose and sense of duty, and in his conduct as well as writings, labored for the cause of truth and humanity. He died in 1857.

Josephus (*Flavius*), a celebrated Jew, born in Jerusalem, A.D. 37. He assisted his countrymen against the Romans under Vespasian and Titus, but was finally obliged to surrender himself a prisoner. He wrote a history of the wars of the Jews, which greatly pleased the Emperor Titus, and a history of the Jewish antiquities, together with some other minor works. His style is pleasing and animated, and his descriptions vivid and minute. He died A.D. 93.

Lamartine (*Alphonse*), one of the most eminent Frenchmen of modern times, was born in 1792. His writings are very numerous, and of a high order of excellence. The most noted are the "History of the Girondists," the "History of Turkey," "History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France," with various miscellaneous productions. After the Revolution of 1848, Lamartine became a member of the provisional government, and exercised considerable influence over the affairs of the new Republic. In 1851, however, he returned to private life, and to the prosecution of his literary pursuits. He died in 1869.

Lingard (*John*), an English writer of eminence, born in 1771. He is principally distinguished for his "History of England," which he published from 1819 to 1830. It is a great work, showing vast industry and research, and written in a dignified but pleasant style. Dr. Lingard was connected with the Roman Catholic Church, and he has been charged with favoring that religious denomination in some of the statements of his history. He has had, however, very able defenders; but whether he is to be acquitted or not, his work will always be deemed a valuable contribution to our historical literature, since no impartial student will be satisfied with the perusal of writers whose sentiments were hostile to those personages of whose deeds they give an account. His death occurred in 1851.

Lossing (*Benson J.*), an American writer and artist, chiefly distinguished for his efforts to illustrate and popularize the history of the United States. For this purpose his "Field Book of the Revolution" is a most admirable and valuable work. Mr. Lossing is the author of many other works in American history, of no inconsiderable merit.

Macaulay (*Thomas Babbington—Lord*), a distinguished English writer and statesman, was born in 1800. His principal writings are "Miscellaneous Essays," contributed chiefly to the *Edinburgh Review*, "Lays of Ancient Rome," and the "History of England," which he did not live to finish. He was eminent, also, as a speaker and debater, and in Parliament was a vigorous advocate of liberal measures. He died in 1859.

McLellan (*Isaac*), an American poet, born in Maine, in 1806. His chief publications are "The Fall of the Indian," "The Year, and other Poems," and "Mount Auburn, and other Poems." The verses entitled "New England's Dead," and the "Death of Napoleon," have been very extensively published and read.

Mahon (*Philip Henry—Lord*), an English historian, born in 1805. His works include a "Life of Belisarius," "History of the War of Succession in Spain," and "History of England from the Peace of Utrecht." Lord Mahon's style is accurate and clear, and the narrative is simple and lucid, giving, without exaggeration or prejudice, a truthful account of all the various events and personages that come within its scope. His account of the expedition of Charles Edward has been especially admired.

Merivale (*Rev. Charles*), an English clergyman and scholar, especially distinguished for his "History of the Romans," one of the best written histories of modern times, showing a conscientious fidelity to the facts elicited by a careful examination of all reliable authorities, and written in a direct, lucid, and pleasing style. The perusal of this work should precede that of Gibbon.

Michelet (*Jules*), a French historian, born at Paris, in 1798. He has published several works on historical and miscellaneous subjects, the most important of which is the "History of France." His style is remarkable for its brilliancy and originality. After the Revolution of 1830 Michelet held an important official position under the government, being keeper of the archives of the kingdom. This situation he lost, after the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon, by refusing to take the oath of allegiance to that usurper. Since then he has been busied in literary occupations.

Middleton (*Conyers, D.D.*), a noted English scholar and divine, was born in 1683. His theological and literary controversies, with Bentley and others, made him quite notorious, many of his views being regarded as opposed to orthodox belief. His great work is the "History of the Life of M. Tullius Cicero," valuable for its careful research and judicious compilation of facts. He died in 1750.

Miller (*Thomas*), an English poet of considerable merit. He was born in 1809, and brought up as a basket-maker, with no literary education whatever; but some of his verses happening to fall under the notice of the poet Rogers, he received the patronage and aid of that benevolent man. Miller's descriptions of country life are particularly admired. Of these, "A Day in the Woods," "The Village Queen," "Rural Sketches," etc., contain many fine specimens. Miller's other publications are quite numerous, including several tales and romances, as "Fair Rosamond," "Jane Grey, an Historical Romance," etc., etc.

Milman (*Rev. Henry H.*), was born in London, in 1791. He has written some very beautiful dramatic poems, among them the "Fall of Jerusalem," the "Martyr of Antioch," etc. The greatest of his prose writings is the "History of Latin Christianity," a magnificent work. He has also edited Gibbon's "Decline and Fall."

Milton (*John*), one of the most illustrious English writers and poets, author of "Paradise Lost" (his greatest poem), "Paradise Regained," "Lycidas," "Samson Agonistes," etc. His prose writings are numerous and valuable, among which are

the "Defense of the People of England," the "History of England," and many political pamphlets and tracts. Milton was foreign secretary to Oliver Cromwell, and wrote the able state papers which were issued under the signature of the Lord Protector. This distinguished man died in 1674, at the age of sixty-six. The close of his life was rendered very unhappy by the destruction, under Charles II., of that political system to which he was so fondly attached, by domestic troubles, and, saddest of all, by blindness. Yet it was during these years that he produced the works, which have given him an undying fame. He died in 1674, in his 66th year.

Mitford (*William*), was born in London, in 1744, and educated in Oxford University. He early devoted himself to the study of Greek literature. His "History of Greece," published between 1808 and 1818, gave him a reputation for scholarship, critical research, and literary ability. "This great work," Chancellor Kent remarks, "is distinguished for its accuracy, freedom, and trustworthiness. Its author does not scruple to tell the truth, and the whole truth, and to paint the stormy democracies of Greece in all their grandeur and in all their wretchedness." Died 1827.

Montgomery (*James*), a British poet of distinction, was born in Scotland, in 1771, and died in 1854. His poems, while not of the highest order of merit, are characterized by graceful diction, picturesque description, and earnestness of thought. The "World Before the Flood," "Greenland," the "West Indies," and the "Pelican Island," are the longest of these poems. Many of his smaller poems, as "The Grave," "The Common Lot," as well as his sacred poetry, have been much admired.

Motley (*John Lothrop*), an eminent American historian, was born in Massachusetts, in 1814, and educated at Harvard University. His fame was achieved by the publication, in 1856, of the "History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic," a most able work both as to matter and style. No course of historical reading can be complete without it. He has also written the "History of the United Netherlands."

Niebuhr (*Barthold Georg*), one of the most acute critics and historians of modern times, was born at Copenhagen, in 1776. He showed, even in his early years, a very remarkable aptitude for learning, and is said to have mastered twenty languages before the age of thirty. He held several appointments under the Danish government, subsequently entered the civil service of Prussia, and, in 1810, delivered a course of lectures on Roman history in the University of Berlin. From 1816 to 1823, he represented the Prussian government at Rome, and during his residence in that city embraced every opportunity to continue his researches into the ancient history of the Romans. His "Roman History" was published between 1811 and 1832. Niebuhr changed materially the views of historians as to the character of early Roman history; and his labors have been continued by Arnold and Mommsen in recent years. He died in 1831.

Palfrey (*John Gorham*), was born in Boston, in 1796, and educated at Harvard University, in which institution he was afterward appointed Professor of Sacred Literature. His lectures on the *Evidences of Christianity* and on the *Hebrew Scriptures*, as well as his numerous literary, historical, and political discourses, were highly commended. His great work, the "History of New England," the first volume of which was published in 1858, has been universally approved and admired for its thorough appreciation of the Puritan character, its accuracy of statement, and the purity and dignity of its style.

Pardoe (*Miss Julia*), an English authoress of considerable celebrity. Her writings are very numerous, consisting principally of works of fiction. "Louis XIV. and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century," is a most interesting work, in relation to which H. T. Tuckerman remarks, "Miss Pardoe's pictures of French history are as charming as a novel."

Parton (*James*), was born in England, in 1822, but has resided in New York since 1826. He has written several excellent biographies, of *Horace Greeley* (1855), *Aaron*

Burr (1857), *Andrew Jackson* (1860), *Benjamin Franklin* (1864), besides "General Butler in New Orleans" (1862). His contributions to various literary periodicals are very numerous. Mr. Parton's style is forcible, and most of his writings, particularly the "Life and Times of Aaron Burr," have acquired very considerable popularity.

Plato, a celebrated Athenian philosopher, the most illustrious of the pupils of Socrates, and founder of the Academic school, over which he presided at Athens for more than forty years. He died about 348 B.C., in his eighty-first year. His works, which are written in the form of dialogues, in imitation of his master, Socrates, are very numerous, and are highly praised by ancient critics for the sweetness and beauty of their style. On this account he was styled by some *The Athenian Bee.*

Plutarch was a native of Chærones, in Bœotia, and studied philosophy and mathematics at Delphi. After travelling in Greece and Egypt, he visited Rome, where he opened a school. The Emperor Trajan so highly esteemed him that he made him consul, and appointed him governor of a province. After Trajan's death, he returned to Chærones, where he composed most of his works, among them his "Lives of Celebrated Men," perhaps the most entertaining and instructive work which we have received from the ancients. Plutarch died at an advanced age, about A.D. 140.

Prescott (*William H.*), a distinguished American historian, was born in Salem, Mass., in 1796, and was the grandson of Colonel Prescott, of revolutionary fame. His principal works are the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," "The Conquest of Mexico," "The Conquest of Peru," and the "History of the Reign of Philip II." The last-mentioned work he did not live to finish, dying in 1859. These various productions constitute a splendid contribution to English literature. The materials for their composition were collected with the most laborious research, and have been arranged with very great judgment and skill, while their style is a model for elegance and correctness. Though in affluent circumstances, and affected from early manhood with blindness, Mr. Prescott labored in his literary undertakings with indefatigable industry, and accomplished a task beyond the powers of most men in the enjoyment of every faculty. His high moral worth, amiable disposition, and geniality of manners, won for him the esteem of a very large circle of friends.

Reed (*Henry*), born in Philadelphia, in 1808, commenced the practice of the law in 1829, but soon relinquished it to take the position of professor in the University of Pennsylvania, in the service of which institution he continued for more than twenty years. He perished in the ill-fated *Arctic* in 1854, on his return from a visit to England. His works, which were prepared for publication by his brother, William B. Reed, include "Lectures on English Literature," "Lectures on the British Poets," and "Lectures on English History and Tragic Poetry, as illustrated by Shakspeare." These writings evince a high degree of literary attainment and culture.

Robertson (*William*), a celebrated historian, was born in Scotland, in 1721, and educated at the University of Edinburgh. His "History of Scotland" was published in 1759, and received with favor and applause. In 1769, appeared his "History of Charles V.," a work of great interest and value, and, in 1777, the "History of America." In all these works, Robertson displayed great skill in the arrangement and general treatment of his subjects, and impartiality and accuracy in his statements. Their style has a clearness, ease, and dignity, which give to them a peculiar charm. He died in 1793.

Rogers (*Samuel*), an English poet, chiefly noted as the author of "Pleasures of Memory," a very beautiful and highly-finished poem, although somewhat deficient in energy. His other writings include "The Voyage of Columbus," and "Italy," the latter a blank-verse account of the author's travels in that country, interspersed with descriptions of scenery, people, places, with various allusions to historical incidents of an interesting character. This poem contains many fine passages.

Samuel Rogers was a man of a highly cultivated taste; he pursued literature as an amateur, being very wealthy, and was noted for his genial social qualities and his practical benevolence. He died in 1855, aged 92 years.

Rollin (*Charles*), a French historian of considerable celebrity, was born in Paris, in 1661. He was a man of extensive learning, and, in 1694, was appointed Rector of the University of Paris. His "Ancient History," published in 1738, soon became widely popular, and was translated into several languages. Voltaire called it "the best compilation that had appeared in any language." While it undoubtedly possesses great merit as a compilation, and is an exceedingly interesting work, it cannot be commended for entire accuracy of statement, and is almost entirely without critical acumen. In 1738, Rollin published a history of Rome, which attained, comparatively, but little circulation. He also wrote a work on the "Study of the Belles-Lettres." His death occurred in 1741.

Russell (*William H.*), a distinguished correspondent of the *London Times*, first became noted for his description of scenes and incidents connected with the Crimean War. He afterward wrote "My Diary in India in the years 1858–59," in which he gives pen-pictures of scenes, etc., relating to the Indian mutiny. In 1861–2, he travelled extensively in the United States, both North and South, to collect information in relation to the great civil war then raging, and, in 1862, published "My Diary North and South." He has written many other books, on various subjects, which have been highly commended.

Scott (*Sir Walter*), was born in Edinburgh, August 15th, 1771. After graduating at the University of Edinburgh, he studied law and was admitted to practice. In 1805, he published the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," a poem which at once established his literary reputation. Between this year and 1810, appeared in succession "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," "Rokeby," and "The Lord of the Isles," poems which, from their spirited language and imagery, and the romantic character of their subjects, soon became widely popular. It was, however, by his novels that Scott gained his greatest fame. The first of these, "Waverley," appeared in 1814, and was followed rapidly by the others of the series during the succeeding seventeen years. The author for a considerable time concealed his name, and was generally designated as the "Great Unknown." He died in 1832. The character of Sir Walter Scott, kind, genial, manly, and conscientious, was as worthy of admiration as his writings.

Shakspeare (*William*) was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in 1564. At first an actor, he soon became a writer of dramas, and his productions rapidly gained him general popularity and the favor of the queen (Elizabeth) and the nobility. His plays are very numerous, embracing both tragedies and comedies, and are upon historical and miscellaneous subjects. All attest the wonderful genius of the poet, and are universally recognized as possessing a higher degree of merit, both in poetic and dramatic excellence, than any other known compositions of the kind. Died 1616.

Sigourney (*Lydia H.*), an American poetess, born in Connecticut, in 1791. She displayed at an early age the literary talents for which she was afterward so highly distinguished. Her first publication was made in 1815, after which, for nearly fifty years, her pen was never at rest, she having, during this period, published fifty-six books, besides contributing more than two thousand articles to various periodicals. She has been called, with considerable propriety, "The American Hemans." Her death occurred in 1865.

Smedley (*Edward*), an English writer of considerable ability, born in 1789. His chief writings are a "History of France," "Sketches from Venetian History," "History of the Reformed Religion of France," besides several poems, principally on subjects drawn from sacred history. He died in 1836.

Smith (*William, LL.D.*), a celebrated English scholar and author, was born in London, in 1814. He has edited several classical dictionaries, which have been highly

commended for their accuracy and critical research, also a "Dictionary of the Bible," the merits of which are considered to transcend those of any previous work of the kind published. He has also edited several classical text-books, and written a smaller history of Greece, besides compiling some others of the *Student's Series of Histories*, recently republished in the city of New York. Dr. Smith's merits as a philologist and historian are considered equal to those which he undoubtedly possesses as a classical scholar and critic.

Smyth (*William*), a distinguished English historian, was born in 1766, and educated in the University of Cambridge, where he was afterward appointed Professor of Modern History. His lectures, which have been published, show very great research, as well as philosophical acuteness. The most generally read are the "Lectures on Modern History," and the "Lectures on the French Revolution." He died in 1849.

Southey (*Robert*), a celebrated English poet, was born in Bristol, in 1774, and died in 1843. One of his first published poems was "Wat Tyler," a production which, after he had changed his political opinions, he would gladly have suppressed. Its energy, and bold vindication of liberal sentiments and popular freedom, however, make it perhaps in England the most generally popular of his writings. His other productions include "Thalaba," "Joan of Arc," and various other poems, most of which show considerable fluency of expression, refinement of taste, and liveliness of fancy; but are deficient in spirit, vigor of imagination, and power of invention, which are the characteristics of poetic genius. Southey received a pension from the English government in 1807, and subsequently was made Poet-Laureate. His prose writings are also quite numerous.

Stone (*William L.*), an American journalist and author of high rank. He was born in New York State, in 1793, commenced life as a printer, and subsequently edited journals in Hudson, Albany, and Hartford. In 1821, he became editor of the *Commercial Advertiser* of this city, and thus continued till his death in 1844. His published works are quite numerous, and are highly valued for their historical accuracy and research, as well as for the elegance of their style. Among them may be particularly mentioned "Life of Joseph Brant, including the Border Wars of the American Revolution," "Life and Times of Red Jacket," "Letters on Free Masonry," and "Tales and Sketches." In personal character he was genial and benevolent, kind and considerate to all, giving his warm and earnest support to every religious and philanthropic object.

Story (*Joseph, LL.D.*), the eminent American jurist, was born in Massachusetts, in 1779. He was admitted to the bar in 1801, served several years as a member of the legislature of his native State, and in 1811 was appointed by President Madison associate-justice of the Supreme Court, which office he continued to fill till his death, in 1845. His legal treatises have had a very high reputation both in this country and England. Lord Brougham pronounced him "the first jurist living." His miscellaneous writings are also quite numerous.

Strickland (*Agnes*), an English authoress, born in 1806. Her first publications were poetical, and these were followed by several works of fiction. She is, however, best known by her "Lives of the Queens of England from the Norman Conquest, with Anecdotes of their Courts." The interesting details and picturesque style of this work have made it a very general favorite. She has also written "Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Royal Succession of Great Britain," and "Lives of the Bachelor Kings of England," containing the lives of William Rufus, Edward V., and Edward VI. Miss Strickland's careful research has made her historical compilations the repositories of much new and valuable information, while her deep sympathy with the subjects of her biographies has rendered these works exceedingly interesting.

Tacitus (*Caius Cornelius*), a celebrated Latin historian, born in the reign of Nero.

During the reign of Vespasian he was promoted to various offices of dignity under the government, and during several succeeding reigns he continued to receive the friendly patronage of the emperor. He afterward became the intimate friend of the younger Pliny, several of whose letters are addressed to him. The principal works of Tacitus now extant are the "Annals," which give the history of Rome, from the death of Augustus to the death of Nero (some portions of this work are, however, lost); the "Histories," which embrace the period from Galba to Nerva; the "Life of Agricola," and the "Manners of the Germans." The style of these writings is picturesque and energetic, but very concise. The characters are delineated with peculiar graphic force. Tacitus was also distinguished as an orator. The exact date of his birth as well as of his death is unknown.

Tennyson (*Alfred*), the most distinguished of living English poets, was born in 1810. His chief productions are "In Memoriam," "Maud," "The Idyls of the King," and "Enoch Arden." Some of his minor poems are very widely popular. In 1850, he succeeded Wordsworth as Poet-Laureate. His poetry is characterized by beauty of thought and imagery, elegance and simplicity of diction, with great skill in versification, while in his treatment of the subjects of his poems he displays a marked originality.

Thackeray (*William M.*), a noted English novelist and satirist, was born in Calcutta, in 1811, his father being at that time in the civil service of the East India Company. On the death of his father, in 1818, he was sent to England, and educated in Cambridge University. He first studied to become an artist, but soon took to literature, contributing to the magazines under the name of *Michael Angelo Titmarsh*. Under this name he published "The Paris Sketch Book," and other works. His most popular novels are "Vanity Fair," "Henry Esmond," and "The Newcomes." He also wrote and delivered courses of lectures on the "English Humorists" and the "Four Georges." These works show a wonderful power of delineation, but are too caustic in their satires upon the weaknesses of human nature to attain a very wide popularity. His death occurred suddenly in 1863.

Thiers (*Louis Adolphe*), a French historian and statesman, was born in 1797, at Marseilles. He first gave his attention to journalism, and attained considerable distinction as a political writer. On the publication of his "History of the French Revolution," he at once became celebrated, and by the large proceeds of the work, was raised to comparative affluence. Some years afterward (1845) he published the "Consulate and Empire," considered one of the greatest historical works of modern times. M. Thiers held several high positions under Louis Philippe, being twice premier, and again summoned to the head of affairs in 1848; but he was banished in 1851, after the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon. He is, at the present time (1871) at the head of the French government.

Verplanck (*Gulian C.*) was born in the city of New York, in 1786, and educated at Columbia College. He very early acquired a high reputation for scholarship and taste, and his first publication was an address delivered before the Historical Society in 1815. In 1833, he published a collection of his *Discourses and Addresses on Various Subjects*, and, between 1844 and 1846, completed a valuable edition of Shakspeare. For eight years, from 1825, he was a member of Congress for the city of New York. He died in 1870.

Webster (*Daniel*), the celebrated American statesman and orator, was born in New Hampshire, in 1782. After graduating from Dartmouth College, he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1805. In 1813, he became a representative in Congress, and from that time until his death, in 1852, was almost uninterruptedly in the public service, as a member of Congress or a cabinet officer. In 1842, while Secretary of State, under President Tyler, he negotiated the treaty with England, by which the northeastern boundary question was settled. His great orations

may, it has been thought, claim a favorable comparison with even the most brilliant of ancient times. He died in 1832.

Willis (*Nathaniel P.*), an American writer and journalist, was born in Maine, in 1806. He graduated from Yale College, where he had already won considerable reputation as a poet. His most admired writings are "Letters From Under a Bridge," "Inklings of Adventure," and the "Sacred Poems." In connection with George P. Morris he edited for many years the *Home Journal*, a periodical distinguished for its literary merit. He died at Idlewild, a romantic retreat near Newburgh, in 1867.

Xenophon, a celebrated general and historian of antiquity, was born at Athens, 445 B.C. He displayed his talents as a general in the famous "Retreat of the Ten Thousand," after which he served under Agesilaus, the Spartan general, fighting at Coronea against his own countrymen, for he had been previously banished from Athens. He is supposed to have died at Corinth, in 359 B.C. His chief writings are the *Anab'asis*, in which he gives an account of the expedition of Cyrus and the Retreat, a *History of Greece*, the *Cyropædia*, and the *Memorabilia*, or *Recollections*, of Socrates, whose pupil he was from a very early age.

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